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DIANA'S DESTINY

by CHARLES GARVICE

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

Diana Bourne, the beautiful young mistress of the village school at Wedbury, lives in a tiny cottage with her aunt, Mrs. Burton, who is evidently in possession of some secret regarding Diana's parentage. While in her garden, Diana observes a highwayman belaboring a horseman. She rushes at the assailant, which gives the other man a chance to save himself. She takes the latter (who is Lord Dalesford, over whose house financial ruin is impending) to her cottage and stanches the wounds. The next day she learns from a London lawyer that she is the heiress to a large fortune, left by her father whom she had supposed dead. She and her aunt, after traveling on the Continent, take a beautiful country seat at Berkshire. Here she again meets Lord Dalesford, who does not at first recognize her—also, his cousin, Lady Mabel. Diana goes much into society, and sees Dalesford constantly. He finally recognizes her. She questions him as to his enemies, and he can think of no one save Desmond March, a disreputable cousin. Dalesford and Diana are gradually falling in love. How large Diana's fortune really is has been kept a secret. Desmond March in London runs across a man named Garling. He recognizes him as a convict, a ticket-of-leave man, who had not reported to the authorities for a long time. He tells him of his knowledge and intimidates him to a certain extent, obtaining his address and hinting at further service. Dalesford proposes to Diana and is accepted, to Mrs. Burton's evident distress. Starkey, the family lawyer, tells the Earl of Wrayborough, Dalesford's father, that Diana is a great heiress.

CHAPTER XIII.

GARLING, the man whom Desmond March had lassoed so ruthlessly, trudged through the rosy dawn which made even London poetic, to his lodgings in Old Ham Street, off the Tottenham Court Road, and, opening the door with his latch-key, he paused and looked round with a covert watchfulness, and mechanically, as if the trick were a confirmed habit; then he went softly up to his room, which was at the top of the house; and before he closed the door of the room he stood and listened again.

It was the ordinary lodging-house bedroom—plain and comfortable. Garling looked round, as he had looked round in the street and at the top of the stairs; then he locked the door and inserted a small wedge of wood in the crack at the bottom, so that it would be impossible to open the door from the outside unless it were broken in.

There was a large wooden, iron-bound trunk, much battered, at the foot

of the bed; he unlocked this, and, taking out an old leather wallet, extended a roll of bank notes, and, wetting his thumb, turned them over and counted them; put some of them in his pocket, and, locking the box, seated himself on the top of it, his chin resting in his thick hand, his eyes peering under his thick brows into vacancy.

The chimes of a neighboring clock roused him from his reverie, and with a sigh he took off his coat and lay down on the bed; and, notwithstanding his trying interview with Desmond March, he fell asleep at once, with the facility of a soldier or sailor, or a man who has been accustomed to sleep just when he could snatch it.

It was ten o'clock before he awoke; then he sprang out of bed the moment his eyes were open, and stood in the center of the floor, listening intently. A little later he left the house and made his way to a grimy little coffeehouse round the corner, and ordered some breakfast.

He had taken his seat near the win-

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Seated himself on top of it, his chin resting in his thick hand.

dow, but behind a dingy red curtain, so that he could see the street without being seen; and while he ate his breakfast of indifferent ham and eggs, which, like the curate's, were only good in parts, he watched the street and the passers-by with that peculiar interest which is displayed by the man who has been absent from a large city for a long period.

Nothing escaped the keen eyes; and

every now and then his thick lips twisted with a faint smile of enjoyment as something characteristic of a London street passed under his notice: two errand boys, playfully sparring on the other side of the road—a dissipated cat slinking home with a furtive air of guilt—the policeman stopping on his beat to exchange a few words with the housemaid cleaning the steps. These incidents, commonplace enough to the ordinary Londoner, seemed to afford Garling much entertainment.

Presently a young girl came along the street; a slight, graceful figure, a pale and pretty face. She had a portfolio under her arm, and walked quickly, with a certain shyness and timidity which attracted Garling as much as, or more than, her face and figure had done. She disappeared, Garling watching her until the last moment from behind his curtain; and the sight of her seemed to awaken some memory, to evoke some reflection, which softened his rugged face. Having finished his breakfast, he drew his hand, nature's *serviette*, across his lips, paid the modest charge, surprised and fluttered the diminutive waitress by giving her a shilling, then went out.

He paused outside to light a cigar, a very strong but a very good one, and while he was doing so, the young girl he had noticed came round the corner. He saw that her face was still paler, that she looked anxious and disappointed, and that she held her head much lower than when he had first seen her.

While he was watching her with interest, a milk cart came dashing round the corner in the charmingly careless manner peculiar to those vehicles; the

girl was crossing the road at the moment, and the cart was almost upon her when Garling, shutting his teeth hard on his cigar, sprang forward, and, catching hold of her, swung her out of harm's way.

The girl uttered a frightened cry, looked up, and saw how she had been deftly rescued, and stood white and trembling, with Garling's gorilla-like arm still round her. Garling, with an oath that scared the milk boy on his devastating way, now led the girl across the road.

"Narrow squeak that, miss," he said, with a rough kind of gentleness. "You ought not to walk about the London streets without looking where you're going."

"I know," she said, apologetically; "it was my fault. I was thinking of—of many things, and I didn't see the cart. I have to thank you for saving me from what might have been a serious accident, a very serious accident to me."

She smiled up at him bravely but wearily; she was still very white, and her delicate lips were quivering; indeed, her whole slight figure was trembling.

"I'm very glad I happened to be on the spot," said Garling, "and in time to pick you up out of the way of that fool of a cart. That boy will murder some one before he's much older! But you're upset, miss. You don't feel as if you were going to faint, do you?" he asked, anxiously. "How would it be if you came into this little place and got a drink of water and rested a little?" he added.

She glanced up at him timidly, apprehensively; but something in his rugged face, the kindly light in his eyes gave her confidence and reassured her. She felt weak and scarcely able to stand, and she said:

"Yes; I think I will go in and sit down for a minute or two; but don't let me trouble you any further. It's a coffeehouse—"



She held out her hand. His huge fist swallowed it up.

"Oh, it's all right," he said; "but I don't like to let you go in alone. I should like to come in and see you through this." He glanced at his watch. "I've got a quarter of an hour. Here, put your hand on my arm. And don't you be afraid. I've"—he paused a moment, and a curious expression flashed across his face—"I've got a daughter of my own."

She put her hand on his arm, and they went in; he called for a glass of water, and sat opposite her while she drank some; and he watched her with even a greater interest than he had displayed in watching the panorama of the street.

"Better now?" he asked, presently.

"Thank you, I am all right now," she replied, with a smile; it was a smile with a dark shadow of sadness behind it, the shadow that lurked in the slightly drooping lips and clouded the brightness of her blue eyes.

"Oh, yes; I am quite recovered. I will go now. I haven't thanked you, really thanked you, for your kindness; and you have been very kind."

"Don't mention it," he said, nodding at her in a fatherly way. "Better wait another minute or two, till you've quite felt your feet. Hope that hasn't come to any harm?" he added, as she examined the portfolio, which had come untied. "Something valuable?"

The question was so devoid of offense that the girl replied at once:

"To me, yes; but"—with a sigh—"of not much value to others, I'm afraid. They are some drawings which I was taking to sell; but I have not succeeded in disposing of them."

His keen eye ran over her plain and inexpensive dress; and he nodded sympathetically and comprehendingly.

"An artist, eh, miss?"

"Oh, I'm scarcely entitled to call myself an artist," she replied. "I make drawings for magazines, and fashion plates—and these are fashion plates."

"I'm sure they are very clever," he remarked, looking so wistfully at the portfolio that she could not fail to see his curiosity; and, after a moment of hesitation, she untied the portfolio and

showed him the drawings. He bent over them and turned them over with the reverence of the uneducated, touching them gingerly with his thick, strong fingers.

"They're right down beautiful," he said, with unfeigned admiration. "Beautiful, that's what I call them! And you mean to say they wouldn't buy 'em? They must be fools! Why, every one of them—these pictures, I mean, not them idiots as don't know a good thing when they see it—ought to be framed. And I should like to frame them. See here, miss, I should take it as a favor if you'd sell them to me."

She laughed, colored and shook her head sadly.

"You cannot want a set of fashion plates," she said.

"That is just what I do want," he responded. "I've spent such a long time in places where there aren't any fashions, that this kind of thing is a treat to me, and I'd rather have it than the regular sort of picture. Besides, I should like to have 'em as a kind of—what do you call it?—sooenerere."

The girl shook her head again. "Do you think I don't understand?" she said, very gently. "You saw that I was disappointed because I had not sold my drawings; and—and you want to add to the kindness you have shown me by helping me, by offering me—"

"Excuse me," he argued. "Business is business. I'll pay you just what you were going to sell them for; no more, because you're a lady, as I can see, and wouldn't take it; no less, because I'm not the man to take advantage of a low market; that is"—with a grim smile—"where a lady is concerned."

The girl laughed mirthlessly, and, selecting the plate she considered the best, she held it out to him.

"Well," she said, resignedly, "there is one—if you really want it. You shall buy it, and give me what the publisher would have given me."

"Right you are," he said, taking a five-pound note from his pocket and laying it on the table. "That's about right, I suppose?"

She stared and blushed; then

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laughed, with sad irony, and shook her head again rebukingly.

"It is quite right—barring four pounds ten shillings."

"Why, I am ashamed of myself," he said, penitently, as he quickly placed another note beside the first.

The girl regarded him with astonishment and a touch of offense.

"I mean that the price is ten shillings."

"What!" he exclaimed. "You do this beautiful thing, this lovely lady in the swell clothes, for ten shillings? And they call this a just world! Well, I can see you won't take any more," he said, and he pocketed the notes and held out half a sovereign.

"Thank you very much," she said, as he dropped the coin in her cheaply gloved hand. "Now I will say good-by."

"One moment," he said, peering at the corner of the drawing, "there's a name here—Lucy Edgworth. That's yours, I suppose?"

"Yes; that is my name," she said.

"Now, suppose," he said, trying to speak in a casual way, "suppose I was to want some more of these, to frame and hang up in my room, you know—where should I write for them?"

"I live at—" she began; then she stopped, and, biting her lip, shook her head. "You will not want any more of them," she said. "I—I would rather not give you my address. I am not ungrateful; but—but it is not necessary. Good-by."

She hesitated for a moment, then with a trustful glance from her child-like eyes to the man's rugged face, she held out her hand. His huge fist swallowed it up, and he patted it in a fatherly way.

"Well, good-by, miss," he said. "I was hoping that I might see you again; but you're right—I am a stranger."

"A good Samaritan," she said, wearily. "Good-by."

He looked after her thoughtfully.

"I suppose *she'd* be about her age," he murmured. "I wonder whether she's as pretty and taking? Ah, well, I shall know some day—soon, I hope."

He called a cab and told the man to drive to Waterloo. There he took a third-class ticket for Lowminster, and, getting into a smoking carriage, lit a cigar and made himself comfortable behind a newspaper. Just as the train was starting, two young men got in, and Garling, from round the side of his paper, examined them as he examined everyone and everything that came within his purview.

They looked like clerks, and they lit the everlasting cigarette and talked and laughed with the beautiful irresponsibility of youth.

Garling listened to them for a time; but their conversation—it was mostly of a sporting character, with football predominating—did not interest him, and he closed his eyes and went to sleep. He awoke after a time and heard the two young men still talking; but their voices were lowered, and they were leaning forward to each other as if they were speaking of something of importance; and Garling instantly closed his eyes again, but opened his ears.

"You see," said one of the men, "it's a touch and go thing. We're as certain as certain can be that the line's coming right through the property. Look here, I'll show you." He drew a paper from his pocket, unfolded it, and the two heads bent over it. "See? Right through it. And just think what a difference it'll make. It will turn a kind of fishing village into a swagger watering place. Everything is in its favor—situation, climate, surroundings. It's one of the most beautiful places in Cornwall; and it only wants this railway to transform it into—well, into a gold mine; for that's just what it would be. Now, my firm have got scent of this. Oh, they're sharp."

"They're sharp enough," assented the other, with a nod.

"You bet! And naturally they want to get hold of the property. Once they had got hold of it, they could easily raise the capital to work the thing. And, I tell you, it's a splendid chance," he went on, eagerly. "A lovely bay; a good sea frontage; hills at the back, with pine trees and all that; no end of

sites for a casino, hotels, swell houses, villas, shops; everything you want."

The other man nodded. "I know the whole bag of tricks. You get a swell doctor, one of those Harley Street chaps, to go down and see it, and send his patients there, and write a letter to the *Times*, saying it's the finest air in England."

"Exactly," assented his companion. "You start a kursaal"—he called it "crase-all"—"and a band and a ball-room, a club and a pier; make the place pleasant and entertaining, and in less than no time you've got a property worth—"

"Half a million," caught up his friend, eagerly. "Yes; that's just what could be made of Sunninglea."

Garling's thick lips mutely formed the word—Sunninglea. His eyes were tightly closed, he emitted a faint snore.

"How that old chap sleeps, doesn't he?" remarked one of the men. "A good name, too, isn't it? By George, I believe you get more sun there than in any other part of the kingdom; sun all the year round. Oh, I tell you it's a big thing!"

"But who does it belong to?" asked his companion, who, after a cautious glance at the figure in the corner, replied, in a lower voice:

"To the Wrayborough family. That is to say, they are the owners; but Drake & Drake hold the mortgage; and they're anxious to sell, because they've lent more money than they think it's worth, and—here's where the joke comes in—the Wrayborough people have authorized them to sell. They're hard up, you know—the Wrayboroughs, I mean."

"Fine old sportsman, the earl," remarked the other, knowingly. "So's his son, Lord Dalesford—splendid chap. 'Pon my word, it seems a pity that they should be so blind to what's going on."

"Oh, I don't know," remarked the other; "business is business, you know. My people will have their claws in this thing presently, and they'll make a mint of money. Hello! here's the junction. We change here. Tumble out, old man."

In leaving the carriage, one of them stumbled over one of Garling's extended legs, and begged his pardon. Garling stretched himself, appeared to awake with difficulty, yawned, and told him not to mention it. When the train was in motion again, and had got well beyond the platform, he sat up and, with an alert expression in his rugged face, took out a notebook and wrote down the names of the places and persons he had heard; then he composed himself to sleep again and slept soundly until he reached Lowminster.

Without making any inquiries, he found the quietest hotel in the town, engaged a room, and, having eaten the usual hotel meal of chops, potatoes and cabbage, set out for a walk. Again, without any inquiries, or guide, excepting the finger posts, he made his way to Wedbury, and late in the afternoon stood beside the church and looked gravely about him. He had all the air of a man who had happened on the quiet, out-of-the-way place by accident; and it was in a manner of easy and casual interest that he stopped an old laborer and got into conversation with him.

"Pretty place, this," he said.

"Yes; it be pretty enough," replied the old man.

"Not many houses or people here, though," remarked Garling.

"No, not so many," assented the old fellow; "most of us goes up to the big town; it's only the gentry as stops on."

"Ah, yes," said Garling. "Have a cigar? Prefer bacca, eh?" as the old man eyed the cigar case doubtfully. "Here you are, then; help yourself. You're one of the old inhabitants, I suppose; know all the people, eh? Do you happen to know a Mrs. Burton?"

The old man lit his pipe and shook his head dully.

"No? A lady as lives with her niece, Miss Bourne, Miss Diana Bourne," said Garling, a trifle huskily.

"Oh, you mean Miss Diana, the school-teacher," said the old man. "Why, of course I do; everybody knows she. You're inquiring for 'er, mister?"

"Yes—for a friend of mine," replied Garling, still more huskily. "He asked me to look them up if I was down in these parts."

"Ah, well, then you're too late," returned the old man. "They be gone."

the old man, wearily, "and I don't know where they be gone. Nobody does. They went quite sudden-like. Disappeared, as you might say. They lived in that cottage there, by the school. Beautiful young lady she was, and



"I have come to thank you for making my son happy."

Garling's face fell; and he suppressed a sigh of disappointment.

"Gone, have they?" he said, as indifferently as he could. "How long ago's that, and where have they gone?"

"Oh, it's a long while ago," replied

kind. Us misses 'er a good deal. No, nobody knows where they be gone. Well, good-evening to you, mister, and thank you."

Garling wished him good-evening; then sauntered to the cottage and stood

looking at it sadly and wistfully, as if he were suffering a keen disappointment. After a time he pulled himself together, and, with a shake of his broad shoulders, trudged back to Lowminster. When he reached the hotel, he found a Bradshaw, and ran his thick forefinger down the column of S's. There was no station called Sunninglea. He rang the bell, and asked the waiter if he had such a thing as an atlas; and the man brought him a dingy, much-thumbed one.

Garling found the little fishing place with the romantic and taking name, and traced the nearest station. Then he called for a whisky and soda, and sat and smoked and drank, his thick brows bent in a thoughtful frown.

CHAPTER XIV.

"My dear Vane, I wish you luck and every happiness," said the earl, with a fine smile and holding out his hand.

As he took it, Vane felt and looked somewhat surprised. He knew his father too well to dread a scene; knew that his father had too correct a sense of the rights of men, especially of sons, to go their own way; but he certainly did not expect that the earl would take the announcement so cheerfully.

"And so you are going to turn Benedict, eh, Vane? Well, the Benedict in the play hadn't a better excuse. She is one of the most beautiful girls I have ever seen, and no doubt is as amiable as she is beautiful; but I shall avail myself, at the first opportunity, of assuring myself of that fact. Your aunt and I will do ourselves the honor and pleasure of paying our respects to the young lady this very afternoon."

"You are very kind, sir," said Dalesford, in a low voice and with an affectionate glance at the handsome face with its smiling eyes and delicately curved lip. "I did not expect you to take it so nicely. I am grateful. Starkey looked rather flabbergasted!" Starkey had discreetly withdrawn. "I suppose he thinks that I have made a mess of it?"

"My dear Vane, it doesn't matter *now* what anyone thinks; the die is cast, the Rubicon has been passed; and the only thing that remains to be done is to exercise our philosophy and make the best of it; indeed, I am prepared to make the very best of it. I have this consolation and this cause for congratulation, that your charming cousin, Desmond, will have his nose put out of joint. But we will not think of such an unpleasant person on such an extremely pleasant occasion. You look particularly well and happy, my dear boy. Ah, love's young dream!"

"Of course I am very happy, sir," said Dalesford. "I have got a prize. Diana is— But you don't want me to sing her praises. I shall be very disappointed and surprised if you do not join my song when you know her."

"This afternoon, my dear Vane—this afternoon! I will go and put on my best clothes and my best manner; and I will do my utmost to cut you out."

"Of course, sir," responded Vane, eyeing his father fondly and proudly.

When Dalesford had left him, the earl sat for a minute or two chuckling over the comedy. Then he went to break the news to Lady Selina, which he did in his characteristic manner. He found her and Mabel in the morning room, and, surveying them both with a comic air of dismay and resignation, he said pleasantly, though abruptly:

"Selina, your congratulations, if you please. Our dear Vane is in love, and, what is more, is going to be married. You cannot speak? I am not surprised. Contain your delight within reasonable bounds when I tell you that it is that most charming young lady, Miss Bourne."

Lady Selina gasped like a fish, and echoed the name in a sepulchral tone; but Mabel sprang to her feet, clapped her hands and danced the first steps of a *pas-seul*.

"Mabel!" cried Lady Selina. "Mabel!"

But the earl broke in upon the rebuke.

"Do not check her, my dear Selina, the child is right. It is a proper occa-

sion for exuberant hilarity. Mabel, you can kiss me if you like."

Mabel sprang to him and threw her arms round his neck, exclaiming:

"Oh, dear Uncle Edward, I am so glad! It is delightful news! She is the dearest, sweetest, loveliest——"

"Oh, come, my dear child, Vane spared me; do you be as merciful!"

"But you surely do not intend to encourage this—this madness, Edward?" said Lady Selina, with stern amazement.

"That is exactly what I intend to do, my dear Selina," said the earl. "Vane's madness is his own private affair, and I should not dream of interfering with it. Besides, we are all so painfully sane nowadays, that insanity of this kind ought to be encouraged. And, really, when you come to think of it, you will admit that it would not matter a brass farthing to Vane whether we approved or disapproved. It wouldn't have mattered to me at his age; and I wouldn't give the aforesaid brass farthing for any young man to whom such disapproval would matter. No; my dear Selina, we will face the inevitable with all the grace we can command. We will call upon the future Lady Dalesford this afternoon. Shall we have the carriage at four o'clock?"

"But——" began Lady Selina, still gasping.

The earl held up his hand and shook his head, smiling pleasantly; but with a look behind the smile which effectually stopped Lady Selina's threatened expostulation and remonstrance.

"My dear Selina," he said, sweetly, "be thankful for the goods the gods send us, and grateful that things are no worse!"

The reader does not want to be told that Vane was at Rivermead long before four o'clock. He was as passionately in love as any boy in his teens could have been. The joy, the ecstatic happiness, that thrilled through every vein of him was so novel, so strange, that he felt as if he had just been born into a new world, a world in which it would be always sunshine, in which every hour would be instinct with the

delight of living; as if he had found an angelic being to share his existence, his every thought, his every breath.

He did not tell himself all this in so many words, for Vane, thank Heaven, was quite incapable of analysis and introspection. He only told himself that he loved her, this beautiful young girl, who was as good as she was beautiful, innocent as a child, pure as a star, tender as a woman; and he was filled with amazement that she should condescend to love him, and asked himself with wonder, and a humility strange in a Dalesford, what she had seen in him.

"Dearest," he said, as, hand in hand, like child lovers, they walked in the friendly screen of the shrubbery, "my father is coming here at four o'clock. He is coming to know you—and to love you. And I think you will like him, Diana. He told me that he should try to cut me out," he laughed. "The dear old boy! Yes; you will like him."

"I hope he will like me," said Diana, just a wee bit timidly. "I am a little nervous, Vane. Lady Selina—— But I will try to be brave and not feel like a prisoner at the bar, who ought to plead guilty to the heinous crime of winning the affection of the son of the great and all-powerful Earl of Wrayborough. Seriously, Vane, your father must be very sweet and good-natured to—to accept me; for, after all——"

"I think that will do, dearest," he said. "When you disparage yourself it gets on my nerves, and I want to throw up my arms and shriek out: 'Listen to this angel, that stoops to love a mere mortal.' I suppose I may take it that you do still love me; that it isn't a mistake, that you haven't changed your mind?"

Within his encircling arms, Diana gave him assurance of her love. And the sun shone brightly on them. Moments of happiness are fleet of wing, and Diana started when she heard the Shortledge carriage roll up to the entrance. She was rather pale as she and Dalesford went into the drawing room to receive the party; and there was a touch of reserve in her reception of Lady Selina's rather cold greeting.

But Mabel made amends for her aunt's stiffness, and, encouraged by the presence of the earl, who consistently spoiled her, she put her arms around Diana and gave her a girlish hug. Then Diana turned to the earl; and now there was a faint look of appeal in the beautiful gray eyes; an appeal to which the earl responded immediately.

Taking both her hands and bending over her—he was very tall—he smiled at her, and in the voice which had won, in the old days, not a few women's hearts, he said:

"My dear Miss Bourne—my dear child, I have come to thank you for making my son happy."

The words, the tone in which they were uttered, went straight to Diana's heart; her eyes grew moist, and the hand which he held trembled. He drew her nearer to him and kissed her on the forehead.

"An old man's privilege, my dear; indeed, a father's; for I have gained a daughter; and"—there was pathos in his eyes and in his voice—"I had not one before."

Fortunately for Diana's strained nerves, Mrs. Burton at that moment entered. Diana murmured her aunt's name, and the earl turned with swift courtesy to the anxious looking woman with the haggard, weary face and downcast eyes, bent over her hand and led her to a seat, and expressed to her his pleasure in the engagement of her niece to his son. Lady Selina seemed to be still too benumbed to grasp the situation; but there was nothing for her to do but to follow suit with as much amiability as she could command; and Diana, seated beside her ladyship, received her congratulations and good wishes.

The tension was still great, but fortunately Mabel was there to relieve it. As usual, she was pining for the garden; when her aunt turned to Mrs. Burton with the automatic movement of a wax figure, Mabel tugged at Diana's sleeve and whispered:

"Oh, let us come outside and leave the old people to fight it out."

Diana shook her head, smilingly, but

wistfully; but the earl, whom no movement of hers escaped—he had been watching Diana without appearing to do so—came to Mabel's aid.

"Better go, my dear," he said, "or that tiresome child will give you no rest;" and Diana, with a blush, allowed Mabel to draw her out. Of course, Dalesford followed; but Mabel turned upon him indignantly.

"Oh, Vane, you'll surely let me have her to myself for a minute or two?" she exclaimed. "That's where men are so selfish! He doesn't remember that he'll have you for the rest of his natural life!"

"I'll give you five minutes," said Dalesford, longingly; "and that's four minutes more than I can really spare."

Mabel made a grimace at him, and, linking her arm in Diana's, led her to a seat into which she plumped Diana with gentle force.

"Now, tell me all about it, Diana—I've really the right to call you Diana now, haven't I? But, of course, you won't tell me anything; I shall have to get it out of Vane. And he'll be worse than ever; he's so conceitedly happy. And no wonder! Shouldn't I be if I were a man! And you are really going to be my cousin! Diana, you'll let me come and stay with you when you are married?"

Diana laughed and blushed. "That will be a very long time to look forward to, Mabel."

"Oh, no, it won't. You won't catch Vane waiting very long. He's too bad for that. And oh, Diana, promise me now, now this minute, that I shall be one of your bridesmaids!" she said, eagerly. "I suppose you'll have ever so many; but mind, mind, you must make room for me!"

The blush faded from Diana's face, and she looked rather grave.

"I think it is very likely that you will be the only one, dear. I haven't any relatives or girl friends, like other girls."

"Haven't you?" said Mabel, with wide-open and sympathetic eyes. "How strange!"

"Yes; it is strange," said Diana. "But there is only aunt Mary."

"Well, that makes me safe, anyhow," said Mabel, with a sigh of satisfaction. "And how beautiful you will look as a bride, Diana! I don't wonder at Vane being so proud of you. You didn't see him while he was looking at you and uncle Edward. And isn't he a dear old man; didn't he behave splendidly? There are times when I think uncle Edward must be the nicest man that was ever created. But there! I knew he would go down before you. He adores beauty; and you are irresistible!"

"You are an irresistible flatterer," Diana assured her. "Yes; Lord Wrayborough was very sweet to me, and I—I am very grateful to him. I did not expect—but I must not say any more on that point. I am very grateful to you all for being so kind to me."

Mabel's eyes opened wide. "Kind to you? You mean because we are all so glad you accepted Vane? Why, my dear Diana, it is the best thing that could have happened to him and all of us. Why, you just *saved* him." She colored and looked down shyly. "I am only a girl, but of course I know how important it is that Vane should marry, should settle down. Of course, I know he has been wild, like—all the Wrayboroughs. But he is quite changed now. And you have changed him, you dear, sweet girl. Love you! I should think we should! Oh, here is Vane! What a bother! Vane, I am sure the five minutes aren't up."

"It is, my sweet child; and you are wanted in the drawing room."

"Of course that's a fib!" retorted Mabel. "But I suppose I shall have to go." And, stooping, she kissed Diana and ran in, pausing at the window to throw her another kiss.

Vane was all aglow with happiness. "What did I tell you, dearest?" he said. "I wish you could have heard my father singing your praises to Mrs. Burton. I haven't seen the dear old man look so happy for years. He told Mrs. Burton that our marriage would add twenty years to his life."

Diana looked up at him with joy in her eyes, but still with a shadow of surprise in them.

"It seems so strange," she said. "I can't be blind to the fact that your people ought not to regard our engagement as a good thing for you."

He laughed. "But what more can you want?" he asked. "What will convince you? Diana, you are the only beautiful woman I ever met who was really humble-minded and free from vanity. I have got a prize indeed!"

As he spoke, lifting her hand to his lips, a carriage came down the road and stopped at the front gate.

"Good heavens! Another visitor!" he said, disgustedly. "Yes; I suppose we must go in," he deplored, as Diana rose.

They went toward the house, drawing apart to a conventional distance when they got within sight of the windows.

"Why, it's my Fairy Godmother!" Diana said, as she heard Mr. Fielding's voice.

"Your what?" Dalesford asked.

"My lawyer, Mr. Fielding," Diana explained. "I call him my Fairy Godmother, because he has been so good to me; because he found me—"

"Found you?" echoed Dalesford.

Before she could give him any more information they had reached the window, and Mr. Fielding, catching sight of her, came forward to meet her.

"I have just come in time, my dear Miss Bourne, to hear some important and interesting news," he said, as they entered the room.

He stood and smiled at her, his thin lips drawn together, his eyebrows raised, his keen eyes looking from her blushing face to Dalesford's.

"I was going to write to you," said Diana, in a low voice.

"Of course, of course," he said, with a little bow. "This is Lord Dalesford? Lord Dalesford, you will permit me to offer you my heartiest congratulations. I have just expressed them to Lord Wrayborough." He inclined his head to the earl; and at the same moment

cast a glance, as if casually, at Mrs. Burton, who was sitting with her head bent and her hands gripping each other. "Yes; my visit is a happy accident, and I am delighted to have arrived at such an auspicious moment. I have just been telling Lord Wrayborough, my dear Miss Bourne, that you have been good enough to grant me the inestimable privilege of calling myself your friend as well as your legal adviser."

He had taken a chair and leaned forward with the self-possessed and alert manner which Diana remembered he had shown on her first visit to him at Lincoln's Inn. With his birdlike eyes he seemed to dominate the situation, to hold the others, as it were, in his grip. With his fine acuteness, his quick, intuitive insight, the earl saw that this suave, self-possessed man of law had something to say and was going to say it.

"Most happy coincidence, Mr. Fielding," he murmured, with a smile. "Particularly happy for me. I am delighted to meet you. Of course, I know the famous Mr. Fielding by repute; but this is the first time I have had the pleasure of meeting him. Let me congratulate our dear child here on the advantage of possessing so valuable a friend and so efficient an adviser."

Fielding bowed. "Thank you, my lord. You are very kind. Yes, I need scarcely say that Miss Bourne's friendship, which I esteem beyond words, amply rewards me for any exertion I may have made in my efforts in watching over her vast interests."

He laid a slight emphasis on the word *vast*, and Lady Selina caught it and looked up with surprise and sudden interest. Vane also heard it, and vaguely wondered why the lawyer should use such an apparently inappropriate adjective in connection with Diana's small means—"enough to live upon." But the earl's smile did not flicker; and he leaned back, gently swinging his gold *pince-nez*.

"How vast they are," continued Mr. Fielding, addressing the earl, "you may not perhaps be aware, Lord Wrayborough."

The earl made a noncommittal gesture, and Mr. Fielding went on.

"I myself have scarcely arrived at a proper estimate; but I suppose I should not be far wrong if I valued Miss Bourne's estate at very little below a million."

Vane was standing near Diana, and he turned to her with an exclamation, a swift inquiry, an expression almost of reproach. Lady Selina gasped like a fish out of water; Mabel cried "Oh!" and stared at the pale-faced lawyer; and the earl dropped the *pince-nez* and leaned forward with an admirably feigned surprise, which gradually slid into satisfaction.

"My dear Mr. Fielding, that is a very large sum! Our dear Diana's interests are vast indeed—"

Dalesford came slightly forward. His face was pale, and he was frowning.

"I didn't know," he said. He turned to Diana. "Diana, why did you not tell me?"

Diana hung her head for a moment, then looked at him appealingly.

"Why didn't you tell me, dearest? Why did you keep me ignorant of the fact that you were so rich, that you had so much money?"

"My dear Vane," murmured the earl, remonstratingly, "I quite understand! There has scarcely been time. If I may venture to say so, Diana did quite right."

"Quite right!" echoed Mr. Fielding. "Lord Dalesford would have received from me the information of Miss Bourne's enviable position. This is not the moment for business details; but perhaps I may be permitted to supplement my rather startling announcement with a few particulars. Miss Bourne's father, my—er—esteemed client, died abroad, leaving the whole of his fortune, his immense fortune, to his only daughter and child. Mr. Bourne's state of health rendered it impossible for him to reside in England; and for many years he had not seen his daughter, who was left to the efficient and affectionate guardianship of her aunt, Mrs. Burton—"

He stopped suddenly and rose, not abruptly, but in quite a self-possessed manner; for, though he had not been looking at her directly, he had seen the grip of her hands relax and her thin form sway to and fro. She, also, had risen, and, stretching out her hand, as if groping in darkness, uttered a cry and fell back in the chair.

So quick were his movements, notwithstanding his deliberate manner, that Mr. Fielding had caught her before she could fall to the floor. With a cry, Diana was at her side.

"Aunt Mary!" she exclaimed. "You are ill! Oh, what is it? What has happened? What have you said?"

They had all gathered round the fainting woman in amazement and dismay; but Mr. Fielding, still self-possessed and still master of the situation, said calmly:

"If you will ring the bell, Lord Dalesford— Thank you."

A maidservant entered, and she and Diana almost carried Mrs. Burton from the room.

All eyes were turned to Mr. Fielding; but he was quite equal to the occasion.

"An extremely nervous and highly strung lady—Mrs. Burton," he said, quietly. "It is my fault. I ought not to have referred to her brother's death in her presence. It was inexcusable. Her state of health——"

"We will go," said Lady Selina. "Edward, Mabel. You will remain, I suppose, Vane?" Vane nodded.

"You must come and see me, Mr. Fielding," said the earl, as he shook hands. "Vane, this is very distressing. Take care of that dear girl."

They got outside, and the carriage drove off. Lady Selina leaned back as if she herself were threatening to faint; then she jerked forward, and in a Cassandra-like tone said, impressively:

"Edward, mark my words, there is a mystery here."

The earl carefully adjusted his eyeglasses and smiled. "There may be, my dear Selina," he said. "But there is also a million. And if there were not," he added, after a pause, "Vane should

have my consent to marry her! She has only one fault." He paused. "She is too good for him—or any man!"

CHAPTER XV.

It is given to few of us, alas! to taste the perfect happiness which fell to the lot of Diana. There were times in which she stopped short in the middle of a walk, or what she was doing, to ask herself what she had done to deserve such bliss; why she, of all the women in the world, should have been chosen as a favorite of fortune.

Only a little while ago she had been a country schoolmistress, passing rich on eighty pounds a year, "with light and firing"; she was now "a great lady," and more than this, ah, more than this! the betrothed of a man whom she regarded as the noblest, the prince of men. Saving for her wealth, she was a mere nobody, an insignificant person; and yet she had been received by the great Wrayborough family not only favorably, but with something like enthusiasm.

The earl led the way. He had been immensely taken with her on the day of the betrothal, on the occasion when Mr. Fielding had announced her wealth; and the admiration and liking grew into love. The qualities which had won Vane's heart won his father's; and it seemed as if the earl could not see too much of her.

He stayed on at Shortledge so that he might be near her; and every day he had her up there or paid a visit to Rivermead. He would call for her to go for a drive with him in the stately barouche, would sit on the lawn watching her and Vane playing tennis against Bertie and Mabel; but what he liked best was to recline in the stern of Diana's favorite skiff, while she pulled slowly up the river; or drifted down it, her hands crossed on the sculls, her lovely face bent forward to listen to him.

And he was never tired of talking to her; sometimes of himself and his youthful days, but more often of Vane; of how he had won this race or the oth-

er, or gained the prize for the high jump, or stalked an almost impossible stag under almost impossible circumstances.

He was proud, too, of her, and found a peculiar delight in witnessing the effect her beauty and grace made upon the friends to whom he introduced her.

"The girl's unique," he said to Lady Selina. "She ought to be *bourgeoise*—middle class, but, marvelous to say, she is nothing of the kind; on the contrary, she is aristocratic from the crown of her beautiful head to the soles of her dear little feet. Until I saw Diana, I did not believe in nature's gentlemen and gentlewomen; but I do now. She has converted me. The solution of the enigma lies in the fact that she is so exquisitely natural. She has never done anything, she has never entertained a thought, of which she should be ashamed. Her modesty disarms criticism; her womanly dignity, her innocence and purity would carry her unharmed and unstained through the rabble of Comus. In short, I have not had the pleasure of meeting an angel, but, given a pair of wings on those beautiful white shoulders of hers, and Diana would fully come up to my idea of one. And with all this, she is going to bring money into the family. I don't wonder that Vane sometimes looks as if he were confused and bewildered by his good fortune. He must very often ask himself whether it isn't all a dream."

Needless to say, Vane was delighted at his father's affection for Diana.

"Upon my word," he said to her, "I am half inclined to be jealous. If he had seen you before I did, you might have been the Countess of Wrayborough, and my stepmother. Sounds nice, doesn't it, dearest? It's delicious to hear him talking about you, to see the air with which he alludes to 'my future daughter-in-law.' He's as proud as if he'd invented you—and he takes all the credit of our engagement. I don't know whether he's spoken to you about our marriage; but this morning he asked me when it was to be, remarked that he was an old man—as if the governor could ever be old!—and

that the only thing he wanted was a daughter. May I tell him, dearest, when I can give him one?"

Diana looked startled and shook her head.

"Oh, not yet, Vane; not for a long time. We are so happy! I want this time to last; I don't want to change it."

"All right," he said. "You'd better tell him so. But, seriously, dearest, don't keep me waiting long. I'm happy, so happy that sometimes I find myself laughing at nothing at all; but, all the same, I want you to myself, and want you very badly."

There were other reasons besides Diana's reluctance to break the spell of this betrothal period, why the marriage could not take place at once. A great heiress is not nearly so much the mistress of her actions as ordinary and less fortunate girls; there were business arrangements to be made in connection with her vast wealth; settlements to be drawn up, legal questions to be considered and decided; and lawyers are of all the sons of men the most slow and procrastinating; and Mr. Fielding declared, in a tone of finality, that the wedding could not take place for some months.

Vane was indignant, the earl almost as much so; but they both knew that it was as useless to oppose Mr. Fielding's decision as to run their heads against a brick wall.

It was now the time of the year when Vane and his father usually went up to Glenaskel for the shooting and stalking; and it was the earl who proposed that Diana should accompany them.

"Your aunt Selina must come up there and run the place and act as chaperon." Lady Selina, who generally went to Homburg for the season, stifled a groan; but Mabel, who was in the room, uttered an exclamation of delight.

"Oh, Uncle Edward, how jolly! I love Glenaskel! And I may shoot, mayn't I, Vane?"

"Oh, have you been invited?" asked the earl, with an innocent air of surprise; but there was a kindly twinkle in

his eye; and Mabel knew that she was safe.

"Don't let's have a mob, sir," said Vane. "Three or four guns will be enough. What about young Selby? I think Diana would like to have him."

"Oh, then, certainly he must come," responded the earl, in a matter-of-course voice. "Let me see, Diana can have that south suit of rooms."

"Really, Edward, I think you might leave that to me," remarked Lady Selina.

"Quite so, quite so, my dear Selina!" he assented, hastily and apologetically. "But I should like her to be quite comfortable; and they are the sunniest rooms, you know, with the best view; you can see the river and the forest. By the way, the rooms will want doing up and refurnishing. Will you see to that, or shall I, Vane?"

Vane laughed. "I'll see to that, sir," he said.

The earl nodded. "Have everything very nice; don't spare expense. Let me see, what would be the best color for her? Something with roses in it. You might sound her; delicately, you know, Vane. No, no; I'll do it myself. I'm better at that kind of thing than you are. I shall like it to be a surprise to her."

He was always planning a surprise for her. One day it would take the shape of a charming pony phaëton, with a couple of miniature Exmoors; the next, some costly piece of jewelry, which he had chosen with anxious care; on another, an exquisitely bound book or a volume of music.

It was a liberal education in old-world courtesy to see him presenting her with the orchid from his button-hole; or leaning over her, his face wreathed with smiles, as she examined and exclaimed over one of his presents. And with what loving pride Diana wore the costly gems or the simple flower when she went out to dinner, with Vane and the old man worshiping in her train, as if she were a princess or something still rarer in womanhood.

Little wonder that she almost feared to break the spell. One thing only

marred her perfect happiness—Mrs. Burton's health. Ever since she had fainted on the afternoon of the earl's first visit, Mrs. Burton had been weak and ailing, and Diana had been anxious about her. The doctor who had been called in said that there was nothing serious the matter, that it was a nervous trouble, which rest and quiet would dispel; but, though Mrs. Burton kept almost entirely to her own room, she did not recover her strength.

Diana sat with her for hours, and tried to interest her in the life that was going on about her; but Mrs. Burton could not be roused from the state of apathy into which she had fallen; and while Diana was talking or reading to her, she lay back in her chair, her hands tightly clasped, her eyes fixed vacantly on the window.

It had been arranged that Mrs. Burton should accompany Diana to Glenaskel; but she was evidently not well enough to go, and Diana proposed to give up the visit and to remain with her; but Mrs. Burton was so agitated by the mere suggestion of such a sacrifice on Diana's part, that Diana was compelled to yield, and to promise that she would go alone if her aunt were not well enough to go with her. She would not hear of Diana giving up the most unimportant invitation for her sake; and became so excited when Diana offered to do so, that the doctor impressed upon Diana the necessity of letting the sick woman have her way.

One day the earl and Diana were seated on his favorite spot on the terrace at Shortledge, talking of Glenaskel and of the happy time they were going to have there. On the preceding day he had artfully learned from her her favorite color—it was his own, old rose—and Vane had gone up to London to see the decorators. He had been charged by the earl to spare no expense.

The phrase was very often on the old man's lips now; and it did not strike a chill to Mr. Starkey's heart as it had been wont to do. For the announcement of Lord Dalesford's engagement to a great heiress had smoothed the

financial way for the Wrayboroughs; and Mr. Starkey's once gloomy countenance had grown lighter and his voice less lachrymose; for he found no difficulty now in raising a loan which could be met by some of the money which Diana was going to pour into the Wrayborough empty coffers. He paid several visits to Shortledge, where he attempted to talk business with the earl. Diana now saw him coming across the lawn.

"Here is Mr. Starkey," she said.

The earl stifled a groan; then he smiled. "He has got a new hat; and how cheerful the man looks! It's all your doing, my dear girl. How do you do, Mr. Starkey? Sit down. Let me order you a cooling drink. What! Still sticking to that absurd habit of yours of never drinking between meals? Don't say you've come on business, on such a beautiful day as this, and when you can talk on ever so many pleasant matters with Miss Bourne here."

Mr. Starkey said that he had come on business, and Diana rose; but the earl pressed her down in her seat again.

"Don't go, Diana; it is as much your business as mine now, you know. Besides, three heads are better than one, especially when one of the three is so extremely pretty and clever—of course, I allude to Mr. Starkey's. What is it, Starkey? Let's get it over before tea time."

"It's rather an extraordinary matter, my lord," said Mr. Starkey, pulling a paper from his pocket. "You remember that property at Sunninglea, in Cornwall, which fell into our hands some years ago? I say you remember, because I myself had almost forgotten it. It is a stretch of land with a bay; an extremely pretty place, but by no means a profitable one. There are one or two small farms, but the rent from the whole of the property does not pay the interest of the mortgage—of course, it is mortgaged."

"You see, he says 'of course,' my dear," remarked the earl to Diana. "There is scarcely anything that is not mortgaged. The merry game began in our family generations ago, and of

course we have kept it up. Well, Mr. Starkey?"

"The mortgage is in the hands of Drake & Drake," Mr. Starkey went on, "and they served us with a notice of foreclosure some time ago; in fact, I think they bought it in."

"Well, there's an end of the matter, isn't there?" said the earl.

"Well, no, strange to say. Three days ago I had a most extraordinary letter from a solicitor. He is a Mr. Jeffrey, of whom I know nothing. Quite a small man. He writes and informs me that a client of his, of the name of Brown, has purchased the property, and that he is willing to sell it to us at a small profit."

"Of course you told him that we didn't want to buy it?" said the earl.

"I should have done so; but Mr. Jeffrey's letter contained a most extraordinary statement. He said that the main line intended running a branch to Sunninglea, and that, therefore, the possibilities of the place were enormous. I saw that myself at once; and I went round to him and asked him the very natural question, why his client did not keep the property and reap his own harvest? Mr. Jeffrey, who seemed a very sharp man—"

"Scarcely a necessary piece of information. My dear Diana, you heard Mr. Starkey say that this gentleman was a lawyer."

"In polite terms advised me to mind my own business, pointed out to me that the sum his client was asking amounted to only a fair profit on his purchase, and took it for granted that I should accept his really very advantageous offer. I have satisfied myself by cautious inquiries, that the railway company do intend running a line to Sunninglea; and I think we ought to buy it."

The earl smiled. "Would you not like to buy also, say, Buckingham Palace and an estate or two in Wales?" he said, ironically. "My dear Starkey, where is the money to come from?"

Mr. Starkey shot a sideways and involuntary glance at Diana.

"Oh, there is no difficulty about the

money, my lord," he said, in a tone of cheerful confidence which contrasted markedly with the melancholy one which until recently had been habitual with him.

"Oh, very well," said the earl. "Shall we buy it, my dear? Don't blush and look so startled; for I've more than a suspicion that it will be bought with your money; eh, Starkey?"

Mr. Starkey coughed assent.

Diana, blushing still, laughed and nodded.

"Oh, yes, buy it by all means," she said. "You say it is very pretty, Mr. Starkey; and that it will bring in a great deal of money later on?"

"You see!" exclaimed the earl, gazing at her admiringly. "Didn't I tell you that Miss Bourne's head was a clever one?"

"You forget that I was once a school-mistress," said Diana; "and that I know something of multiplication and division."

The earl looked at her proudly—he liked her reference to her former humble station.

"All right," he said. "You've got your instructions, Mr. Starkey. Buy it by all means; and when you've turned it into a fashionable watering place, we'll come down and stay there; eh, Diana? There's the tea. Come along, Mr. Starkey. And, by the way, better not say anything of this business to Lady Selina. She's always thinking we are trembling on the brink of ruin, and she will think we have taken leave of our senses."

CHAPTER XVI.

The journey to Scotland was made with so much of state and ceremony and luxury that Diana, who still retained her liking for simplicity, was filled with amazement. It seemed to her that the whole of the express train would be needed by the apparently innumerable servants, the carriages, the horses and the piles of luggage; for when he went north, the earl traveled with semi-royal state. It seemed as if

every official connected with the railway station, to say nothing of the porters, had considered it to be his duty to see that the earl and his party started under the most favorable auspices; but the earl himself and Lady Selina and the rest of the family—indeed, the whole household—took it as a matter of course; and only the presence and conduct of Mabel and Bertie saved Diana from the conviction that the great Wrayborough family were more than mortal and of different flesh and blood to the crowd of servants, porters and inspectors who attended them with obsequious offers of service.

Mabel and Bertie were enjoying themselves like a couple of children off for the holidays; and very nearly behaved themselves as such. Regardless of the fact that an elaborate luncheon would be served in the saloon carriage, they dodged Lady Selina and loaded their pockets with Banbury cakes and chocolate, purchased at the refreshment room; they bought piles of magazines and comic papers at the book stall, and trotted up and down the platform at the peril of their own limbs and the sanity of the luggage porters. Both of them had brought guns and fishing rods; and Mabel, affecting to be anxious about their safety, continually insisted on Bertie's hunting them up among the stacks and piles of other luggage.

At the last moment they pretended that they could not find room in the saloon carriage, and smuggled themselves into a compartment, the only other occupant of which was an old lady, who was absorbed in a King Charles spaniel, which had been yapping from the window at the pug in Lady Selina's arms.

Diana and Vane had watched the confusion from a coign of vantage behind the luggage; and they, also, eschewed the luxurious saloon, and found an empty carriage. To Diana, the journey was the most delightful she had ever taken; for was not the man she loved by her side to watch over her comfort, to point out the notable objects on the way, to hold her hand and whisper those short, sweet sentences in which love expresses itself so eloquent-

ly? They had to go into the saloon for lunch, of course; but they stole away again to their own carriage at the next station, and remained undisturbed till the train ran into the little Highland station near Glenaskel.

Here Diana found fresh cause for amazement; for the state and ceremony which had attended their departure were as nothing compared to that which awaited them on their arrival. In an "orderly confusion" of carriages and servants, footmen in the Wrayborough liveries and Highlandmen in kilts of the Glenaskel clan, of which the earl was chief; luggage forgoons and a huge 'bus for the servants who had come down by train, the party was received by a crowd which astonished and bewildered Diana.

"Are you very tired, dearest?" Vane asked, as their carriage started. "It is not a very long drive to the castle; I know you will be glad to be there."

"I am not in the least tired," she said, nestling up to him all the same. "It is the happiest journey I have ever taken in my life; and I am thrilling with excitement. It is all so strange to me. I feel as if I were a princess of the blood royal; indeed, I can't imagine any greater fuss being made over anyone."

Dalesford laughed rather apologetically. "Yes; they do make rather a fuss," he said; "but it's their way of showing that they are pleased to see us; and I'm afraid that you will be still more surprised when we reach home. But you will like these people, Diana. They are true and stanch as steel; and there isn't a man of them who wouldn't go to the end of the world for us. But you will understand it all before you have been at the castle many days, many hours, for that matter. Look, dearest; there is the first glimpse of it."

Diana looked out of the window and saw in the twilight a vast castle set half-way up a hill and rising from amid a dense mass of firs. The size and grandeur of the ancient pile were intensified in effect by the misty light, and she gazed upon it in speechless admiration and something akin to awe.

A few minutes afterward, the carriage, winding its way up a magnificent avenue, drew up in the courtyard of the principal entrance, the outer space of which was lined by Highlandmen bearing torches, which threw ruddy gleams in rivalry with the electric light that streamed from the apparently innumerable windows of the building. The great entrance doors were opened wide, and Diana, as Vane helped her to alight from the carriage, saw the earl standing, silhouetted against the lighted hall, waiting to receive her with a state which accorded and seemed necessary to, and even consistent with, the presence of the crowd of retainers who watched the great earl and the beautiful young girl who would be their future mistress.

As Vane led her up the broad stone steps, flanked by great couchant lions supporting crested shields, a deep-throated cheer arose and awoke the echoes of the hoary walls and the surrounding pine forest.

The earl took her by both hands.

"Welcome to Glenaskel, my dear," he said; and as he led her in, another cheer went up, the men waved their torches, and, closing up about the steps, watched her eagerly as she entered the hall.

She was startled, and the tears sprang to her eyes. With an instinctive movement she turned to Vane, who stood by her side, eying her proudly and fondly.

"That's meant for you, dearest," he said. "It's their welcome. Have they frightened you?"

"No, no," she said, quickly. "Ah, they don't think so, do they?" As she spoke, she looked wistfully toward the door; and Vane, who read every thought of hers, took her by the hand and led her back to the entrance.

"You want to speak to them, Diana?" he said.

She made a gesture of assent; her lips parted and trembled as she looked down upon the stalwart men massed at the bottom of the steps, every eye upturned to her with an eager expectancy. For a moment or two no word would

come; then in a low voice, but so distinctly that the words reached the furthest fringe of the crowd and went to the heart of every one of the faithful fellows, she said just the two words that mean so much when they are spoken from the heart:

"Thank you!"

It was all that was necessary; it was done so spontaneously, with such heartfelt gratitude, that Vane glowed with appreciation, and the earl murmured "God bless her!" As if to mark his sense of the fact that their welcome was intended for her, he kept in the background and said no word.

The hall, its vast proportions and antique furniture and ornaments glowing redly in the light of the huge fire of logs in the open stone fireplace, seemed full of servants, male and female; but presently they dispersed, tea was brought in and served on the big oak table, and Diana was free to look round her.

She seemed to have entered an entirely new world, to have passed from the present to the past, for there was scarcely anything that was new and modern in the objects that met her eyes. The very staircase was of stone; the armor, the shields hanging on the walls, the trophies of arms and weapons of the chase, all spoke eloquently of the historic past.

And there were still wonders to come; for, when she and Vane were left alone, and there was silence, save for the laughing voices of Bertie and Mabel as they went along the corridor, Vane took her into the great banquet-hall, with its tapestried walls, its rudely carved fireplace, its decorations of antlers, coats of mail, broadswords and helmets; and from there to the drawing room, which, though modernized in accordance with the luxury-loving present, was still eloquent of a bygone age; for here there was no electric light, and the soft gleam which fell on priceless furniture, old brocade, illuminated carving and pictures of incalculable value, came from wax candles in sconces wrought from the copper which had been found in some part

of the vast estate. All was subdued in color and design; but so impressive, so grand in its modesty and dignity, that Diana held her breath as, with Vane's arm round her, she looked about her.

Of course, he was not so much impressed. To him it was a familiar sight. He had played about the rooms in this vast castle as a child. Its grandeur, its feudal stateliness, were to him almost commonplace; but he tried to project himself into Diana's mind, and her appreciation and admiration gave him pleasure.

"Will you see any more of it, dearest, or shall we wait until to-morrow?" he asked. "I am so afraid you will be overtired."

"No, no," she said, eagerly. "I am not in the least tired. It is all so wonderful, so beautiful. I feel as if you ought to be in a kilt, with a broadsword in your hand and an eagle's feather in your bonnet."

He laughed. "I don't know about the broadsword; we shall have to dispense with that, I'm afraid; but you will see me in a kilt, all right, to-morrow. Come and look at the corridor. A good many of the family portraits are there; and it's on your way to your room, where, I expect, Janet, your maid, is anxiously awaiting you. Diana, if you tried with all your might, you couldn't realize the joy, the delight, your presence here gives me. I feel—oh, what is the use of my trying to tell you what I feel!" He drew her toward him and crushed her against his breast. "And to think," as he bent and kissed her, "that I shall have you beside me all my life, that you will move about these rooms and bless them with your presence; that I shall only have to call 'Diana!' and you will come to me!"

As they went up the great stone staircase, he told her lightly of the fight that had once taken place on it between some of the Clan Glenaskel and another clan, which had succeeded in gaining an entrance to the castle.

"Some of them got in, right enough; but, I believe, none of them ever got out again. Behold the portraits of the family. Rum looking lot, aren't they?"

"Some of the women are very beautiful," said Diana.

"None so beautiful as my darling's portrait will be," Dalesford returned. "There's a place for her there, by the organ. My father was talking the other day of having you painted. It must be done." He saw Janet standing in the doorway with an anxious look on her face. "These are your rooms, dearest. I hope you will like them."

He stood in the doorway and looked at her fondly as she gazed round amazedly.

"Oh, Vane, how beautiful! And it's my favorite color, too! Why, how did you know it?"

He laughed. "Ask the governor. He got it out of you. Oh, he's as artful as a magpie when he likes. But I'm glad you're pleased, dearest."

"Pleased!" she echoed. "Oh, Vane; it is all too good, too beautiful."

Janet had discreetly vanished into an adjoining room, and of course Vane took advantage of the fact.

"Nothing in this world could be too good, too beautiful for you, Diana," he said. "And now you will rest, dearest, until it is time to dress."

Diana had left Mrs. Burton very much better; but she had implored her to telegraph, and the telegram was lying on the table. It was very short; just a few words:

I am quite well; do not be anxious about me. Enjoy yourself and be happy.

MARY BURTON.

Janet insisted upon her young mistress lying down for a while; but Diana found it difficult to rest, and was soon up and dressing. She listened for the gong, but in place of it there arose the weird, impressive strains of the bagpipes.

She went downstairs and found Vane waiting in the hall. He looked up at her with love and admiration in his eyes; and with just cause, for surely no more graceful or more beautiful woman, not excepting even those of the Glenaskel family, had ever descended those historic stairs. She still wore black; but the great Parisian mas-

ter had "composed" an evening gown for her which, in form and texture, accentuated her lissome figure and the healthy pallor of her face. Vane smiled at her proudly, and, drawing her arm within his, led her to the drawing room.

The piper was still filling the castle with the strains of the half martial, half joyous strains, and, marching round the hall, he now appeared at the door of the drawing room. He was a giant of a man, six-feet-two or three, and broad in proportion; he held his head high, his eye flashed fire, he moved with a proud and masterful step, as if he were leading a host to battle; and he led the way to the dining room, and walked round it twice as the company took their seats.

The meal was a stately one. How could it be otherwise, seeing that the table was laden with silver plate, upon which royal eyes had rested and from which royalty had eaten; that a servant in rich livery stood behind every chair, and that the distant sound of the bagpipes, playing on the terrace, kept up a weird and impressive accompaniment to the conversation.

It might have been too stately a meal but for Mabel and Bertie, who, seated at the end of the table, were full of chatter and laughter. To both of these young people, state and ceremony were just an elaborate joke; and, strange to say, the earl, instead of resenting their levity, regarded them with an indulgent eye. In fact, the old man was far too happy to be critical or censorious; for was not his only son and heir seated near him, and was not the young girl he loved, his future daughter, close beside him; so close that he could talk to her and touch her hand, fill her glass and press upon her some one of the many dainties of the elaborate meal?

Little wonder if Diana, as she sat in the great drawing room, listening to Mabel's light chatter, asked herself if she were moving in a land of dreams, and if it were actually the fact that she, the schoolmistress of Wedbury, was sitting there in this vast castle, its future mistress. Perhaps she realized it, or

nearly realized it, when she and Dalesford walked up and down the terrace which overlooked the ravine, with its torrential river tearing in a silver gleam between the ridges of pine.

She was so tired that night that she slept until the bagpipes proclaimed the hour of rising. It was an early hour, for life moved at no sluggish pace at Glenaskel. The invited guests were expected, and the serious business of shooting and fishing was commencing. In the evening, several of the guests arrived, a murmur of excitement ran through the vast place, guns and fishing rods were very much in evidence.

Vane, in his kilt, with the eagle's feather in his bonnet, moved among his guests. Diana found herself plunged into an atmosphere of Sport, with a capital S. No one talked of anything but grouse and salmon. The men went out soon after breakfast with gun or rod, and the women joined them at luncheon time, and ate the meal on hillside or in valley; and the talk was of nothing but the bag or the creel. Mabel and Bertie were the most enthusiastic of the enthusiasts; and Mabel was carried beyond herself with delight when she succeeded in landing, with Bertie's aid, a twenty-pound salmon.

Diana neither fished nor shot; but she bore her part in administering to the needs of the sportsmen, and won not only Vane's, but the earl's approval.

"There is no need for you to shoot or fish, my child," said the old man, with fond pride; "that you are here is quite sufficient. It's all very well for that tomboy, Mabel, to go with the men and land her salmon or fill her bag; but it is quite enough for you to appear at lunch and to give them their tea when they come in. And you do it beautifully, my dear. No one could do it better."

Isolated as the castle of Glenaskel seemed, there were several other residences, mostly those of noblemen, within a reasonable distance; and the earl decided that a formal dinner party should be given.

Invitations were issued which embraced all the families of the neighbor-

hood. It was, as Vane laughingly declared, a gathering of the clans.

"You ought to know all the people, my dear," said the earl to Diana. "Vane is very fond of this place; and I think you also are?"

"Yes; yes, indeed," assented Diana. "I have never seen any place so beautiful; have never known, imagined, people so nice, so lovable as the people here. If I go down to the village they treat me as if they had known me all their lives, as if I belonged to them and were one of them."

The old man nodded. "So you will be, my dear," he said. "In fact, they regard you as if you already belonged to them. This feeling of clanship seems strange to you, no doubt. I don't know that I myself fully realize it. There isn't a man, woman or child who wouldn't lay down his or her life for anyone of the family; and, of course, they already regard you as one of the clan. But, touching this dinner—now, my dear child, you will not think me intrusive or presumptuous if I venture to make you a little present for the occasion."

Diana looked at him and shook her head apprehensively. "You are surely not going to make me another present!" she said. "Scarcely a week, a day, has passed but you have given me something. Seriously, Lord Wrayborough, there must be a limit to your generosity and my gratitude."

He laughed, and drew her arm within his. "My dear, I have only given you a few trifles not worth mentioning; and you must not refuse to accept my gift, this thing that I want you to take and wear on this occasion. Come with me and you shall see what it is."

He offered her his arm in his courtly fashion, and led her across the hall and into the room which he called his own. It was one of the smallest rooms in the castle, lined with books and furnished in a solid and simple way. Diana had never been in it before, and she looked round her with interest; an interest which increased as the earl, taking a bunch of keys from his pocket, unlocked a door by the fireplace, and,

signing to her to follow, entered a still smaller room, in which there was very little but a large safe. Selecting a key from the bunch, he opened this, and, taking out a casket, carried it to the adjoining room, and, unlocking it, threw back the lid, and, with a nod and a smile, invited her to look at the contents.

With her hand on his shoulder, Diana bent over the box, and was startled and surprised to see that it contained a quantity of diamond ornaments. She had no idea of their value; indeed, no one but a connoisseur could have estimated their worth; but she knew, at a glance, that they were very splendid; and, with an exclamation, she looked from them to him questioningly. The earl smiled and nodded.

"These are not the family diamonds, my dear," he said. "I suppose that you ought not to wear those until you are married—"

"Oh, no, no!" said Diana, earnestly.

But Lord Wrayborough laughed. "I don't know that I care very much about strict etiquette," he said; "but I do know that I do want you to wear these, at any rate, at this dinner party. As a matter of fact, I don't think the family diamonds—they are at the bank in London—are as fine as these. Take them out, my child."

Diana lifted the gems reverentially, and looked at them with girlish delight and admiration. There was a tiara of splendid proportions, a necklace and pendant, bracelets and old-fashioned earrings, several rings, and a spray, which could be used as a brooch or an ornament for the hair.

She took them up one by one and held them to the light, exclaiming, in a subdued voice, at their magnificence. While she was doing so they heard Vane's voice in the hall. Diana ran to the door.

"I am here, Vane. Oh, come and see!"

He came into the room and put his arm round her and looked smilingly at the priceless gems.

"I thought that was what it would be," he said. "If the whole world be-

longed to my father, he'd melt it down for you. I suppose you are going to give them to her now, sir?"

"Yes, I am," said the earl. "She shall wear them at this dinner party."

Dalesford took up the tiara and placed it on Diana's head, and drew back and gazed at her with worshipping eyes.

"You look like a queen, an empress; doesn't she, sir?"

The earl looked from one to the other with delighted satisfaction.

"She shall wear them, Vane. There is no woman in the world who could wear diamonds better than Diana. Put on the bracelets, my dear; and the necklace. I suppose you can't put on the earrings, because your ears are not pierced? Quite right—a barbaric fashion. I'll have them made up into something else, eh, Vane?"

Gradually they got the whole of the suit on her, and, drawing back, looked at her with smiling wonderment and admiration; for, though blushing and with her eyes modestly downcast under their gaze, she "carried" them well, as the earl had said she would.

"My dear Diana," said Vane, "you will create a sensation. I don't think," to the earl, "that there are any finer diamonds than these, are there, sir?"

The earl shook his head as he commenced to collect the various pieces of the magnificent suit. "As a matter of fact, I don't think there are," he assented. "One of the English ducal families possessed a finer suit; but it was broken up. We have kept ours intact. They were your mother's," he added, in a low voice, "and Diana shall wear them on the twenty-second."

He gathered them together, replaced them in the box and locked it, and took it to the safe. Vane looked round the small room absently.

"I suppose they're all right here, sir?" he said. "I'd no idea they were here. I thought they were at the bank."

"No," responded the earl, carelessly. "They have always been here. I had quite forgotten them until our dear girl came upon the scene."

"They are quite safe, I suppose?" said Dalesford.

The earl shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, quite. Why shouldn't they be? It's a very good safe; they've always

been here. What should happen to them? I don't think anyone but ourselves know where they are. The windows are heavily barred; and there has never been a burglary at Glenaskel."

TO BE CONTINUED.



Force and the Child

By Marie Louise

"All attempts to use force on a child are detrimental to its future welfare. The child has a natural right to expand and develop physically and mentally to its utmost capacity. Restraint dwarfs his activity and natural unfoldment.

Let the little one bloom under the vivifying sun of absolute freedom.

Let him grow to strong and perfect manhood. He will run to his destruction, you say? Oh, no; never fear. Experience will land him

safely on the solid ground of natural philosophy, and he will do

whatever is best for his happiness and the happiness of all around him. The child is born with a good and righteous

heart, the gift of our common mother nature. Sin enters his mind only through forceful and coercive pressure.

Do not coerce the child! Look at the painful and flushed little face, which your stern bidding has

clouded! Feel the throbbing of his little heart,

sending to his brain the blood of rebellion

and hate! See the burning expression in

his eyes, in which, just now, love, fear

and hate struggle for mastery! Per-

sist in your cruel and guilty pur-

pose of curbing his buoyant spir-

it, and the child must die—

morally. Coercion is moral

death. Experience demon-

strates that love alone is

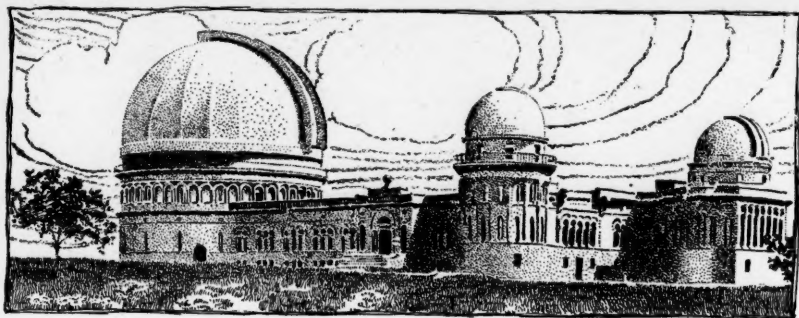
conducive to human

happiness, and love

dwells in the abode

of absolute

liberty."



The Six Moons of Jupiter

By A. Frederick Collins

IF suddenly there should appear in the firmament some night another moon, similar in size and equal in reflective power to the one that now so gracefully illuminates our earth, imagine the surprise that it would create!

Let us permit the imagination to extend a little further into heavenly realms and picture in the mind's eye the imposing and glorious sight of six of these wondrous satellites swinging round our old sphere in stately procession, turning the darkness of night into a radiant day, and then we may form a very good conception of what astronomers mean when they tell us that the sixth moon of Jupiter has just been discovered.

The reason that this last great astronomical find has not been heralded with a fanfare of trumpets here below is possibly because Jupiter and his suite of attendants are some four hundred and eighty millions of miles away, and events nearer home and directly affecting the people have always a greater attraction for the major portion of humanity than those that are removed from all our senses, especially that of the unaided sight.

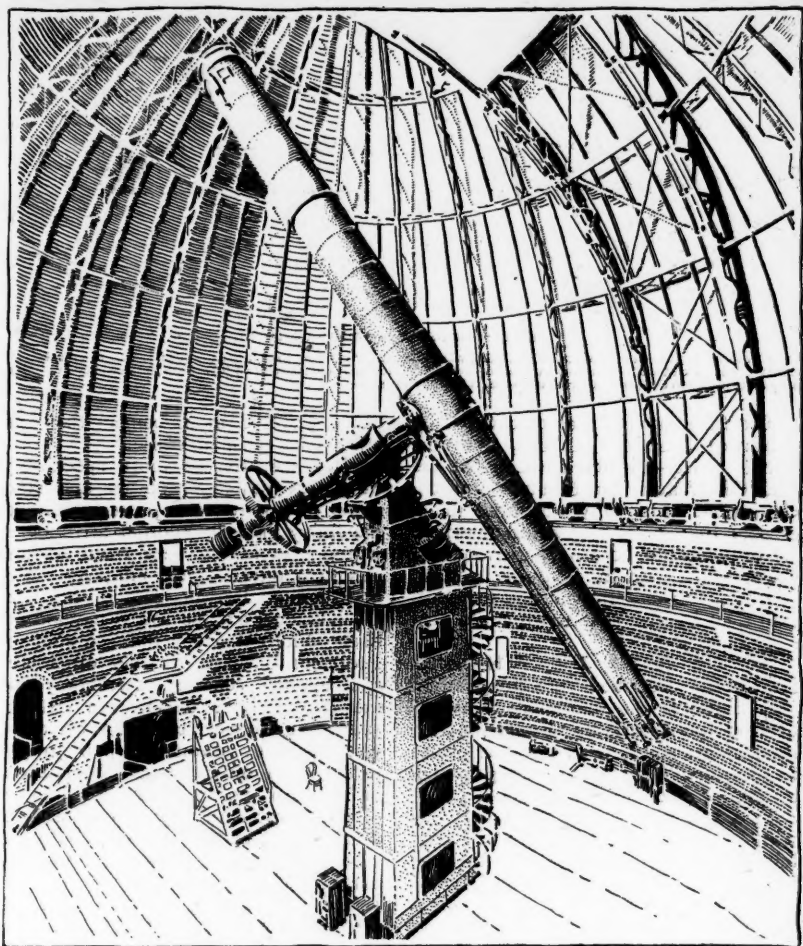
It is sometimes good, though, for everyone concerned, if we can thus get off the earth, as it were, and there is nothing that so expands our view of

life as a study of the stars and planets, for astronomy is not simply a collection of dry facts and figures, but it is a story of absorbing interest, and doubly so if one happens to have a pair of opera glasses to magnify the letters there.

Galileo, that grand old Italian of the seventeenth century, invented the first astronomical telescope, one which to this day serves as a model for those gigantic instruments mounted in the Lick and Yerkes observatories, and others of lesser magnitude throughout the world. Directing this first crude tube toward Jupiter, he discovered, in 1610, that it had four moons or satellites; yet it is doubtful if this early astronomer was as well equipped for this work, at least as far as his telescope was concerned, as the boy or girl, man or woman, who now possesses the cheapest pair of opera glasses.

In truth, such glasses may be made to serve admirably the purpose of a little telescope, and if on a dark night when this great planet we are considering is in view—this information may be readily obtainable from any almanac—he may be observed, and four of the six moons may be plainly seen revolving about him just as our moon does about the earth.

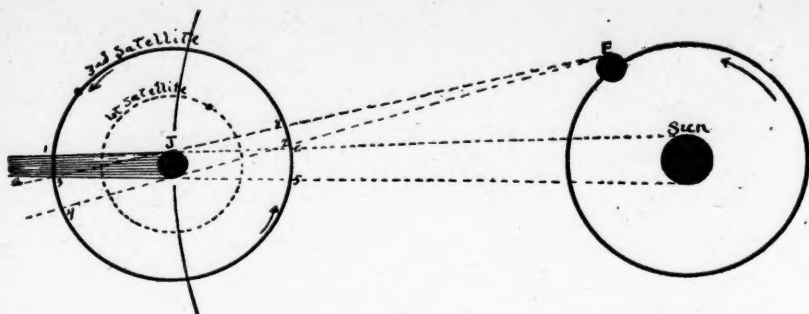
If, on the other hand, the observer is



THE YERKES TELESCOPE, THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD, THROUGH WHICH THE MOVEMENTS OF THE MOONS OF JUPITER ARE BEING FOLLOWED

without a glass of any kind, but assuming that he or she is possessed of exceptionally good eyesight, even then, if the atmosphere is clear and other conditions are favorable, the moons may be seen occasionally, as they are quite bright, and were it not for the brilliancy of the planet they attend, they could always be easily seen with the naked eye.

Strangely enough, with all the penetrating eyes that have scanned the surface of the great planet since Galileo's discovery of the four larger satellites, and with all the improvements made in astronomical telescopes, nearly three centuries elapsed before it was ascertained that a fifth moon was also traversing a circular orbit around it.



AN ECLIPSE OF ONE OF JUPITER'S SATELLITES

While passing from 1 to 2 the satellite is eclipsed, when it is entirely invisible; from 3 to 4 the moon cannot be seen since it is behind the planet, on the side of the orbit toward the sun; from 5 to 6 the moon is between Jupiter and the sun and partly eclipses the planet; from 7 to 8 the transit across the planet is made by the satellite.

The fifth satellite was discovered by Professor Barnard, in 1892, with the famous thirty-six-inch telescope of the Lick Observatory, on Mount Hamilton, California. Just why this little moon escaped the penetrating vision of skilled astronomers for so long a period was, doubtless, due to its faintness, and no one with less discernment and technical skill than Professor Barnard could possibly have found it.

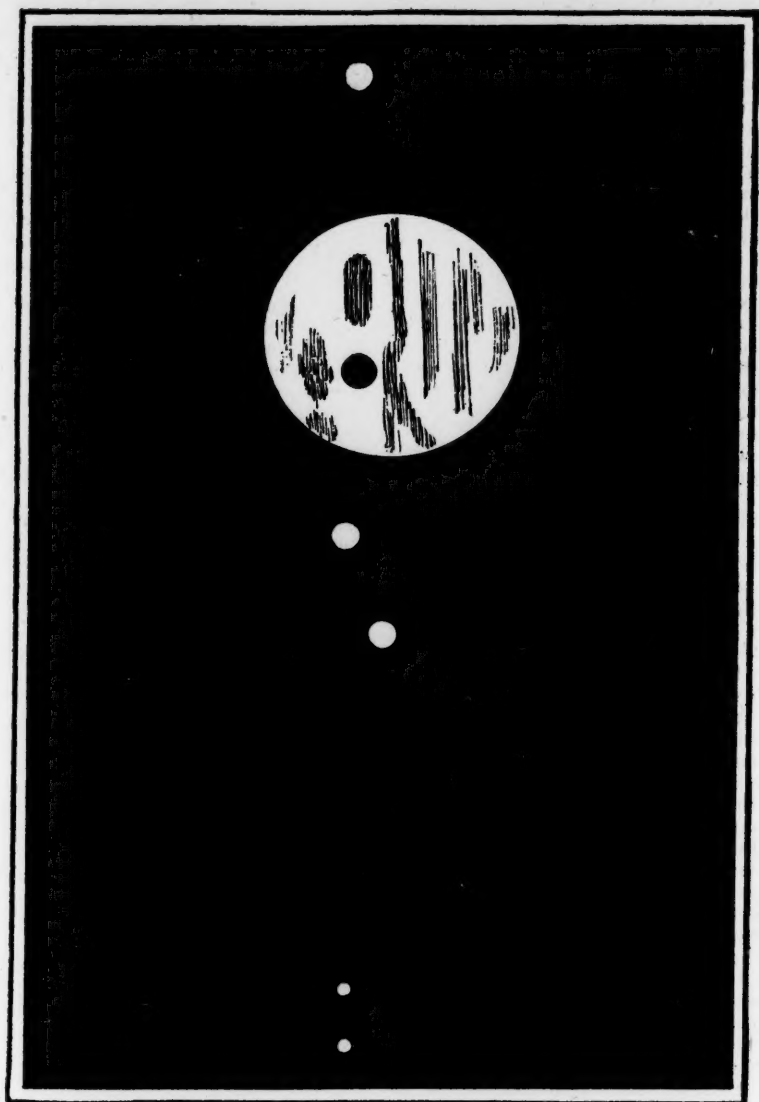
In "The Marble Faun," Nathaniel Hawthorne described with imagination and vividness the marvelous sense of hearing possessed by Donatello, the hero of the story, who, by some occult faculty, could hear the grass growing. Similarly, Professor Barnard is gifted with a subtle power of vision not one whit less wonderful than that of Donatello, but with this difference—the former is of real flesh and blood, while the latter is the child of a poet's fancy; this is why we say that truth is stranger than fiction.

The discovery of the fifth satellite of Jupiter is only one of the many astronomical achievements accredited to Professor Barnard; for he is, first of all, what is technically called a "comet seeker"—this is to say, he has for years swept the heavens from the earth's horizon to the celestial equator throughout the watches of the night for any erratic star-like bodies with nebulous tails that might perchance have come into view, and, as a matter of fact, he

has discovered more comets than any other man, past or present.

Very recently, or more specifically, early last January, another and sixth moon of Jupiter was picked from out the starry maze by another astronomer, whose eyes are in very truth nothing less than physiological enigmas. This is Professor Perrine, also of the Lick Observatory, but his was a method entirely different from that pursued by Professor Barnard, for, like other pure and applied sciences, astronomy has moved on apace during the last ten years. Professor Perrine's discovery was made by means of photography rather than direct visual observation; or, in other words, he made a number of photographs of Jupiter by means of a camera of special design attached to a telescope, and then with the aid of a magnifying glass a little spot was revealed on the negative among many others, but this one exhibited characteristics indicating it to be another moon.

The satellites of Jupiter are usually called by their numbers; the one nearest the planet is known as the first, and is designated by the Roman numeral I, the next one is the second, or II, etc. The first one is a trifle further from Jupiter than our moon is from the earth, or, numerically, two hundred and forty thousand miles; the fourth satellite is more than a million miles away, and the last one is at least five or six times this distance from the planet.



Jupiter as seen through the Yerkes telescope, showing the shadow of a satellite on its disk; the other three satellites of Galileo, the fifth discovered by Barnard and the sixth satellite recently discovered by Perrine; also the oval "Red Spot," and the planets' belts.

The second satellite is the smallest of the four discovered by Galileo, and is, approximately, the size of our moon,

which has a diameter of two thousand one hundred and sixty miles; the third moon is the largest, and measures about

two thousand seven hundred miles in diameter, while the sizes of the fifth and sixth satellites have not as yet been accurately determined. All these celestial bodies revolve about Jupiter in the same direction, exactly as the planets of the solar system revolve about the sun from west to east.

The first completes its cycle in one and three-fourth days, the fourth makes its revolution in a little less than seventeen days, while the sixth one has a period of about six months. Nearly all of them follow paths around their planet that are practically circular, and these orbits lie almost in the plane of Jupiter's orbit; for this reason they are never very far out of a straight line passing through Jupiter.

Similar to our own moon, those of Jupiter are eclipsed; but in virtue of the immense size of the shadow cast and the fact that his satellites' orbits are practically identical with the plane of his own orbit, every revolution causes the three inner moons to be eclipsed, and usually the fourth one. By referring to the accompanying diagrams, a much clearer conception may be had than any length of text could possibly convey.

Jupiter is the largest planet in our solar system, but owing to his great distance from the sun, he receives a little less than one twenty-fifth as much light and heat as the earth does. Astronomers believe that this planet is still very hot, and were it not for its internal heat, its temperature would be speedily reduced to that of liquid air. In this connection, it is interesting to note that when Jupiter cools off, if life is to exist there, it must become acclimated to the intense cold; but this is quite possible, for Dr. D. Campbell White has proven that germs are not killed when subjected to liquid-air temperatures.

Though Jupiter is of great size, its weight is less than one-fourth that of the earth; again, his day is not as long as ours by half, for he makes a complete revolution on his axis in about ten hours; but the length of his year, on the other hand, is twelve times as long

as our year; hence he takes twelve years, measured in our time, to complete his journey around the sun.

There are many other interesting features concerning Jupiter besides his satellites. For instance, he is the brightest of the planets excepting Venus, but as the latter planet is never seen far from the sun, and never at a late hour at night, Jupiter may be at any distance from the sun and may shine all night.

Everyone is familiar with Saturn's rings, but how many know of the belts of Jupiter; these are bands or streaks stretching across his surface like dark clouds, as shown in the engraving, and through a very ordinary glass these present a most striking appearance. Sir William Herschel, who died the early part of the last century, and who is conceded to be the greatest practical astronomer that ever lived, believed that these belts were openings in the atmosphere that envelops Jupiter, just as the air surrounds the earth.

Next to the satellites and belts, the most remarkable sight is the marked activity that takes place from time to time on Jupiter's surface, in which great white and blood-red spots appear. The largest spot that has yet been observed became visible in 1878, and for the next few years it retained about the same size, shape and appearance. It was called the "red spot," and had a length of at least twenty-five thousand miles—long enough to have completely belted our earth at its equator.

While it is believed that intelligent life does not now exist on Jupiter, owing to its excessively heated condition, there may come a period when it will be peopled like this good world of ours, and if lovers are permitted by the laws of nature and the land to there abide, as we of the earth well know them, they will have the advantage of basking in eternal moonlight, and there the poet may never sing:

Oh, sad are they who know not love,
But, far from passion's tears and smiles,
Drift down a moonless sea, and pass
The silver coasts of fairy isles!



THE ADVENTURES OF MAJOR CORKER

No. 2

Dick Cutler's Post-Mortem Courtship

BY

VINCENT HARPER



HERE'S to your very good health, sir! And you say that your friends in the North enjoyed the story of Ole Miss 'Tildy's elopement so much that you actually had it printed in a magazine, eh? Well, well, well! Well, sir, directly your welcome letter arrived, and I told the colonel that you were going to honor us with another visit to old Dreadnaught Hall, he charged me to be sure and think up some other story of those innocent little plots which I, Major Corker, used to hatch in the good old times, and which dyspeptics and the over-righteous unkindly alluded to as "the scandalous goings on at Colonel Slaughter's."

It gives me pleasure, sir, to tell you that, in looking through a bundle of musty letters, I stumbled upon one from poor old Cutler—the late Judge Richard Cutler, sir, for many years a brilliant ornament of the Kentucky bar—and the most copiously perspiring and bashful tongue-tied victim of torturing embarrassment in the presence of ladies. His poor old faded and pathetic letter suggested the thrilling tale of his post-mortem courtship, which I shall now, with your permission, sir, narrate this evening.

Pray do not start nor look so glum, sir, for, though "post-mortem" does hint of tragedy, I hasten to assure you that, to the eye of faith, to such as have been blessed with good digestion, all tragedy is but the veil worn by a smiling comedy; and this particularly har-

rowing and tragic tale of death and blood ends in a situation on which the curtain falls, as it should always fall, leaving one blissfully imagining that "they lived happily ever after!"

"He being dead yet laugheth," is the best legend that one can carve upon a good man's tomb, and I, for one, do hope that at my funeral something deliciously incongruous and funny may chance to happen, so that my dear old pals will have to dry their tears and say: "If only poor old Corker could be here to laugh!"

But now for the story.

It was early autumn. Acting as master of ceremonies for Colonel Slaughter, whose lifelong guest at Dreadnaught I, sir, have been, I had filled the dear old hospitable Hall with perfect shoals of Slaughters—duty demands, here in our Southern country, that all one's "cousins" are annually asked to make "a nice long visit"—and cousins, not singly, but in battalions, had come and gone; cousins of one remove and twenty, cousins by blood and cousins by marriage; and I felt that not a Slaughter on earth had not been dutifully remembered and entertained. When the last contingent had finally been asked and come and gone, the colonel gave me a free rein, and bade me invite whomever I saw fit—so long as he and old Aunt Cynthia, his cook, were not disgraced by ever having less than a dozen, at the least, sit down to dinner.

It was too early in the season to fill the house with the choice company of hardened saints, who came each year to hunt with the renowned Dreadnaught pack of imported hounds, so that I had an excellent opportunity to display those powers which won for me my reputation as a social force making for joyousness, an antidote for what ails you, a fellow of infinite jest, and a—a—well, in short, a Corker! I think I told you before that it was my constant aim to bring together under our roof only people of such irreconcilable propensities that explosions could be expected at any moment, and the interest kept up to the very end of the visit, by fears of the momentary precipitation of the threatened catastrophe.

"Well, Tom," I said to the colonel—I remember it all as well as if it had happened yesterday—"I've captured her! Congratulate me, sir, and try to be duly grateful for having such a Machiavelli as I for your master of the revels, sir!"

"Captured whom?" asked the colonel, so innocently that I knew he had not discovered the plot that I had been at work on for two weeks.

"Whom?" I replied, with immense surprise. "You ask me whom I have captured? Is there more than one lady who is at present the toast of all the world, the envy of all womankind, the riddle of society, and the despair of hostesses, who have moved heaven and earth trying in vain to capture her? And since when has an invitation to Dreadnaught Hall become so cheap that I would insult you by alluding to an acceptance—by anyone but this particular star—as a capture? No, sir! We make or mar a social career, as you are aware, by having or not having people here. Therefore, Tom Slaughter, sir, when I say that I have 'captured' a guest for Dreadnaught Hall I can be alluding only to the reigning queen of love and beauty, the dazzling creature, sir, who has been blinding society in Washington and Richmond and New Orleans and Louisville, sir, and who is now about to scintillate here!"

"Quit your foolishness, and talk

sense!" snorted the colonel. "Who's coming, Corker?"

"Miss Virginia Houghton, sir!" I replied, quietly, and you should have seen Tom jump.

"Good heavens!" he groaned, getting to his feet and staring at me. "You haven't gone crazy, have you, Corker? Why, man, ever since she came back from Europe with the million she inherited from her uncle, Miss Houghton has flown high—so mighty high, sir, that even Sam Preston worked up a sudden attack of fever, in order to get



"The dazzling creature, sir, who has been blinding society in Washington and Richmond."

out of a dinner at the White House itself, when he heard that he was to take out this new terror, Miss Virginia Haughton—and you know what Sam is! He would sit between Cleopatra and Lady Macbeth at the board of the Great Mogul, and be more at his ease than any of them; but he balked at the very thought of tackling *her*! She's a terror, sir, I tell you, with her hoity-toity French airs and her everlasting gabble about heaven knows what—all that gentlemen know nothing about. Lord Chesterfield himself would feel a country boor, seated by her! Now, sir, who in the name of bedlam can you seat next to her royal highness—here?"

"On one side of her," I replied, with perfect composure, after consulting the notebook in which I always had drawn up a carefully thought-out plan for the juxtaposition of promising explosives at dinner—"on one side of her I shall seat Dick Cutler, and on the—"

"Cutler?" thundered the colonel, glaring at me like I had gone stark mad. "Why, great Lord, Corker, Cutler is a deaf-mute, a bashful idiot, a blushing, hesitating, perspiring wretch, who turns bright scarlet and chokes to death if his own mother speaks to him.

No, sir! I am aware that your villainy is picturesque and frequently diverting, but this is too much. Don't be an ass!"

"I'm not—I'm a genius," I answered, smiling, and Tom sat down beginning to thrill.

"Elucidate, you—you—you devil!" cried he, as soon as he stopped laughing.

I elucidated, and I do wish that you, sir, could have seen the gradual expansion of Colonel Thomas Slaughter's soul as I revealed the plot. Briefly, what I had hit upon was this. Instead of filling the house with possibly a score of guests, I now went to the opposite extreme, and had invited only four. You seem surprised? Wait, sir. Four only had I invited—but they were wonders, regarded separately even, and when collected under the same roof, sir, they were unthinkable! It required genius, if I do say it, to have decoyed

those four egregiously non-mixable and tangent people into coming to spend a mortal fortnight shut up in the same house. I did it, however.

Thank you, sir—I note that you lift your glass and bow to me. Well, for that particular achievement I confess that I do feel that I deserve your courteous toast.



Old Mrs. Broadbent was fat, obtusely muddle-headed, as skittish as a yearling colt.

Let me tell you who the four victims were. They were Virginia Haughton, Dick Cutler, old Mrs. Broadbent, of Bowling Green, and Colonel Peter Polk. Believe me, sir, that was a combination never before dreamed of outside the madhouse, as you shall presently see for yourself.

Tom's estimate of the fair Virginia was accurate enough, only that it did not do justice to that lady, for she not only took one's breath away metaphorically by her dazzling beauty, and what one knew that she was worth, but literally, also, by the way she had of using that double-edged, self-lubricating, unwearied tongue of hers, which gave to conversation—if a monologue can properly be called conversation—the breathlessness of a mad ride to hounds. Dick Cutler, on the other hand, was a hermetically sealed and talk-proof oyster, and liable to collapse if any lady looked at him, and certain to do so if one addressed him.

Old Mrs. Broadbent was fat, obtusely muddle-headed, as skittish as a yearling colt, and altogether a veritable Saïrey Gamp, subject to hiccoughs, and who dozed blissfully between the courses at dinner—but we needed a

chaperon for Miss Virginia, and, as you presently will see, I needed Mrs. Broadbent for other reasons. As for Peter Polk, I sent for him because he was an adaptable, ingratiating, ingenious, accommodating fiend of a wag who could be cast for any rôle demanded in the impending tragedy, at a

moment's notice, and no questions asked. I had thought at first of sending for Colonel Pillow, but Pillow is a saint compared with Peter Polk, and for the perpetration of my intended crime, only the kiln-dried article in devilry would stand the test.

Such, then, were the *dramatis personæ*.

Tom told me daily for a week that I was raving mad, but there was method in my madness. You see, sir, I had been recently in Washington, and there I learned certain important facts concerning Cutler and

... Believe me, it was awful.

Miss Virginia; facts, sir, capable of being woven into such a delightful little Dreadnaught comedy, that it would certainly have been a pity—yes, and an outrage upon art itself—had I not done precisely what I did. From an old crony of mine in Washington I heard that poor Dick Cutler had seen the fair Miss Haughton—at a safe distance, of course—and fallen head over ears in



love with her at sight. This set my brains to work at once trying to find some way to bring the two together, when I heard another bit of gossip which filled me with mad determination to bring them together at once.

Cutler, you know, sir, was tongue-tied only in society. When pleading at the bar he was magnificent, a Patrick Henry, sir; a Burke—yes, a Demosthenes, was Cutler. Well, it seems that Virginia heard him deliver his masterly summing up before the Supreme Court, in the celebrated case of the sovereign State of Kentucky versus Purvis, *et al*—and what does then our fair Virginia but go about chanting the praises of the brilliant Dick, and telling everyone how much she wished to meet—and kill?—him!

You smile, sir? You begin to take my point? Wait, wait, sir; I have but just begun.

I made bold to seek out Cutler, and told him everyone now knew of the impression he had made upon the reigning beauty of twenty capitals, and of Miss Haughton's desire to meet him. Well, the learned judge packed up his papers and fled from Washington at dead of night and made for home. It was then that I saw it all. They must meet; they must meet at once; they must meet at old Dreadnaught Hall—and they met. Hence these tears, sir—and smiles.

Well, sir, they all arrived on time, separately, too, for I had carefully provided against any possible anticlimax or miscarriage, such as would have been certain to result had any two of them met on the way—in that case, only one of the two would have ever reached the Hall. Virginia arrived before the others, and I confess that I did come very near repenting when I saw poor Colonel Slaughter—a gentleman of rare elegance and readiness in his bearing to the fair sex—when I saw the colonel, I say, fairly paralyzed and bewildered by the whirlwind entrance of the lady—she looked a duchess, a Vere de Vere, a queen, sir, as she sailed into the Hall, followed by her retinue of maids.

I refrain from dwelling on that first terrible dinner, when, without the faintest warning, I sprang the dazzling creature on poor Dick Cutler. Believe me, it was awful! The poor devil suffered so, that for a while I feared that his blood—it had rushed up into his face, where all of it remained during the awful silence of the repast—his blood would be on my head.

The colonel writhed and scowled savagely at me; Mrs. Broadbent ate peacefully, and dozed, as usual, between the courses; and Peter Polk sedulously piled on the agony by bombarding poor Dick Cutler with questions about his particular taste in the color of women's hair and eyes, and as to his views on holy matrimony—until I kicked Polk under the table, and saved the judge's life.

I would not have you think for a moment, sir, that when I state that the dinner was eaten in silence, that my remark includes Miss Haughton. No, sir! That most delightful monologist that ever made continuous remarks calling for no reply continued to make such remarks all through dinner, and she showed that she did not really expect anybody to answer even her point-blank questions by the way that she serenely ignored Colonel Peter Polk whenever that intrepid gentleman presumed to try to wedge in a word.

Dinner finally was over, and immediately after it, and again later in the night, Judge Cutler tried to effect an escape from Dreadnaught Hall secretly; but I had foreseen some such catastrophe, and so had left orders that the judge was to find every horse on the place dead lame.

"Well, you've made a nice mess of it this time, I must say, major," growled the colonel, when he and Peter Polk and I went into executive session behind closed doors the next day.

"Oh, I'm not so sure of that," I replied, serenely, for a night's rest had restored my nerves, and a walk with Miss Virginia in the garden before breakfast had suggested a way out.

"E-lu-ci-date!" roared the colonel, shying a hassock at my head, and per-

severing at what he was doing until he saw the bottom of his glass.

"Simplicity itself, sir," I answered, "for if this fairest fair is not completely 'gone' on Cutler, then I don't pretend to know the symptoms of the disease, that's all. Why, gentlemen, you saw the way that Cutler behaved at dinner last night? Well, then, be good enough to tell me if you ever saw a man with any claim to brains give such a conclusive demonstration that he was an idiot, as Cutler did? No, gentlemen, I reckon you never did. And *did* you all observe the profusion of his perspiration, the suffusion of his blushes, and the confusion of his manner? Copious! Flaming! Fatal! Well, gentlemen, what do you all reckon that Miss Virginia had to say about that exhibition of exudation and inflammation and perturbation—come now? You won't believe me, gentlemen, but that extraordinary lady actually thought that Cutler's demeanor at dinner was an evidence not of imbecility; no, nor of mawkish country breeding, but of the natural and proper modesty of a great man of commanding genius! How's that, now? Yes, gentlemen, she said that she just loathed the puny mediocrities of society, who try to cover up their poverty of intellect by an incessant torrent of cheap wit and vapid epigrams and quips and repartee! Lord! what an opinion she must have formed of *you*, Polk, after your drivelling effusions last night, eh? Well, anyhow, she's in love with Dick; Dick's in a bad way about her; and as, of course, she can't tell him, and he won't tell her, I reckon that we must contrive some way to tell both of them—or Miss Houghton won't get Cutler's genius, and he won't get her charms *and* money! I hope that you take my point, gentlemen?"

"Easier said than done," muttered Polk, "but pray count me in on any plot having in view a consummation so devoutly to be wished. Thought of anything yet, major?"

"I have, sir," I replied, proudly, "and, if I do say it, my little stratagem is a work of art, sir, a triumph of dev-

iltry, sir—a—a—a blood-curdling tragedy, sir, worthy of the best traditions of Dreadnaught Hall."

"Look out that you do not go a bit too far, Corker, you fiend," warned the colonel, "for Cutler's bashfulness will end in apoplexy yet, and I confess that I would hardly dare face the frown of her royal highness, since her smile takes my breath away."

"Never fear, sir," I replied, and immediately set to work to develop my scheme.

As my proposed coup was a desperate one—it involved the death of Judge Cutler!—I naturally did not wish to resort to it until all other measures had failed. Accordingly, I besieged Cutler in the bachelor's wing, where he had barricaded himself, refusing to come out, and going the length of bribing the servants to fetch his meals to him there.

We were able to induce him to go down to dinner only after the colonel had given him a sworn statement covenanting, bargaining and agreeing that the said Richard Brinsmead Cutler, party of the second part, would not be seated next to *her* at the table! All my pleadings were to no purpose, however, for the judge either refused to believe what I told him about Miss Virginia's state of heart, or else he could not bring himself to even think of availing himself of it by addressing her.

There was, therefore, nothing left for me to do but to carry out my blood-thirsty plan. I speak thus unblushingly of my crime, because all's well that ends better, and I knew perfectly well that some men have to die to win—in other ways than from the life insurance companies, too—so I conceived, plotted and compassed the death of my dear old friend—like a true friend! Cutler was an excuse for murder, anyhow.

"But won't the pistol shots frighten the old lady to death as well as surprising the young lady into an avowal of her passion for Cutler?" asked the colonel, shaking his head, when I unfolded my plot to him and Peter Polk.

"Let them fight with swords, then!" I replied, impatiently, for Tom did

have an aggravating way of letting insignificant details blind him to the brilliancy of many of my schemes. "As for old Mrs. Broadbent, if she hears the hubbub, I reckon she'll come toddling down the stairs with her candle in her hand and her heart in her mouth, but a sip of your rare old port wine will set her up in a jiffy, sir, and after she learns the true story, she'll never stop telling her gossips about it until her last hiccough ends in the grave. The young lady, on the other hand, you may depend upon it, sir, *will* hear the commotion, and if she don't reveal her true emotions in a way that even Cutler will understand, why, then, sir, you gentlemen can send for ten thousand cigars and a gross of imported champagne at Major Corker's expense, sir!"

They made a note of the terms of the wager of battle in their memorandum books, and I proceeded to give them a detailed account of the whole of the proposed conspiracy. In rummaging among Colonel Slaughter's family papers, I had run across a quaint narrative of the duel fought by Tom's great-grandfather and Colonel Ashby Wise, of Virginia. They had quarreled over cards here in our own card room at Dreadnaught, in 1785, and, after hot words and the lie direct had been exchanged, there was, of course, nothing for them to do but to settle the affair of honor in accordance with the good old rules of the code. Seconds were chosen, and the two principals faced each other on the lawn back of the Hall at midnight—it was a moonlit night—and Colonel Wise fell, mortally wounded, as it was supposed, until they laid him on the hearth in the library, where he came to after a time—and lived forty years afterward, a closer friend than ever of his antagonist of that tragic night.

Well, sir, by one of those flashes of intuitive genius for which I was famous, it occurred to me that it would be the easiest thing in the world to decoy Dick Cutler into acting over again that historical episode in old Dreadnaught's thrilling past, he and Peter Polk to play the two duelists, and Tom

and I to act as the seconds. There would be a mock quarrel in the card room, high voices would be heard exchanging hot words, we all would go about with an air of suppressed excitement during the evening, and then—I would, of course, adroitly hint something to Miss Virginia, whose room overlooked the lawn—at the witching hour of night the bloody encounter would take place, and we would carry Cutler's body into the library.

If Mrs. Broadbent heard the rumpus, Tom was to bundle her into the dining room and make immediate use of the port wine; and I was ready to stake my life that Virginia would raise even Cutler from the dead by her goings on



Dick was actually strutting about with all the airs and graces of a dashing swashbuckler of Revolutionary times.

—her alarm to be turned into joy by the corpse's blushes, and our explanation of the little pantomime.

It worked—beautifully! The judge—like most silent men, a dry wag at heart—jumped at the chance to unbend a bit, and as neither of the ladies was to take part in the diverting representation of the old-time tragedy, and it was all to be done in the dark, he became more enthusiastic than any of us, and shut himself up to learn the dialogue which I had carefully written for his quarrel with Polk—Colonel Ashby Wise.

Before the time arrived, Dick was actually strutting about with all the airs and graces of a dashing swashbuckler of Revolutionary times, and he and Peter Polk had a dress rehearsal of their quarrel and the duel out in the woods at a safe distance from the house.

Then the fateful evening drew near.

Dinner passed as usual with inces-sant remarks by Miss Virginia, occasional abortive attempts at conversation by Peter Polk, total silence by Cutler, and catnaps between the courses by Mrs. Broadbent. The colonel could not help looking unusually grave, but I tried to divert attention from his solemn countenance by egging Peter Polk on to talk some more whenever Miss Virginia had succeeded in swamping him by an extra burst of speed.

Then the hour was come! The colonel, the judge and Polk announced that they were going to play off that rubber, and withdrew into the card room; Mrs. Broadbent went fast asleep in her favorite armchair in the passage; and I trapped Miss Haughton into thinking that it was very warm in the house, and we went and sat on the veranda, just outside the card-room window.

We had not been there long when the play began.

"But I say, sir, that I saw you cheat!" cried Cutler, in a high key, reading the lines that I had written like a born actor.

"You're no gentleman!" retorted Peter Polk, in angry tones, also a capital actor.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" expostu-

lated Tom, playing his part to the life. "Be calm!"

"You dare not repeat the charge that I am a cheat!" thundered on Peter Polk, hotly.

"I do repeat it, sir!" came back the judge, his voice quivering with rage.

"Then, sir," fairly yelled Polk, "you're a liar!"

There was a scuffle, and we heard the table overturned and Tom trying to calm the two.

"Unhand me, colonel," shouted Cutler, "and I'll crowd the villain's words down his throat! Unhand me, sir, I say!"

Tom evidently did not unhand him, sir, for the scuffle went on growing in intensity. By this time Virginia had got to her feet and was imploring me to go in and "save him!"—she seemed to think that there was only one "him" to save—but as she clung hysterically to me, I didn't even try to go in to save him. After a few more muttered threats and loud assertions that apparently every man present was "no gentleman," the gentlemen seemed to cool down, and we heard nothing but a whispered conference, in which the words "seconds," "pistols or swords," "midnight," and "field of honor" seemed to form the burden.

I laughed the whole affair aside, assuring Virginia that these little tiffs were very apt to occur in the best regulated card parties; but, although I led the talk into her own domains of literature and travel and art, for once she was mute, and by the anxious way she kept glancing toward the window, I knew that she was thinking only of "him."

"I do hope that Colonel Slaughter has laughed them out of their absurd idea of a duel at midnight; but if they do meet, I trust that you will not exercise yourself, my dear Miss Haughton, because these affairs never terminate fatally nowadays, you know," I said to her, when she said good-night to me and went off to wake Mrs. Broadbent to take her upstairs.

The moon was glorious when we four conspirators stole out into the garden

at midnight and made our way to the lawn at the rear of the house, and the light which I saw still burning through the slats of the Venetian blind of her room showed that Miss Virginia was going to see the thing through—and that all my pains had not been taken in vain.

Then they went at it in good old style. Polk's swordplay was so fierce that poor Cutler fell pierced—through the imagination—and Tom and I tenderly lifted poor Cutler's corpse and slowly bore it into the house.

Then the play within the play began. We laid the body on the historic spot on the library hearth, and I cautioned Cutler that he must stay dead until I came back and told him that he could come to life; and, sir, the judge lay there as dumb and silent as though he were still alive, with Tom's red handkerchief thrown over his classic features.

Then I hurried back into the passage to see that the others were playing the new play.

They had just succeeded in getting the old lady out of the way, when a vision in fluffy white, and with a cataract of golden glory falling below her waist, flew down the stairs, crying to me: "Where is he? Where is he?"

I pointed toward the library, but begged her not to go in, explaining that it was nothing, only a little—She was gone before I could finish, and I followed her into the presence of all that was mortal of Judge Cutler!

I almost repented when I saw her.

"And I loved him so!" she was sobbing, as she knelt by Cutler, who must have been the reddest corpse that ever heard good news too late.

"We never know the value of a jewel until we've lost it," I philosophized, solemnly, "and poor old Cutler was certainly a jewel—a pearl, for he was an

oyster! But come, Miss Virginia, you must not stay in here," I said. So she went sobbing out of the room, and I kicked Cutler.

"You donkey!" I said, as soon as the door was closed. "How could you lie there and hear that amazingly lovely lady express herself as she did, and not act like a decent corpse, and at least bow to the lady? Get up! And go out and claim your own while the iron is hot."

"I can't! I can't! Let me die—really!" groaned Cutler. "For how on earth can I ever meet her again? Oh, this is awful—horrible—fatal!"

We heard shouts of laughter in the passage, for Tom had agreed to relieve Miss Virginia's mind at once by telling her that it was only a little play, and they all came trooping into the library—and Cutler came nearer death when he had to get up and join in the laugh than he ever did in the Mexican War, where he received eight almost fatal wounds.

Well, sir, we turned Cutler's funeral into an old-time jollification, which lasted till gray dawn, and I need scarcely have to tell you that I was obliged to mix that particular punch of ours—yes, three distinct times during the night. Virginia, like a sensible girl, at once began to act as though it was too late for her to try to hide her feelings, and she made such excellent use of her opportunities during the rest of their post-mortem courtship, that before they left Dreadnaught Hall, Cutler actually spoke to her, and it was all settled.

I used to visit them in Washington every year, after Cutler was elevated to the Supreme Court bench, and Virginia always used to say that she had married him only because he had died to win her. Again, sir, let me wish you very good health and good-night!



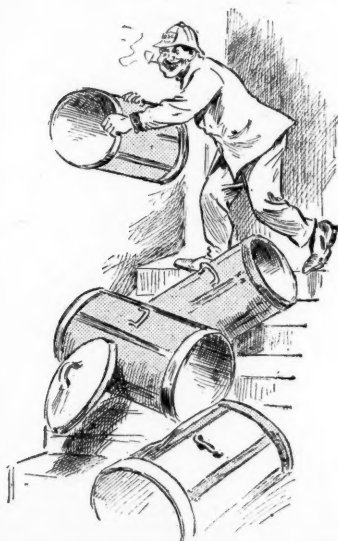
The Horror of Noises

By Lillian Bell

NOISES—patriotic, municipal, national—are indigenous to the soil of our native land. No other country can boast such a varied assortment, so strenuous and so perpetual, as America. There is no escape. If you have nerves too delicate to stand the noises of the Fourth of July in the North and go South to escape them, lo! you find that the Southerners do not use fireworks on Independence Day, but save their display of noise and light until Christmas, so that you get it coming and going.

If you cannot bear the pandemonium of the city—if the merry roll of metal garbage cans caroming down stone

steps at six in the morning disturbs you—if blasting of rocks does not soothe you, and you fly to the country for surcease, are you bettered? Can anything keep you awake more successfully than the unusual noises of the silent country? Has not one strong-lunged mosquito power to sing away whatever of drowsiness may have strayed to youward. (Some people say they do it with their wings, but I never have believed them.) Cannot frogs make the most dismal, homesick discord, which, no matter how hard you may try, is ab-



The merry roll of metal garbage cans caroming down stone steps at six in the morning.



The blasting of rocks does not soothe.

solutely unforgettable? Did you ever live near a barnyard, and hear how cheerfully your neighbors' fowls greet the coming day? Did you know that some roosters never sleep, but keep it up at night? On moonlight nights, dogs are always busy, and on all nights there are cats, both in the city and country. Cats never seem to get any *leisure* to rest. And I personally never lived anywhere in the country where there was not some fond mother-cow, freshly be-
 reft of her calf, and selecting the silent watches of the night to communicate the facts to all who might be within hearing.

But to the delicate-nerved, there is nothing which so induces insomnia as the fear of a noise, which comes but rarely. It is far more wearing than a perpetual roar. You spend hours dreading it, as when poor Thomas Carlyle complained to his neighbor of her fowls which prevented his sleeping.

"But, sir," cried the astonished woman, "I have only one cock, and he crows but seldom!"

"Yes," said Carlyle, irritably, "but, woman, it's the waiting to hear him crow!"

People even go crazy from noises, and many a man and woman, now classed as hopelessly insane and confined in asylums, could lay the beginning of their malady at the door of city noises which so wore upon their nerves that sleep became impossible, and insomnia did the rest. And often it is the little, incessant noise

which makes one nervous without one's realizing it. Why sleep with a clock in your room and your watch under your pillow, to let the constant ticking wear upon a brain which needs, and should have, perfect rest? Why have a door hinge to squeak, when a drop of oil would stop it? Why let glasses or china jingle on the sideboard, when a touch of the hand would keep everything quiet? Those noises prey upon your nervous system imperceptibly, and some day, when you go all to pieces and

feel hysterical, you will not remember why, nor know that your auditory nerves have never, day or night, had one moment of complete and perfect rest.

And if you do not care for your own ears, have pity on your children's. Do not compel your baby to sleep where any noise may be heard. It is the most foolish of ideas to think that it toughens children to sleep in noise. I would prefer to see a child so accustomed to quiet that he awakened

at the slightest sound, than to see one sleep through noises which ought to waken anyone. It would speak better for the future health of his nerves. But parents seldom think of that, and I have heard them actually boast of the sort of noises their children could sleep through. Have you never seen a child start in his sleep at an unusual sound, even though he did not waken? And did that not show that the nerves were shocked?

When the health authorities waken to a realization of the effect noises have



You listen for it coming your way. (And it is always coming your way.)



And what foul fiend suggested the use of a bugle to the scissors grinder?

upon the nervous system, and how many nervous diseases are distinctly traceable to ear-splitting sounds, much of the unnecessary noise of a great city will be stopped by law.

Raucous sounds are often inhuman in their barbarity. What, for example, does it profit a rag-man to string bells on his cart, the music of which does not blend? Are we any more likely to sell him our rags because all his bells are out of tune? Why could he not select those which harmonized? But no! You hear the faint jingle of them half a mile away. He either has a thin, worn-out horse, which never goes out of a walk, or else it is a hand-cart, laboriously pushed by himself. At any rate, it comes slowly, and you listen for it. You even strain your ears in your nervous fear of not hearing it, to ascertain if it is coming your way. (And it always *is* coming your way! Everyone in the world has passed by *one*.) Then, after it has passed, you listen to it go, and thus you spend quite a strenuous half hour, and feel quite exhausted after your exertions.

Have you forgotten the steam whistle of the popcorn man, and did you ever calculate how many hundreds of miles

that sound carried, before you could see either the man or the cart? And what foul fiend suggested the use of a bugle to the scissors grinder?

There is a law governing your neighbor in regard to conserving your light. Your eyes are protected by law, but your ears are left to take care of themselves. If you live in an apartment house, no one on earth is going to have any mercy on your nerves. The children above and below you understand just when you need quiet most, and if their mothers are disturbed, there is no audible sign or symbol of it. They must express their disapproval in the deaf and dumb alphabet. The children couldn't hear Gabriel's trumpet blowing.

Refinement brings its own punishment. A thousand ills are in the train of the over-cultivated. Subtlety of intellect and fineness of mentality are paid for by overtrained nerves. If you don't believe this, send for some janitor and



The children above and below you understand just when you need quiet most.

complain to him of the noises in the apartment building. Tell him how nervous they make you, and describe to him just how you are affected. Then watch his face.

But that which gives us the greatest amount of daily unhappiness is the inability we find to bear the little annoying habits of our dearest friends, and this comes not from irritability or a short temper on our part. It is because other and greater noises have got on our nerves to such an extent that they are raw.

In such a state, how can we bear to hear even our own father jingling his bunch of keys, or the click of knitting needles in the wrinkled hands of our own grandmother?

Does not friendship—even relationship—give way before the person who shuffles his feet or rocks in a squeaky chair or stands on a squeaky board in the floor to say a long-drawn-out good-night?

When it once dawns on human intelligence that noise ought to be patented, we shall have all sorts of patents for suppressing sound. What makes a butler an invaluable servant? It is being able to serve a dinner without once offending the ear by those most terrible of sounds, the jingle of silver or the rattle of china. What makes one maidservant worth more than another? It is because her mistress can say of her in the tone we all recognize soon on the printed page: "And, my dear, she is so quiet!" The servant who slams is the servant who breaks things, and the servant who breaks things is the one who doesn't

stay. But they break many hundreds of dollars' worth of valuable stuff before the idea gets through their thick heads that to be quiet means to be careful, and to be careful means to be able to keep a good place.

People call Americans a nervous race, and say it is the climate. If they called us nervous, and said it was because we are the noisiest race in the world, they would come nearer the truth. In our love for speed and creature comforts, we have attended to everything—even to the smallest detail—except that of

suppressing the noise thereof. No one ever complains of it. Everybody takes it as a matter of course, and nobody tries to remedy it. Once in a while, somebody writes a letter to the newspaper about his own particular brand of noise, and wishes that somebody else would rise up and put a stop to it, but nobody ever thinks of doing it himself. Yet I believe that many accidental deaths—so-called—are the result of persons

being too dazed by street noises to know which way to turn to avoid the danger which threatens. Take a mother who sees her baby in a perilous position. Does she call or shout? No. She says instinctively, "Don't make any noise! Let me speak to him." She has this supernatural sense which God gives to most mothers to protect their young without stopping to reason *why*. They just know. That's all.

True, she may give him a good shaking when she gets him safely back to earth, for giving her such a fright, but that is only natural!



If you don't believe it, send for some janitor and complain to him of the noise.

If the noises of a great city—any great city—could only be modified, not entirely obliterated! Some noise is only companionable, and nothing is so lonely as the absolute stillness of a prairie or a desert. A forest is full of friendly little whispering sounds. The babbling of a brook is like the afternoon chatter of a pretty woman. To lie at ease under the shadow of a great tree is to know the heart of a friend, but the utter stillness of a vast solitude is more than depressing. It takes everything out of one, and leaves one void of everything except homesickness. Farmers' wives, with nerves, have been known to go insane over the absence of sound. It is declared that one woman went crazy of listening to the corn growing. Abysmal stillness! Sometimes, on a perfectly soundless night, the utter absence of noise wakens you.

But for a city, whose noises might only comfort, with the comfort of knowing that other human beings are near you; that the noises are those of companions, who live and move and have their being with you; who rise up and lie down as you do; who do the same things, live the same life that you enjoy—"that would be paradise enow."

The noises of a great city compared to such sounds as these are like the differences I find between mountains and a hill country. Little hills, covered with verdure and dotted with dwellings, are

like the companionship of friends. Mountains, with their peaks covered with snow and enveloped in purple haze, lie on my throat. I never can breathe in their vicinity.

Have you ever stopped to think what class of noises we most object to? It is the noise of traffic, and mostly that part of traffic which carries human beings swiftly from one point to another.

In hotels, it is the noise of elevators. In streets, it is the sound of the surface cars, the elevated, thundering overhead, the subway, rumbling underground, railway trains clanging in and out of stations and thundering past dwelling houses filled with ears. And all of these carrying human beings too much in a hurry to walk.

Well, what is to be done? Can metal wheels be replaced with something else? Can rubber tires be put on everything? Can cobblestones be superseded by asphalt and horses shod with velvet?

Nothing will be done now. We are not yet nervous enough. But when the time comes when those who watch over our health realize the horror of noise; when they understand how the unnecessary hideousness of it affects our nerves and shatters our systems; when those who traffic in the needs of the people open their eyes to an evil which even now clamors for recognition, then, and not till then, will people begin to invent things to give us relief.



KINDNESS and tact will control any natural woman; in fact, she would rather be controlled than not, if you only go about it in the right way.

HISTORY has often been made in less time than it takes some women to prepare their toilet.

POLITENESS costs less and pays better dividends than any stock on the market.

THE vast majority of us are merely perambulating clearing houses, through which money gets into circulation.

A WOMAN whose only hold upon a man's love is her beauty has him tied about with frail and slender cords.

IF more men were as considerate of their wives as they used to be of their sweethearts, there would be less talk about marriage being a failure.



THE village of Redwine had stopped growing. Possibly she was never destined to become large and had reached her full size. Possibly, again, she was bogged too deep in the black mud of that region for the proper cultivation of her energy. Dry roads and sunny days, however, served little to add enterprise. Of sunny days—soft, golden, glorious days, overflowing with flower fragrance and sheltered with the immeasurable blue of prairie skies—of sunny days, the little village had her share. Her dwarf stature was due, in great probability, to her superb content. She approved her height and breadth—she had false ideas of her weight, so she tilled her broad fields, improved her church-houses, and thanked God she was not as other Western towns, who, delirious with the fever of growing, forgot the deeper duties of mankind.

Newcomers, having a view to permanent location, were bitterly and industriously opposed. One retail grocery store, opened by an outsider, attracted not a single patron during the three months of its rather dismal career. The matrons of Redwine shared the opinion of their brother citizens, whose gloomy

little shops had for so many years fronted the one wagon-rutted business street, that there "was enough folks in Redwine."

Redwine's individuality was her chief glory. This Ishmael-like attitude was part of it—but it was not all. When it rained, she boasted of the blackness of her mud; and in the long drought of summer, she viewed the rise of her thermometer with perspiring pride. "We are the muddiest and the hottest town in the State," she said. "We've got the most worthless niggers and the finest churches in the county."

Well-nigh every religious denomination of long standing was represented, those holding the tenets of Methodism being the wealthiest and greatest in number, and, though Redwine seemed to have died a natural death, every Sunday, in fair weather, was a veritable resurrection day. Social amusements, unless in some way connected with the church, were grimly tabooed, and the love of dress and adornment, native to every woman's heart, found lawful gratification only on the Sabbath day.

There was one Sunday in the history of Redwine when feminine magnifi-

cence shone with unusual splendor—it was in the week following a six months' spell of rain, during which roads and streets had been utterly impassable, and ministers had preached, when services had not been entirely suspended, to congregations irreligious—ly small.

It was now late in April, and for five days the sun had smiled radiantly. The roads were hardening, and many a covered wagon, with its gay burden of churchgoers, plodded into Redwine. Every house became a nest from which issued some bird of tropic plumage.

Before the Methodist church-house stood a small buggy whose mud-webbed wheels told of a long journey over country roads. A young man leaned out and looked uncertainly around him. Presently a negro boy emerged from the double doors and came toward him.

"Is you de preachah wot gwine preach t'day, boss?" he inquired, after a careful survey of the horse.

"Yes, I'm the preacher—I'm afraid I'm a little late, too," the young man answered, as he climbed out.

"Yissah," acknowledged the boy. "I been waitin' on you ebber sence daylight—I's Joe—wot time dat gemman git you dat message to come, boss?"

"Not until three o'clock this mornin'," the man replied, a touch of anger in his voice. "He forgot it. I've been traveling ever since. Is Brother Greeten very ill?"

"Nobody know, suh. Miss Greeten, she kinder curious dat way; she don't tell *nobody* how sick he gits."

Joe took the bridle rein, and the young minister rubbed at a smear of mud on his trousers with a powerless pocket handkerchief. He looked about confusedly. "Is there some place where I can brush up a little?" he asked.

"Sho', suh. You kin go to 'mos' any of dese houses roun' hyah, boss. On'y it's powerful late. Mis' Greeten say tek yo' to Mis' Loen's house—but de conbregashun—"

"I see, Joe—but isn't there a room about the church somewhere?"

"Oh, yissah; 'cose! Dey's a dressin'

room right—come 'long, suh, I'll show yo'."

Joe tied the horse and led the way down the dim central aisle and across the pulpit.

"Righ hyah, suh." He opened the door on the left. "Miss Henry Bry—she sing fur de collection—she crimp her har in hyah often, suh."

The minister paused in the little doorway, glancing at the austere pulpit and into the big, gloomy church beyond, with its prim oak pews, row upon row.

"Sho," said Joe, in a voice teeming with confidence, "it *do* look skeery. Is dis yo'—yo' fus—yo' fus—is dis de fus' time?"

The young man smiled. "Yes, Joe, it is my first appearance in any church." He went into the dressing room. Joe looked after him wonderingly. "Sho, suh?" he asked.

"As a minister, I mean," the young man added, "a full-fledged minister."

"Oh, yissuh," said Joe, "yissuh." And indifferent to the sanctity of the building, he bounded down the aisle and out into the street, whence the familiar rattle of the little buggy sounded a moment later. But the young minister heard it vaguely; he was studying a threadbare rose on the faded carpet. Of a sudden, he shrugged his shoulders and laughed nervously; he had had no breakfast. Joe came back finally and began a cursory polishing of the organ keys.

"Dey's gwine hab Sunday school dis ebenin', suh." He paused to explain, framing his face in the crack of the door. "Dis ebenin', at fo' o'clock—I's done spread de news dat dah's a fine young, noo preachah, and de town's gwine turn out—I side-tracked all dem Baptist ladies—de conbregashun is feelin' proud to-day. Dey gits kiner spruced up, w'en Mr. Greeten gits a scarolitic strike."

Already the narrow street was alive with the bright little buggies of those who lived a block or more away. Wagons and surreys were arranging themselves in an awkwardly festive line. Women leaped from the vehicles, greeting one another gayly, as they smoothed

their rumpled frocks. Men lounged about the church-house, discussing the chances of another spell of rain. And now the half-mournful clang of the high-perched bell gradually filled the chapel. There was the subdued shuffle of muddy boots, the soft, breezy clash of feminine skirts, the nodding roses on fresh spring bonnets, and at last an uneven sea of curious yet indifferent faces.

One pew only was vacant. This belonged to the Buggs, the family of the greatest prominence in Redwine. They came in late. Mrs. Bugg, large and rustling, the two little Buggs in her wake, and the subdued paternal Bugg at the far rear—like an afterthought. They sat down, and, having thus signified a gracious permission, service was begun.

The young divine had written his sermon years before at college.

'Twas in his memory locked, and whoever kept the key to it had evidently absconded, for as he rose and stood in the full glare of the congregation, he suddenly forgot every word of his homily. He paused—not very impressively—fingering the huge Bible on the pulpit desk.

Then, feeling the necessity for instant discourse, he summoned his voice by one mighty effort and began to talk—scarcely conscious of theme or rhetoric. He hoped earnestly, in reviewing the situation afterward, that he had not recited Mother Goose's Rhymes in that painful interval. Whatever the sentiments he expressed, they served to make him calmer, and gradually, as he talked, the forgotten words returned to him.

Then, without acquainting his listeners with the process of reasoning by which he so suddenly arrived at a totally different theme, he launched into his sermon. No one seemed surprised. The choir was trying to decide on the closing hymn, and most of the congregation had lost interest in the speaker; he felt the curtain of their indifference gradually shutting him off entirely, but he plodded on and on—it was a long sermon.

Far back in the congregation, almost behind the door, was one face to which, scarcely realizing his action, the preacher turned at the close of every sentence. It was the face of an old negress, black and wrinkled under the faded red of a great bandanna. The morning wore on—he may have been preaching two hours or ten minutes—he could not tell. He felt, with a strange sensation of ease, that the end of his sermon was drawing near—he hurried to meet it—the last sentence was a confused jumble, and he sat down.

Almost immediately a young woman, with a great deal of scarlet in her hat, rose, tall and slim, and sang "Rock of Ages" in a thin, high soprano, while two round little baskets pervaded the congregation accompanied by an intermittent jingle of dimes and pennies. There was the closing prayer, and the mass of gay dresses and dark coats filed slowly out.

A great many backward glances, curious and not unkindly, fell on the tall figure by the pulpit desk—yet no one came up to the minister, as was usually the custom, and extended the comforting hand of brotherhood. No one except one little girl—she may have been less than twelve years old—and he pressed her small hand more tightly than he knew. She went out, smiling back at him timidly, till some one—*aunt or mother*—called her.

Then Joe, out of breath with organ pumping, closed the doors and the minister was alone.

"Marsah—" He had started toward the little pulpit room, and he turned suddenly. It was the old negress who had sat by the doorway. She stood at the rostrum steps, her face but dimly outlined, for the shades had been drawn.

"Marsah, where is yo' gwine fer dinner?"

"Dinner?" he repeated, vaguely.

"Yissah, sho'. Preachahs dey allers *et* in my day."

"To be sure." The full sense of the congregation's slight was just dawning on him. "To be sure, aunty. I—I—can't say where I'm going."

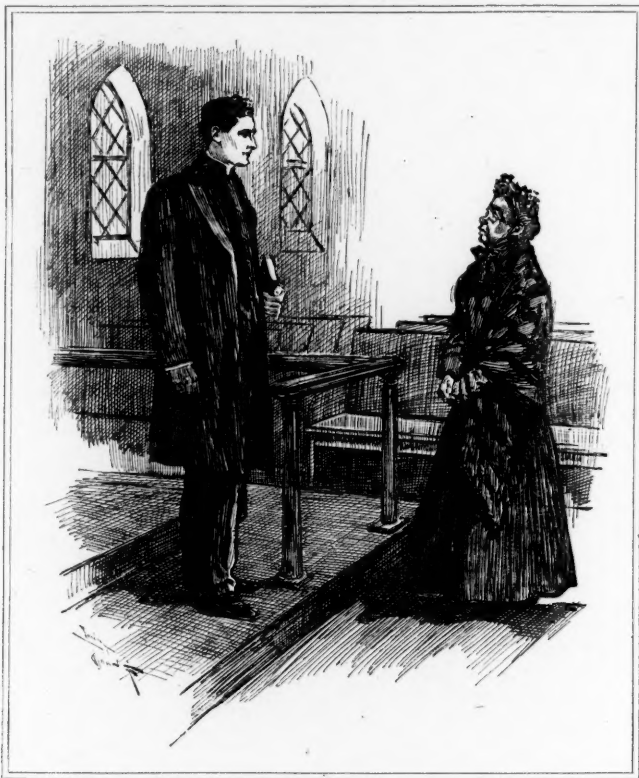
There was a pause. Outside, in the street, a horse galloped by, and the sound of his hoofs was lost before the woman spoke again, quaveringly: "Will yo' come 'long home wid me, marsah—honey?"

The tall Miss Bry, leaning over her front gate, was engaged in apparently

flaming hat. And their poorly suppressed mirth overtook the pair.

"It's a merry little world you have here," observed the minister. Aunt Clemma favored her mirthful fellow citizens with a prolonged scowl.

"Yissah," she said at length. "De young folks am allers joysome."



"Marsah, where is yo' gwine fer dinner?"

tender conversation with a short young man who carried a hymn book. An old negress, accompanied by the erect though shabby form of the strange minister, came around the corner, and passed on.

"It's Aunt Clemma," she said, glancing down at the man from under her

The cabin where they paused was a tiny thing, of two rooms and a porch, the last swathed in clematis vine, amid whose plummy fragrance a mocking bird, perched high in a great rickety cage, warbled and dozed by turns.

In the little patch of ground a few tiny shoots of green gave signs of a

garden, belated by the long rains. Here a few hens scratched with industrious disregard of the Sabbath day. Aunt Clemma tore off her black sunbonnet, and "shoo-ed" them vigorously.

"Dey am de most obstropolus fowls in dis hyah town," she explained, closing the front gate. "Dey jes' lack some niggahs—can't nebber l'arn dey place."

A half hour later one of these same desecrators graced the little draped table, which, in the preacher's especial honor, had been moved from the kitchen to the bedroom. The young man laid the snowy damask napkin across his knee, a polite wonder in his eyes.

"De ole missus gib me my linen," explained Aunt Clemma, hovering over her guest with all the well-bred solicitude of a Fifth Avenue hostess. "Two napkins and a tablecloth." Then she smiled, and a quaver of infinite pathos crept into her voice. "Dey ain't nebber been onfolded sence de day fo' li'l miss married, when she et dinner wid her ole brack mammy."

She turned with a sudden wrathful execration as a sound of shuffling feet came from the next room. "You, Joe," she cried, "doan you dare pertrube yo' face in dis hyah room! Dey's white folks eatin' dey dinner in hyah." She half closed the door, adding: "Yo' jes' set down on de back do'staps and wait."

"Joe's my gran'son," she explained, returning. "Law, suh, you's out er gravy—scuse me, suh." And hobbling to and fro, she served her guest and chatted volubly.

The little meal was daintiness itself, and the solitary diner ate with an industry of which he felt half ashamed.

It was an hour later that Joe came with the horse—the little animal had been housed and fed, and Joe was the richer by a shining fourth of a dollar.

"Good-by, auntie," said the guest, as he closed the gate. "It was a good dinner."

"Good-by, Marse Preachah—honey—come back again."

The young man smiled. "I will," he said, taking up the reins; "I will."

And the old negress was exalted to

the verge of tears when the minister raised his hat.

II.

The day was overpoweringly warm, but the bishop and Mr. Cole had chosen to walk from the station, rather than avail themselves of Mrs. Bugg's carriage.

"I never should have torn you away, bishop," the younger man declared, "if once she had got her talons on you. She'd have paraded you over the entire country, like a caged lion."

The bishop laughed. He was a large man of forty-five—perhaps fifty—broad-chested and erectly tall. His face was square and beardless—almost stern. He walked as a man might walk who knew his purpose and seized it by the hand.

"The place has changed little," he said, looking at the houses as they passed.

"Yes," answered the Reverend Mr. Cole, surveying them, also, with a citizen's pride. "I've been here two years, and, since my coming, no one has moved out or in." Whether in the parlor or on the highway, Mr. Cole seemed ever to speak from his pulpit. He opened the gate of the parsonage, and stood aside.

"The parish," he said, following his companion up the little board walk to the house, "learned only last night that you were coming, bishop. There is a decided agitation in our midst, quiet though we seem. I've been feeding my people crumbs, you see, and they are joyful in the prospect of a good, square meal—"

The bishop smiled—it was a good smile, breaking his face into generous little wrinkles and settling brightly in his eyes. "I doubt your tale of the 'crumbs,' my friend," he said. "We are too wise not to send this congregation an evangelist of words as well as deeds."

Redwine was, in many respects, indeed, the same. It was as though time, hearing no riot there, had forgotten her

existence and gone by. Only the churches, vindictive to the last in asserting her nature more loudly than her name, kept pace with the years, in size and adornment.

summons to the little town had all the mournful sweetness which almost a score of years before had shaken the courage of a certain young divine.

All the competitive parishes and all



"Don't you know me, aunty?" asked the bishop.

The Methodists had erected a new cupola where architecture, though on painful terms with the body of the building, was a joy to its authors. But the high bell which pealed its Sabbath

the non-frequenter of Sabbath gatherings obeyed its call to-day. Bishop Howard's name was a familiar and much beloved one in the little town, though few of the villagers knew his

face. Not even the Buggs were late. Mrs. B., though still pompous of bearing, wore plainly the crown of many years beneath her gray and violet bonnet. There was a memorial window near the pulpit, and Papa Bugg—alas!—did not appear; but the two little Buggs brought their husbands, so the pew was full.

"I don't believe he came," a rear lady whispered nervously to Mrs. Bugg. "Oh, yes, he did," was the answer. "He is in the anteroom. There he comes now." And Mrs. Bugg reflected complacently that the Haviland service had been laid for dinner.

Miss Bry took her seat in the chair—an honor allowed her weekly, like a pension for past services, though her voice was too broken for solos and her hats had grown commonplace.

The fingers of the organist trembled as she opened the dog-eared book and awakened a jubilant prelude to the opening hymn. The church was crowded to overflowing; Redwine was in a tremble of welcome for the mighty stranger within her gates. He sat in the tall pulpit chair, and as he rose his mighty form and square, kindly face moved the little chapel to such a stillness that the flutter of a fan would have fallen like a cannon shot. He did not preach; he talked simply, seriously, tenderly. Great abstractions were brought low and humanized by his voice; and they listened, the worship of their God brushing, with its ascending skirts, the human teacher in their midst, as man's worship has ever done since the world began.

And ever as a sentence closed, his eyes, with their searching yet kindly glance, moved down the pews toward the doorway, where men and boys were standing for lack of chairs. It was there—the old black face; the bandanna was as gay as ever, but the hair beneath it lay like twists of whitest cotton. And the great bishop talked of love—old, old theme—rubbed in a thousand different ways as the generations come and go, and not yet threadbare.

Among the crowded pews women were wiping their eyes, and the men looked out the open windows and on

the floor. Never in the history of Redwine had there been such a delving into masculine pockets. The little baskets were heaped and heavy as the stewards laid them at the base of the big desk. And at length, with the echoes of the final hymn lingering in the hushed chapel, the bishop lifted his hands in such a benediction as the little church had never known in all its life before.

The people seemed loath to go; they crowded about the pulpit with a subdued yet eager clamor of greeting. They lingered at the doorway and in the aisle.

"It was beautiful," murmured Mrs. Bugg. Her eyes were red. She wondered if the bishop had noticed the memorial window. The two daughters were presented, and their husbands followed in due succession.

"Yes, it was beautiful," she repeated, "but you were a naughty bishop to scorn my carriage this morning. Come straight home with me now." By the sacred right of long established precedent, the eagles of passage always alighted with the Buggs. So, in this instance, as the great lady pressed her claim, the circle about the bishop broke that he might pass. Still, as the big man bowed a smiling acknowledgment of her greeting and extended a hand quite as cordial to other members of the flock, the ranks once more closed, and minor voices were heard.

"Bishop," cried one old lady in a voice strained that it might be audible above the murmur, "I have a prior claim—I nursed you when you were a baby!"

"No, bishop"—it was a young man—"my father sent me from the country to bring you back with me—if I could. He cast his first vote for your father."

"Ah, Bishop Howard," said a woman, with sweet blue eyes—she had sung the offertory—"I think you should come with me for a penalty—you have made me cry to-day." The good man pressed her hand, as he remembered having pressed it once before—and smiled.

On Mrs. Bugg's round face was the cloud of a stern disapproval. She

leaned toward her elder daughter. "They make it very embarrassing for Bishop Howard," she said.

"A very singular proceeding, I call it," remarked the younger woman.

But the bishop stood big and genial and composed by the pulpit desk. "I wish," he said, in a low voice which vibrated even to the doorway, where the poorer parishioners had retired—"I wish, since you are all so kind, that there were a great many of your bishop, or that his capacity for dinners was such that he might visit each one of you in turn. But his misfortune lies principally in the very limited time that he may spend among you. It allows for only one dinner, my friends; and when I was here before"—he smiled again—not with the memory of it, but at the wonder on their faces—"when I was here before, I made a promise, I accepted an invitation, and so," he added, the smile deepening, "I have a previous engagement for to-day." He raised his voice. "Is Aunt Clemma here?" he asked.

A cane fell with a clatter down by the doorway; without hesitation the big

man went down the pulpit steps and along the aisle. The object of his search stood mute and amazed in her place.

"Aunt Clemma," he said, gently, restoring the fallen cane, "don't you remember me?"

The old negress blinked up at him from the shadow.

"Don't you know me, aunty?" asked the bishop.

"'Fo' de Lawd!" she cried. "Ef 'tain't de young marse preacher!" She regarded him some moments in silence—then, straightening slowly, as though with the strength of pride she would throw off the weight of years, she said, solemnly: "So yo' ain't fergit? Yo' jes' de same pusson, marsah, honey?"

"Just the same," said the bishop; "just the same hungry person."

Out along the path and across lots went the huge, perpendicular bishop and the little, bent, black mammy—out across lots and toward the leaning, vine-covered cabin.

The tall Miss Bry watched them from her doorway—and this time she did not smile.

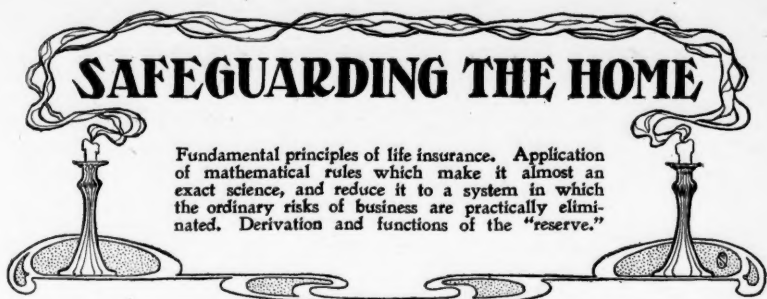


A SONG

IT was the time when heaven comes down,
And paves the wood with blue;
A firmament of hyacinths
Drank deep of forest dew.
The cooing of a lonely dove
Went mourning on the breeze,
And over all there swayed the songs
And sighings of the trees.

The velvet palms of moss caressed
And comforted my face;
An angel joy from Paradise
Seemed truant in the place;
The forest was a voice, and sang,
O Love, long dead, of you,
What time the gracious heaven came down
And paved the wood with blue.

NORMAN GALE.



Fundamental principles of life insurance. Application of mathematical rules which make it almost an exact science, and reduce it to a system in which the ordinary risks of business are practically eliminated. Derivation and functions of the "reserve."

THOSE who have read the articles already published in this series ought to have become convinced by this time that, for the wage-earner, investment in a life insurance policy is as safe a method of saving money as can be devised. If the stories that have been so industriously circulated to the contrary have been generally believed by the public, it can only be due to widespread ignorance of what life insurance is; of the methods by which the business is conducted, and of the mathematical laws which make its existence possible.

Life insurance, as it exists to-day, is the product of a development of almost two hundred years; it is subject to laws which have been discovered and practically applied by scientific men in just as strict a sense as the law of gravitation was discovered by Sir Isaac Newton; it is based upon calculations made in conformity with these laws just as the planet Neptune was discovered as the result of calculations made by Leverrier and Adams; by which we mean, of course, that the results in both cases were reached by means of the practical application of scientific laws. Thomas Simpson made the discovery over one hundred and fifty years ago of the principle, the fundamental principle, upon which the life insurance companies to-day conduct their business. It is the principle the obedience to which makes certain the payment at

maturity of a policy of life insurance, as certain indeed as the daily rising and setting of the sun.

Therefore, to say, as Mr. Lawson and his imitators have said in substance, that the savings of the people in the life insurance companies, which, in order to carry on their business, must observe and respect these laws of mathematics, are in danger, is a good deal like saying that the earth is flat. General belief in such statements is a symptom of ignorance for which there may be some excuse, but which ought not to be allowed to continue in an intelligent community.

It is charitable to assume that people responsible for making charges such as those made by Mr. Lawson about life insurance share this general ignorance. It may be that they do not, and that they depend upon public misconception and credulity for the acceptance of them. Either assumption reflects upon the honesty or intelligence of Mr. Lawson, and reveals a mental attitude of the public toward matters of the highest importance that is intolerable.

Attention has been directed in previous articles of this series toward false statements respecting life insurance that have been given wide publicity. Our purpose, which has been successfully achieved, was to refute such statements by giving the exact facts. Though circumstances may, in the future, make it necessary for us to take up this part of the subject again and expose other false statements, we propose to drop it for the present in order

to give our readers some information of the highest importance to them. It will enable them to understand the fundamental principles of life insurance, and with the understanding will come a completer appreciation of the frothiness of all these so-called exposures.

First of all, what is life insurance? One of the most commonly expressed views of it is that it is a gambling venture, and it is by no means an uncommon thing to hear objections made to it on this ground. But the fact is that there is less of this element involved in life insurance than in any other form of business. It is devised to provide against possible financial loss as the result of death; loss to individuals or business interests occasioned by the sudden destruction of the earning capacity of the person insured, the capacity upon which such individuals or interests are dependent to a greater or less degree.

Nothing in the world is more certain than death, and no event following death is more certain than the provisions made in anticipation of it by sound life insurance principles. There is nothing like a wager connected with it; there is nothing like a deposit of money the losing or winning of which depends upon the happening of an event which is wholly uncertain.

A sum of money is deposited annually by the person insured, upon the understanding that when he dies a much larger sum of money is to be paid by the company. How can this be done without, sooner or later, proving disastrous to the company? How can the company continually take such risks without finally losing everything?

It is, of course, known that the thing is done, and that it is done with conspicuous success, but the methods by which it is done are supposed to be so intricate and technical that they can be understood only by experts. But, as a matter of fact, the essential principles are comparatively simple and easily understood.

Assessment and natural premium insurance so-called we shall not consider at present. They will be dealt with later. Neither of these forms of life

insurance is, as a matter of fact, insurance in the real sense of the word. The old-line companies, which have been singled out by self-constituted critics, conduct their business on what is called the level-premium plan, in accordance with thoroughly understood mathematical laws. When a man takes a policy in such a company he takes it with the understanding that he will pay a certain sum of money annually, and that annual payment shall be always the same, neither more nor less, as long as the policy shall continue, whether he lives one year or fifty years. Such an annual payment is called a level premium.

The great problem is how to fix the annual sum or premium to be paid and what to do with it after it is paid, in order to make it possible for the company to keep its part of the contract and pay the amount of the policy when it becomes due.

To assist in making this clear, it will be well to explain just what part a mutual life insurance company plays in its transactions with the policy holders. Such a company is, as a matter of fact, merely the medium through which the policy holders, for convenience, deal with each other. A modern mutual life insurance company is not a corporation at all, according to the commonly accepted meaning of the term; it is a combination of a very large number of people, created and maintained by them for the purpose of securing for their families financial advantages to offset the financial loss which the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death constantly threaten. They agree together to create, by the contribution of relatively small sums, a fund out of which these financial advantages shall be paid as the occasion arises. Thus a mutual life insurance company is merely a notably successful scheme of cooperation, and as a distinguished life insurance official has remarked, it is "of the policy holders, for the policy holders and by the policy holders"; they own the company's assets and are responsible for its liabilities; they are, in fact, the company, and the company's

officers are their employees, to whom they delegate the duty of carrying into effect their obligations to each other.

It is this combination of a large number of people of all ages, and the observation of the death rate among them, that have supplied the data for the mathematical calculations which make scientific life insurance possible. Let us illustrate.

It is, of course, entirely out of the question for anyone to say with absolute certainty that any given individual, now in good health, will live through the whole of the next twelve months; or, on the other hand, that he will die within the same time; neither can it be said exactly how many of ten or twenty, or even a hundred, such persons will live or die. But with a very large number, an accurate forecast can be made. Students of vital statistics and life insurance experts, if they are given a list of one hundred thousand persons, all of the same age and in approximately the same physical condition, will be able to tell how many of that number will be alive and how many will die in each successive year until the death of the last one; of course without identifying each.

This is the result of many years of study of the statistics of mortality among persons selected on account of their good health, and has been embodied in a mathematical table known as the American Experience Table of Mortality, which is given below.

AGE.	NUMBER LIVING.	NUMBER DYING.
10.....	100,000.	749
11.....	99,251.	746
12.....	98,505.	743
13.....	97,762.	740
14.....	97,022.	737
15.....	96,285.	735
16.....	95,550.	732
17.....	94,818.	729
18.....	94,089.	727
19.....	93,362.	725
20.....	92,637.	723
21.....	91,914.	722
22.....	91,192.	721
23.....	90,471.	720
24.....	89,751.	719
25.....	89,032.	718
26.....	88,314.	718
27.....	87,596.	718
28.....	86,878.	718
29.....	86,160.	719
30.....	85,441.	720
31.....	84,721.	721
32.....	84,000.	723
33.....	83,277.	726
34.....	82,551.	729
35.....	81,822.	732
36.....	81,090.	737
37.....	80,353.	742
38.....	79,611.	749
39.....	78,862.	756
40.....	78,106.	765
41.....	77,341.	774
42.....	76,567.	785
43.....	75,782.	797
44.....	74,985.	812
45.....	74,173.	828
46.....	73,345.	848
47.....	72,497.	870
48.....	71,627.	896
49.....	70,731.	927
50.....	69,804.	962
51.....	68,842.	1,001
52.....	67,841.	1,044
53.....	66,797.	1,091
54.....	65,706.	1,143
55.....	64,563.	1,199
56.....	63,364.	1,260
57.....	62,104.	1,325
58.....	60,779.	1,394
59.....	59,385.	1,468
60.....	57,917.	1,546
61.....	56,371.	1,628
62.....	54,743.	1,713
63.....	53,030.	1,800
64.....	51,230.	1,889
65.....	49,341.	1,980
66.....	47,361.	2,070
67.....	45,291.	2,158
68.....	43,133.	2,243
69.....	40,890.	2,321
70.....	38,569.	2,391
71.....	36,178.	2,448
72.....	33,730.	2,487
73.....	31,243.	2,505
74.....	28,738.	2,501
75.....	26,237.	2,476
76.....	23,761.	2,431
77.....	21,330.	2,369
78.....	18,961.	2,291
79.....	16,670.	2,196
80.....	14,474.	2,091
81.....	12,383.	1,964
82.....	10,419.	1,816
83.....	8,603.	1,648
84.....	6,955.	1,470
85.....	5,485.	1,292
86.....	4,193.	1,114
87.....	3,079.	933
88.....	2,146.	744
89.....	1,402.	555
90.....	847.	385
91.....	462.	246
92.....	216.	137
93.....	79.	58
94.....	21.	18
95.....	3.	3

Now, if all these people are insured for the sum of \$1,000 each, it is known, of course, how much money will have to be paid each year in settlement of the policies of those who die, and such provision has got to be made as will secure the prompt payment of these death claims not only at present but in the future, pay all current expenses and meet all unforeseen contingencies. In order to do this, it is assumed, at the outset, that the number of deaths annually will coincide exactly with the death rate indicated by the table, that the expenses will aggregate a certain fixed amount, and that the unexpended balance will earn interest at three per cent., this rate being considered a safe and conservative basis upon which to do business.

With these assumptions, and using the American Experience Table of Mortality as a foundation for making calculations, there is figured out the annual premium that each of these hundred thousand persons must pay to entitle them to share in the benefits secured.

It is not necessary or worth while to go into details to explain the various processes gone through with in the computation of this premium rate. Such an explanation would consume more space than we can afford, and would weary rather than interest the unscientific reader. It is enough to say that if the original assumptions as to the death rate of the persons insured, the amount of expenses and the rate of interest earned are accurate, there should be just enough money left at the death of the last survivor of the original one hundred thousand to pay the one thousand dollars due upon his policy; and if either, more or less, remains at that date, the premium charged is incorrect.

It may be said here, by way of parenthesis, that if the mortality and expenses turn out to be less, and the rate of interest earned more, than what is assumed in fixing the premium, the result is a profit which is returned to the policy holders as dividends or retained and added to the surplus; whereas, if

mortality and expenses are more, and the rate of interest is less, the result is a loss. All three may, of course, vary independently, but in the aggregate must show a saving over the estimate to make a profit, or a deficiency to leave a loss.

When the premium rate is finally fixed, it is composed of what is called the "net premium" and the "loading." The "loading" is the amount added to cover the estimated expenses and such contingent demands as cannot be foreseen, but which may be created by any emergencies that may arise in the course of the business during the year at the beginning of which the premium is paid.

Out of the net premium is taken and set aside a certain fixed sum called the "reserve." The same amount is taken from each yearly premium and is invested, and the accumulations are used to settle any claims arising under the specific policy, and for no other purpose.

It may help the reader to refer to the following table, which shows the reserve each year upon a policy for \$1,000, taken by a man thirty-five years of age, calculated according to the American Experience Table of Mortality.

AGE.	RESERVE.	AGE.	RESERVE.
36.....	12.88	51.....	251.68
37.....	26.13	52.....	270.34
38.....	39.76	53.....	289.22
39.....	53.77	54.....	308.32
40.....	68.16	55.....	327.58
41.....	82.94	56.....	347.49
42.....	98.11	57.....	368.02
43.....	113.68	58.....	389.14
44.....	129.65	59.....	410.81
45.....	146.01	60.....	433.29
46.....	162.76	61.....	456.40
47.....	179.87	62.....	480.19
48.....	197.35	63.....	504.79
49.....	216.16	64.....	530.10
50.....	233.28	65.....	556.10

The function performed by the reserve is primarily to maintain a level premium—that is to say, to make it possible to give the protection promised by the policy in exchange for the payment of the same sum of money each year by the insured in the shape

of premiums. It is of the highest importance to a policy holder to know just what he is expected to pay annually for the protection he receives in his policy, and to be free from unexpected demands, such as are made under the assessment and natural premium systems.

As he grows older the chances of his death increase, and therefore the risk that is assumed in promising to pay a sum of money in case of his death increases likewise. But where a reserve accumulates on his policy in the manner indicated, this increasing risk is provided for, and in theory the two keep pace with each other; the growth of the risk is counterbalanced by the accumulation of the reserve and the premium is kept level.

This is the theory, but, as a matter of fact, the reserve does much better than this in practice. To illustrate this we will give some facts in the record of a certain life insurance company for fifteen years. During this period the company received, in premiums from its policy holders, the sum of \$68,997,526, and in the same time paid out \$36,728,402 more than it received; its assets increased from \$54,374,075 to \$64,583,939, and its reserve fund from \$45,872,336 to \$55,828,853, and in the meantime its insurance in force increased only from \$151,301,588 to \$160,432,486, which means that it remained, for all practical purposes, the same.

These figures, in connection with the matter under consideration, are highly significant, for they show the importance of the part played by the reserve and its interest earnings. That this company was able to pay out \$36,728,402 more than it received from its policy holders was due to the fact that that excess came out of the reserve fund previously accumulated, and that it was able to increase its reserve and assets in the same period was because its reserve continued to grow, and this, too, in spite of the fact that its receipts from policy holders were only \$390,294 more in the fifteenth year than they were in the first.

These figures also prove what we said at the outset about the scientific accuracy of sound life insurance methods; they demonstrate the fact that the payment of a contract made in conformity with those methods is as absolutely certain as anything human can be; they vindicate the fidelity to mathematical laws with which the computations of experts have been made, and they justify Mr. Lawson's advice, given to policy holders in the face of his absurd charges, not to surrender their policies.

This company was able to do this, also, in spite of the fact that the risks it carried increased every year because, as the persons it insured grew older, more of them died annually and more money had to be paid in settlement of their policies.

In the course of the business of life insurance, it never happens that any company is able at one time to insure 100,000 persons of the same age; to make life insurance a matter of practical benefit, to distribute its advantages in such a manner as to make it of any value in meeting human needs, it must be extended to persons of varying ages, some older and some younger. The older a man is, therefore, when he applies for insurance, the greater the reserve upon his policy must be, for it obviously has a much shorter period, in case he lives out the assumed length of life, in which to increase to the required amount. Consequently his premium will be larger by so much than that of a younger man.

In case of the death of the holder of a policy before his reserve has accumulated sufficiently to pay the claim in full, the deficiency must be made up by the contributions of other members. The payment of this deficiency is sometimes referred to as a loss sustained by the company, but this is a mistaken view to take of it, for the risk of such a loss is not one undertaken by the company, but by the aggregate membership, the individuals of which insure each other.

This is one of the functions of the reserve—i.e., to pay, as far as it will

go, the death claim of the individual whose premiums create it.

Under the modern forms of policy contract there are other uses to which the reserve is put, and in some States there are laws which prescribe that it shall be disposed of in certain contingencies in accordance with rules established for the additional security of the persons who pay premiums.

In the early days of life insurance, when less experience had been had by the companies, and perhaps less was known of what privileges might with safety be granted to the insuring public, it was the rule that if a man allowed his policy to lapse, either by the failure to continue the payment of premiums, or for the violation of some condition upon which the policy was issued, he not only lost the protection which it gave, but also forfeited every penny he had already paid upon it. Thus, so far as he was concerned, his reserve, which had been accumulating for the ultimate payment of his policy, was wiped out.

The injustice of this, however, gradually became apparent, and it was finally recognized that the reserve which had been accumulated out of the premiums paid was a fund which belonged to the policy, the holder of which was entitled to the benefits resulting from its accumulation.

It is, therefore, the practice of all reserve life insurance companies today, that when a policy is allowed, for any reason, to lapse, instead of appropriating the reserve, to use it for the purpose of securing to the holder some advantage which will give him something to show for the money he has paid to the company.

These privileges are stated explicitly in the policy, and by means of the reserve they can be guaranteed with mathematical accuracy.

They are usually four in number, though it does not necessarily follow that a company is obliged to give them all, or that they are all voluntarily conceded.

If, after having paid three or four premiums, the holder of the policy finds

it impossible to pay any more, either because of financial difficulty or for any other reason, he may surrender his policy and receive in exchange a certain sum in cash or obtain extended insurance, or paid-up insurance, as it is called.

If he takes the cash, a sum which is called the cash surrender value of the policy, the amount which he receives is determined by the amount of the accumulated reserve; in other words, the reserve is used in such a case to pay the cash surrender value.

If he decides to take what is called extended insurance, the company agrees to continue the insurance for the full amount of the policy for a certain length of time during which no further premiums are exacted, so that if the policy holder dies within that period, the policy will be paid in full. In this case, also, the reserve accumulated is the controlling factor, for the number of years for which the policy is thus carried free of charge depends upon the reserve; the cost of carrying it is paid for by the reserve.

In the case of paid-up insurance, what is substantially a new policy is substituted for the original one. It provides that the policy holder shall be required to pay no more premiums, but that at his death, no matter how soon that event occurs, or how long it shall be deferred, a stipulated sum shall be paid to his estate. This sum is fixed by the amount of the reserve held by the company at the time of the surrender of the original policy.

Loans to policy holders are also made upon the security of their policies, by means of which the company helps its members to continue the protection afforded by their contracts.

All of these privileges are made possible by the maintenance of the reserve fund, and by mathematical calculations based upon the Mortality Tables.

The reserve is the corner stone of sound life insurance; it is chiefly instrumental, together with the calculations based upon the American Experience Table of Mortality, in the construction of a system which makes the business

one in which the risks of loss are reduced to a minimum.

A good deal of nonsense has been written and published about life insurance, but none of those responsible for

it have made a more ridiculous figure than Thomas W. Lawson, who warns people of its insecurities, and in the same breath recommends the purchase of copper mining stocks!



Those Queer New England Names

I'VE wandered through New England and I've met a lot of girls,—

As sweet a crowd of little maids as ever twisted curls.
Their names were somewhat curious, I might as well admit
That in no single instance did the title seem to fit!

There female nomenclature isn't much of a success,
Although the names sound pretty when you hear 'em first, I guess;
But when you know the lady that is owner of the name,
Her nature contradicts it and you must dispute her claim.

I met with "Patience" Potter and I thought her very nice,—
A pretty blonde whose beauty any fellow might entice.
But "Patience" had a temper that was very, very bad,
And when things didn't suit her—gracious, didn't she get mad!

When introduced to "Faith" Carruth my heart was set on fire,
I ne'er before had seen a girl I did so much admire.
But when I found that little "Faith" kept little faith with me,
And was, besides, an infidel, from her I had to flee!

"Humility" MacDowell was a very dainty miss—
The sort of girl that when you see you always want to kiss.
A very slight acquaintance, though, was needed to decide
That Miss "Humility" possessed insufferable pride.

I thought that "Prudence" Parker was a model of a maid,—
A tall brunette who put all rival beauties in the shade.
Alas! what a misnomer, though, this most imprudent miss
Gave every gentleman who asked a voluntary kiss!

"Hope" Jackson was a lovely girl, although a trifle pale,
She might have been a great success but rather chose to fail.
Her nature was despondent and her nerves were very weak,
Her hopeless and despairing ways were really most unique.

Of "Charity" Van Arsdale long I had opinion high,
Her features and her figure were quite pleasing to my eye.
But the mercenary damsel was as mean as she could be,
So greedy that her many charms could never capture me.

"Peace" Baxter was most quarrelsome at morning, noon and night,
And "Gentle" Smith was violent—too much disposed to fight.
In fact, among the entire lot I saw no valid claims
Of individuals to bear those queer New England names!

JOHN S. GREY.

What Every Wage Earner Should Know About Banking

By Henry Clews

THE popular idea that banks are created for, and useful only to, the rich, is a fallacy that is fading away, with other foolish isms that have been preached during the past few years. Every man in business knows the necessity for, and the convenience of, a bank account. All business is done on credit, and a bank is founded to furnish such credit, and by its operations one dollar does the work of ten, and provides the oil to lubricate the wheels of commerce. The rich and the poor alike are extended credit in the ratio of their responsibility, and the stockholders of the bank become the ones who assume the risk. The man in business for himself understands the methods and needs of banks, so I address my remarks to him who is not. The wage earner would do well to have a bank account. Instead of carrying his surplus in his pocket, or storing it in his room, he would be less likely to lose it, and still less likely to spend it, if he deposited his earnings in a bank, and paid his current bills by check.

Many banks have been started and many have established branches in districts not directly in business centers, to cater to the depositors who are in salaried positions. The result has been gratifying, as such banks have added largely to their deposits, and the pride in having a bank account has been a stimulus to the small depositor to add to his balance, and to economize where he could, in order to gratify this laudable ambition. When the ambition is fired, a man becomes a new being, and when ambition points to added wealth, it is a potent force. Every young man in a clerical position hopes to some day start in business for himself. If, during his clerkship, he has a bank account, he forms an acquaintance which will be of great help to him when he is ready to start for himself, and if his character and habits are good, the officers of the bank will be only too glad to aid him in any legitimate way, by extending credit and also by advice if needed. The laborer of to-day may become the contractor of to-morrow. If, while he is saving his limited resources, he has an account, he is receiving a rudimentary education in finance which will fit him for the responsibility of the higher plane to which he is to be lifted.



A VISITOR at a lunatic asylum while walking in the grounds met one of the inmates, a man, pushing a wheelbarrow turned upside down in front of him. The visitor stopped and asked the lunatic why he wheeled the barrow upside down. The man looked at him and replied: "Why, if I turned it right side up they would put bricks in it."



HGW

ON A SUMMER'S DAY

L.M. CHURCH

SHE came across the gleaming yellow field, a tall, slender, white-robed figure, humming a gay air the while. Through the vine-covered lattice of the summerhouse he saw her come up the path, and smiled a ten-

der, amused smile as he watched her turn this way and that, like a great white butterfly, and heard the low hum of her voice. As she drew near he turned back to the table covered with papers and continued his writing.

At the door she paused, glanced at the grave, earnest face of the man at the table, who kept on writing, then knocked lightly on the casing.

He did not look up. The pen traveled a trifle faster across the paper and a slight frown gathered on the writer's face. She hesitated a moment, then bravely entered.

"I suppose you are busy?" she ventured.

He looked up and solemnly greeted her, and answered the question with the same silent bow.

She sighed a little as she seated herself on a corner of the table. "Everybody is busy. Mother is in the kitchen with Rebecca, trying some recipes she has just read in a magazine. They don't want me, and I feel just like talking to some one."

The pen scratched on across the sheet. There was no answer.

"Is the sermon nearly finished?"

He drew his chair a little closer to the table and shook his head in reply. "It seems as if I must talk to some one."

A long pause.

"Don't you like to have me talk to you, dear?"

The man placed his pen between his teeth and turned to a reference book at his elbow. Silence reigned.

"Dear man, aren't you glad to see your wife?"

He closed the book, took the pen from his teeth and resumed his writing.

For some minutes she sat gazing out into the sunny field. Then, turning to him appealingly, she asked: "Do you wish I would go?"

He smiled at her affectionately.

She stood up and looked at him a minute as he wrote forever on and on. "Very well, I will go," she answered, sadly, turning to the door.

At the threshold she paused. "Perhaps I shall never come back," she darkly suggested.

No sound came from the busy man.

She passed out into the sunlight. "Good-by," she called as she faced about.

Gravely, soberly, he bowed his head without lifting his eyes from the paper.

And the tall, white figure slowly moved away.

The faint fragrance of the wild rose filled the air, borne by the summer breeze, and sweet was the song of the meadow lark beyond the brook. All the world seemed gay and glad, but still the man worked at his papers, nor seemed to notice that the bright sunshine and the breeze and the meadow lark were all calling to him to come out and rejoice with them.

Once he stopped an instant and passed his hand through his hair as he thought, and as he paused a low, mur-

muring sound attracted his attention. It was regular, like the buzzing of a bee, but rose and fell in musical cadences. With curiosity at last he parted the vines over the lattice and peeped out.

A few yards from the summerhouse there partly reclined against a large rock the white figure of the woman, in the cool shade of a nearby maple. One elbow leaned on the gray stone, while in her hand was a spear of grass, which she nibbled now and then.

The man smiled as he laid down his pen and tiptoed softly out of the summerhouse and a little way down the path.

"My dear man is so busy this morning on his sermon he won't let me talk to him," she was saying. "I interrupt him and he doesn't like to be interrupted this morning, and I would like to interrupt him better than anything on earth. Some mornings I like to sit on the veranda and sew or read or do things in the house, but to-day I feel so happy, just bubbling over to express myself to an agreeable companion. If I had been writing that sermon, and he had come to me, I would have said: 'My dear wife, it is a beautiful day, far too beautiful to stay in and work, and as it is only Tuesday my sermon shall wait. We will take Dolly and the phaeton and drive off across country and talk and sing and have a glorious holiday and not come home till the sun is down.' That's what I would have said. But his heart is hard, his duty is stern and real, and his wife and the world are filled with frivolity." She concluded with a sigh and dropped her gaze to a more common altitude.

A faint spicy odor came from the house. She sat up straight and the man hastily backed a few steps toward the summerhouse.

"The ginger snaps—they are done," she murmured, and drew in a deep, full breath. "And they are good," she added. "And I will get some and bring to him to soften his heart. But if I just take them to him he will accept them without speaking. No, I know

what I will do. I will ask him what I have brought him and hide them so he won't know. I'll hide them right here, by this rock, and give him three guesses, and by the time he is interested and talkative, I will come get them and then he will be won. Hooray!"

The man waited to hear no more, but ran softly and quickly back to the summerhouse before she rose and turned about. He was hard at work again in a minute, and only peeped through the vines in time to see the white gown flash down the path and into the house.

Then quickly he seized a large, blank sheet of paper and wrote on it in plain letters:

MY DEAR WIFE: It is a beautiful day, far too beautiful to stay in and work, and as it is only Tuesday, my sermon shall wait. We will take Dolly and the phaeton and drive off across country and talk and sing and have a glorious holiday and not come home till the sun is down.

Swiftly he ran out to the big rock with what he had written and placed the sheet in a conspicuous spot on it, holding it down by a small stone. Then with soft, rapid steps he ran back to his work, and with a smile on his face was soon writing away on the unfinished sermon.

Beyond the field was the orchard and back of the orchard was the house, whose open doors and windows exhaled the fragrance of the oven. It was some time before the screen door closed with a slam, and a splash of white could be seen among the trees.

The man heard the door, and with a wide smile of anticipation laid down his pen and gave himself up to the enjoyment of watching her approach.

In her hands she held a blue plate, vivid against the white of her gown, and on it were piled the fragrant brown cookies. Tall, graceful, her face flushed and eyes dancing, like a goddess of joy and plenty she came, and did not notice as she tripped lightly up the path that the rock was inhabited. A few yards away she saw it—the patch of white shining in the sunlight



She sighed a little as she seated herself on the corner of the table.

—and with eyes widened with wonder she hurried on.

The cookies were hastily deposited, the paper was in her hands in a moment, and the man behind the vine-covered lattice watched with an ever-widening grin—watched the expressions of surprise, interest, wonder and joy pass over her face; then as with a cry of elation she ran toward the summerhouse, he took up his pen and sobered his face.

With a rush she entered, the papers were scattered in the air, the pen was knocked to the floor, and rapturously she infolded him in a mighty hug, he whose eyeglasses were left to dangle, but who tried to look stern.

"Dear, dear man, do you mean it? Shall we go? Now? Right away?" she breathlessly demanded, aglow with excitement.

He carefully readjusted the eyeglasses, then looked down into the eager, flushed face.

"We shall go"—he slowly, kindly answered—"we shall go before long."

"Oh!" she cried, in disappointment. "You said the sermon could wait. Why can't we go now, dear? Can't we go now?"

Very soberly, very tenderly, he lifted the anxious face and gazed into the troubled eyes.

"Dear heart, we shall go," he answered, "just as soon as I can find it possible to—" He paused, as if he could go no further.

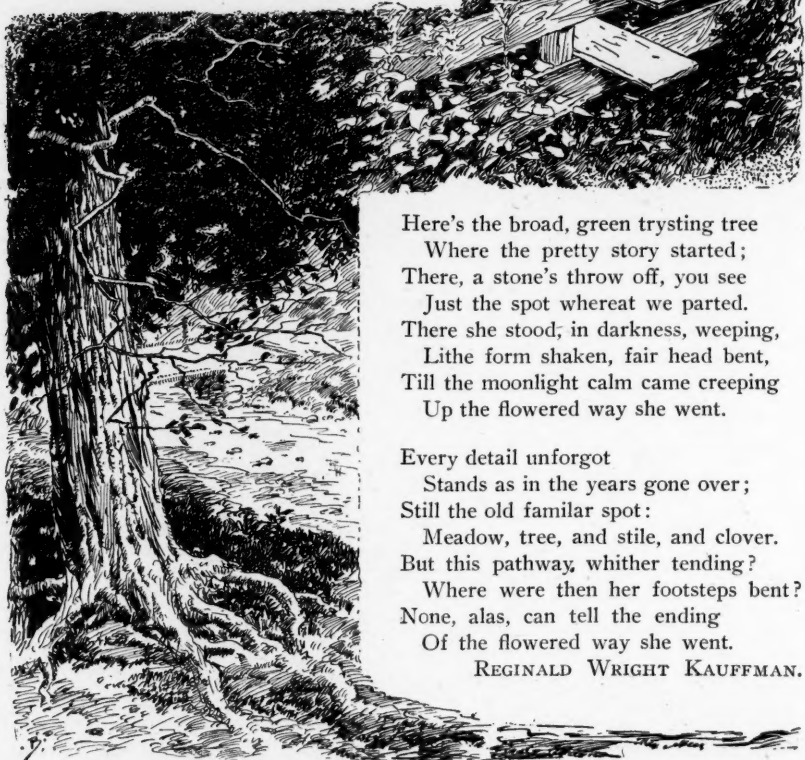
"Oh, dear, *what?* Just as soon as what?" she asked, in grieving tones.

"Just as soon," he went on, seriously, kindly, "as I find it possible to"—he smiled a little at her growing impatience—"just as soon as I find it possible to eat the ginger snaps that are on the blue plate behind the big rock."

With a wild cry of relief she flew out of the door, while the man gathered his papers, put them away and locked the drawer.



Here's the meadow where we met,
 Knee-deep now as then with clover;
 Here's the old stile standing yet
 That I lightly helped her over;
 By this brook we swore eternal
 Love and faith with true intent;
 Down this lane again grown vernal
 Lies the flowered way she went.



Here's the broad, green trysting tree
 Where the pretty story started;
 There, a stone's throw off, you see
 Just the spot whereat we parted.
 There she stood; in darkness, weeping,
 Lithe form shaken, fair head bent,
 Till the moonlight calm came creeping
 Up the flowered way she went.

Every detail unforgot
 Stands as in the years gone over;
 Still the old familiar spot:
 Meadow, tree, and stile, and clover.
 But this pathway, whither tending?
 Where were then her footsteps bent?
 None, alas, can tell the ending
 Of the flowered way she went.

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN.

An Immortal Story

By Emory J. Haynes, D.D.

A GREAT painting is almost certain to outlive any great building on the earth. Few structures but are changed, by subsequent generations, even if they last. But the painting is never changed. Its majesty protects it.

The story of "The Good Samaritan" is as much a painting as it is a story. Indeed, several times lesser masters than the Great Master have attempted to put it in colors. Yet no canvas presentation of it has ever satisfied mankind. The original, done in simple though grand words, will never lose its power as a story. The truth it tells so charmingly appeals to man's best moments. One must be excited to something better and higher than his average to enter into its meanings, and, indeed, it itself lifts the hearer to the higher level almost as a necessity to its own comprehension.

You have to reach up to it to imagine what fun the Samaritan in the story got out of spending his cash for an unhappy stranger. He said to himself: "I cannot be denied picking the chap up. Something inside me urges, pushes, pulls me to do it. I cannot resist the self-urging. To yield is to be happy. To pass by on the other side would be to make myself unhappy."

Few men are made up inside like that. All the pushing and pulling are just the contrary. Contrast the kind of thoughts that run through the brain in buying and selling stocks—shrewd, keen, hard thoughts about profit and loss; selfish resolves to be quick in protecting self, no matter about the other fellow; fierce, exultant thoughts of victory which is another's defeat, or fiery thoughts of anger over losses.

How came it that this Samaritan found more pleasure in giving than re-

ceiving? He was well born to begin with. There is the same difference in soul by birth that there is in body. We forget this. But as men's noses, cheeks and chins differ, as in feature children resemble their parents—"He has his father's chin," we say—so do men differ in mind. This Samaritan had a better parentage than the two priests. It must have been so. He came from a home, a place of affection and mutual give and take. The priests were, doubtless, "pointed" in a narrower line of life from boyhood, and then grew up in a narrower world, the Temple world.

But we must have a more radical explanation. It is true as sunlight that God sends into the world, say every ten or twenty births, rich, unselfish souls. Reverently let us say it, He is obliged to do it, to salt the earth. You know people who, by nature, love to bind up other people's wounds and forget their own. Grand hearts are they who luxuriate in crossing over to look on him who has fallen among thieves, and then, bending down, to lift him up.

Dear feet are they which tread out the tracks that the thieves made in the dusty roadside. The same kind of feet, apparently, in shape and size, but as different in fact as kisses are from curses. Millions of such blessed feet the Creator has sent walking over this earth. They are the most priceless gift of nature. They are more wonderful than sunlight, for they often walk in the dark to do good.

When you stop to think of these Good Samaritan feet, that cannot rest from kind errands, what a low thing in contrast seems the foot that is always chasing gain. These are the feet, here on the footstool, in contrast with

the cat foot, the tiger and lion foot, that save the road we travel from being a mere runway of wild beasts.

If you are so well born, if you by nature yearn to do kind errands, you are to be congratulated; you are richly endowed among your fellows. You are nobler, mightier than the rest. You are far, far more to be envied than if you had been given Oyama's fighting genius or the oil king's commercial powers.

No doubt your nature will grow with your growth, you will many times give yourself away, and probably at last die for it. Men will call you a fool—but they will all love you. Men will impose on you, squeeze you dry like an orange in their selfishness, and you will know all the while what they are doing, but you will submit because it is your joy. You were born so, wonder that you are, one among a million.

Could a man of the Good Samaritan type become a millionaire in this crowded world, as it is to-day? Undoubtedly not. Could he be elected United States senator? Yes. Could he find his way to the Presidency? Yes, but he would not be looking for it. We, the people, have several times found a way to make such a man President.

George Washington and Abraham Lincoln were the very suns of compassion to their age. They were happy men. Their lives were in troublous times, and troublous times give such lives full scope. Yet how rarely did you ever hear the question raised whether Abraham Lincoln was a happy man. We call him a great man. But to such a nature the infinite woe of a broken-hearted nation must have been like bread to the starving. He ate and drank our sorrows and lived in the high joy of compassion.

Different was the Grand Duke Sergius! Another antithesis is the king of gamblers. The champion automobilist, risking his life in a Florida show, must be puzzled to know what fun Lincoln got out of life; as Lincoln would have been puzzled over the hare-brained racer.

Would the Samaritan have done well

as a railroad president, as a beef packer, as a lawyer, a physician, a clergyman, a blacksmith, a contractor and builder? It is a try-square we are using, and each reader can use it for himself. This I know, that I would like the Good Samaritan for a neighbor.

Who is my neighbor? In the crowded town all the old, kindly feeling for the man next door is gone. There are no neighbors. The very word is useless. You do not hear it. What has come to take its place? Nothing.

The bond of kinship, the fellowship of the lodge, the attachment between men at the same long bank desk, the acquaintance of the club, these are not what "my neighbor" meant in the country village. We now have the syndicate among very wealthy business men, or the trust. Men are "fellows on the ground floor." A suburban home is an ideal spot if it has succeeded in reviving the old neighborly sentiment.

My neighbor is the head of a family in yonder house across the fields. He is a man whom I like to know, who shows me his agreeable side and covers his faulty side. He gives and seeks not to take, though when I send him a handful of my pet early flowers, he comes to the fence line and pours out unenvious praise of my garden.

He is eager to catch me needing something that he has and presses it upon me. I could borrow anything he has, except his pretty family. I am careful to borrow rarely, and when I do, I am quick to return the book or spade.

We could not be made to quarrel. If his cattle should run all over my garden, I should count my garden less than peace with my neighbor. If my dog bit his cow, he would consider peace with his neighbor of infinitely more value than many cows. I, however, should pray him to kill my dog. No dog can be of as much account to me as a neighbor at midnight who would come to sit with me in a time of grief. When my boy was ill, it was my neighbor who came morning, noon and night to my door. His household flocked around us like good angels. I

could pay the physician, but I never should think of offering to pay my neighbor.

It is priceless service, this neighborly sympathy when sorrow comes. I have no claim on my neighbor, except the claim of human brotherhood. Yet I could want for nothing in his power to supply and lack his offer of it.

How to get such neighbors is told by the Great Teacher in this immortal story. What a profit if, instead of reading scandals in the daily press, we all read a tale such as this. For, while we are not all well born, there is no man who cannot cultivate neighborly kindness. It is a matter of the will. It comes with practice.

What is this story of the Good Samaritan? We live in an age of telephones and telegraphs, of news agencies that harness every corner of the earth with cobwebs to catch flies and spiders of "the news." The ticker is in every office to record the varying price of a ham or a hank of cotton or a bonded debt.

But who knows where to find this grand story? What proportion have ever read it? Is it one man in a hundred? Is it one society woman in a thousand? Is it one schoolboy in five hundred? Can a tree grow without salts in the soil? Can a musician develop without a piano on which to practice? Can we expect our naturally quite selfish natures to unfold along beautiful lines if we never study the beautiful?

Let the manufacturer, who employs a thousand men, print and stick up over his office door the entire story as found in Luke X. 29-37. There are not five factories in the whole world that could run with that law in the office. All the child labor would be cut out at once. All mean, dirty tenement houses would have to be rebuilt. All mere time cards, which take no note of man save as to the hours he works, would need to be changed. Allowance for man's condition would be necessary, for who is never incapable of a full day's work?

But the employee would get his rap, too. Could a workman grind like a machine with no interest in his work except the clock? Could he waste raw material, or pass bad work, if the inspector did not see it, or contribute to his own incapacity by drunkenness after hours? Could he work a boycott?

The truth is that no business is run on these principles. Yet everyone who reads these truths admires them and votes them right—always right—and right everywhere. The reader approves these truths for the other fellow—and forgets that they apply to himself also. No church is true to this story. It reproves most preachers.

And we may tunnel the Hudson; we may kick steam into the scrap heap and run railways by the power of the sky; we may see and taste through a wire as we now hear; we may reclaim the deserts of the West and puncture the isthmus; we may develop millionaires by the thousand, carpet every milkman's dwelling and send every laborer's daughter to some endowed college—but we shall yet be far from Heaven on earth till we put in practice this simple story.

The hope of the human experiment on the globe is that there is one man and one woman in every thousand of civilized lands who are studying this story. They are building their homes on this rule. They are teaching their children to keep this law. It is being done quietly yet surely. And, though the proportion is so small, such is the tremendous vitality of truth, the vast and selfish world swings obedient to the happy hopes of these few as the countless stars of night swing round the throne of God.

The Good Samaritan will yet be in the majority. The thieves, even, will be conquered. The hypocrisy of the "Priest and Levite" will be ashamed of itself. "Take care of him," will be the new watchword. "And whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee," will be the cheery song of the strong.

Kamimoto

By O.*

OUR first meeting was at a big, dull reception. I was unutterably bored. Suddenly amid the grinning faces I caught sight of a little, swarthy face—like my own, it seemed to be cast over with the thought of all this futility. The face in spite of the low forehead, beady black eyes, and Mongolian bluntness, was full of intelligence—at this moment cynical intelligence. I went forward and spoke to the Japanese *attaché*—for that is what the little, swarthy man was—but at that epoch the Japanese had not yet learned a European tongue, and he could only hand me, with a bow, his card; it bore the words:

LIEUTENANT H. KAMIMOTO,

Imperial Japanese Army.

Three years later I found myself at a midsummer party; I went to the tennis courts, and there a lithe little figure in flannels was the heart and soul of the game. It was Kamimoto; he was at this moment a Cambridge undergraduate. He was completing his education in the service of his country. And the chief lesson apparently he was taking away was a supreme contempt for our intelligence and our methods.

The next time I encountered him the surroundings were quite different. I was in China on a diplomatic mission, and found myself, among other places, in Port Arthur. I turned into a barber's.

Four Russian officers from the garrison were filling all the available space. I was surprised at the freedom of speech of the Russian officers with regard to their professional duties. It seemed this hairdresser's was a sort of morning clubhouse. Vodka and beer could be served from an *auberge* next door. In due course I took my place in the chair. One look in the cheval glass, and in my surprise I nearly jumped out of the seat. There, behind me, lather and brush in hand, and a spotless apron round his waist, stood Kamimoto. . . . A perfect barber, reading the minds of the Russian officers from morning till night.

It was when war was declared that I met Kamimoto again.

It would have been hard to recognize in Kamimoto, as he now stood, the Cambridge undergraduate of a few years ago. He was still mild in manner, but his cheeks were drawn and sunken with privation and sleeplessness; his uniform—he was *chef de bataillon* now, where he had been a company commander three days ago—was torn, dirty and weather-stained. The toes of his boots and the knees of his overalls were worn through by the rough scarpes of the hillsides; even the scabbard of his two-handed sword, the blade which had been wielded by Kamimotos of his house for six hundred years, was scarred and friction marked. Yet withal, save for his eyes, he was mild and even feminine in appearance.

It was during the last few days of the fighting at Liao-yang. I had seen Kamimoto lead five forlorn hopes that had failed. I had seen half the battalion

*From "The Yellow War," by O. Copyright, 1905, McClure, Phillips & Co.

blotted out amid the entanglements, and had followed the remaining half over the Russian breastworks, and on into the plain to the little rise upon which they now lay. They had reached it in time to throw up sketchy trenches in which, dead-beat, I had cast myself down to snatch a moment's sleep. "Eat and pray your gods that you may never see the like of this again," said Kamimoto to me. "Think of death in thousands and wish for peace, pray for peace, work for peace." And the little officer mixed some tepid green tea with his rice as is the custom of his country.

And in the midst of this plea for peace, amid such strange surroundings, the little officer was approached by one of his sentries. With a smile and an apology Kamimoto left and dived into the cornstalks in the direction of the outpost line. I followed. In a low valley, near by, a Russian column, which had lost its way, was wandering dejectedly and wretchedly along the Liao-yang road. Then came the ghastly sequel. The men's rifles were across their backs, and their pale, worn faces were whiter than their blouses. There was no speech, no sound other than the squelching of their boots in the mire. A surrender? No man came forward to arrange quarter for men too tired, too whipped and beaten to defend themselves. No Japanese went forward to recommend to them such mercy as they had earned. . . . The voice of the *chef de bataillon* rose superior to the silence. The rifles crashed like one. The Russian column stopped dead in its tracks. The leading fours were so close that I could see the look of amazement, horror and despair upon the blanched features of the wretched men. Then, as the magazines ground out their leaden avalanche, the leading fours tried to surge backward, tried to save themselves in flight. It was awful! The rifles made no smoke to hide the hideous spectacle; it was like the execution of a bound man. Flight was impossible, for the magnitude of the confusion prevented retreat or retaliation. The little Japanese, shouting and jeering, were now upon their feet, and redoubling the rapidity of their fire. With blanched cheek and set teeth I watched this terrific curtain to the bloody drama in which they were participating. I saw the white tunics melting into the mud like snow under a sleet shower. I saw a mad rush toward the cornstalks balked by the intensity of the fire. I saw such of the Russians as remained on their feet throw their arms into the air and stretch out their naked hands toward the rifles that were annihilating them. Their shrieks were in our ears. Then, as if by magic, the firing stopped. A little figure—I knew it well, the whole battalion knew it—leaped in front of the firing. For a moment the face was turned toward me. The mildness, the culture, the charm were gone; animal ferocity alone remained. It was Kamimoto as he would have been a hundred years ago. His two-handed sword was bare in his hand. He raised it gleaming above his head and dashed down into the amphitheater. Like a pack of hounds his men streamed down after him. I covered my face with my hands. The end was too terrible. I turned and fled back to the trench. Here I collected my raincoat and water bottle, and then, with the horrible picture ever before me, I went south to collect my thoughts.





A Worthy Charity.

Miss Aline Constance Johnson is the active secretary of that active club, the Bide A Wee Society, which has for its object the reclamation and finding good homes for lost or homeless cats and dogs. She is busy at this time arranging for the summer home of the adopted pets, which will be somewhere on Long Island. The town house of the reclaimed tramps or rescued waifs is No. 118 West Fifty-third Street. Mrs. Harry Ulysses Kibbe is the president, and Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske one of the active members.

A Boon to the Deaf.

Preaching by megaphone is a device employed by Rev. George A. Pentecost, of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church of New York. The clergyman spoke with his lips close to what looked like an ordinary camera box, and in half a dozen of the pews persons with eyes curiously bright and faces strangely exultant listened to an address for the first time for many years.

Mr. Pentecost uses the acousticon, for the benefit of his deaf parishioners. The transmitter is hidden by a velvet curtain around the chancel rail, and the batteries are incased in a box at the base of the rail. The parishioners for whom the acousticon was installed held the small watchlike receivers to their ears. Among the audience was the pas-

tor's wife, who had not heard a sermon for twenty years because of her affliction.

Born for the Stage.

The going upon the stage of Miss Elizabeth Johnson was the working out of a law of heredity. At least so thinks her mother, the wife of Mayor Tom Johnson, of Cleveland. Although the only child and sole heiress of her famous father, Miss Johnson had always declared that she intended to earn her own living, and that she would do so as an actress. Determinedly the young woman turned her back upon ease and society and entered a dramatic school in New York.

"We did all we could to persuade her to give up her plan, but secretly I was in sympathy with her, for, I, too, when a young girl, wanted to go upon the stage. When I found my little one at four years of age playing a part before an audience of children, in a play she had composed herself, I knew that she had inherited the taste my parents had been at great pains to suppress in me. I hoped it would not develop further, but resolved that if it did I would not hinder it. Her father and I have decided that, since we could not dissuade her from it, we will do everything in our power to help her."

Miss Johnson joined Miss Annie Russell's company last season, and

made a successful début in "Brother Jacques." After a season on the stage, she said: "I like it even better than I thought I would."

In Spite of Discouragement.

In every career is imbedded a moral if one have the industry to ex-hume it. That of James Swinnerton points surely to the truth that the adverse judgment of one malign editor need not discourage.

To-day James Swinnerton is the most famous comic artist in the world. But a decade or more ago, out by the Golden Gate, he was otherwise. He was, in fact, a black cork man, a minstrel, and if an artist, distinctly and merely one of the black-face variety. Some one advised him to go to an art school, and he went, as a joke. On the same principle he later applied for a position on the art staff of a San Francisco paper. The newspaper at that time published a drawing of a small animal in the left-hand corner of its first page, as a weather indicator. The youth from the art school was asked to provide the drawing for the weather corner.

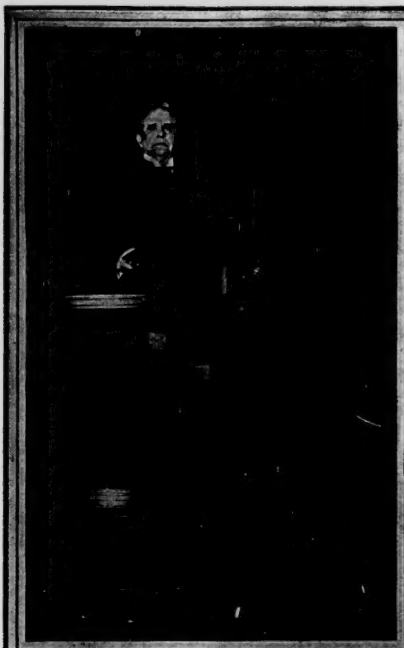
"Make a bear," growled the editor, bearishly.

For eleven hours the youth drew bears—bears of every size and mood and grade of wickedness, but none of them pleased the editor. At last young



MISS BESSIE JOHNSON

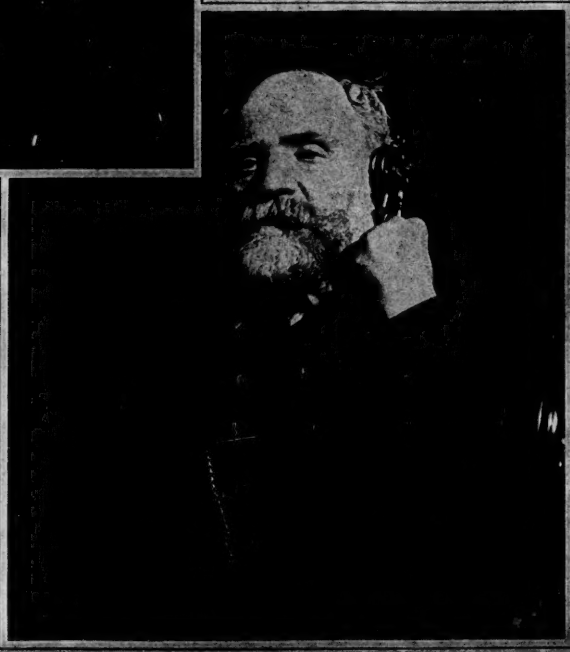
The daughter of the famous "three cent fare" magnate, who finds the stage to be her true vocation



Rev. George Pentecost
and his
Pulpit Telephone



Deaf Man
at his Pew
Hearing
Sermon
by
"Phone



AN INNOVATION THAT OUGHT TO PROVE SATISFACTORY TO THOSE WHO HAVE EARS
AND YET DO NOT HEAR

Swinerton drew one of extremely round proportions, a bear that looked as though it had been constructed of two very full meal sacks, and with a leering countenance.

The editor—it was the same editor who declined Kipling's "Soldiers Three," because "no one would have the patience to read the stuff"—shouted:

"Call that a bear? Why, I could draw a better bear than that."

But it was eleven o'clock, and the weather corner had to be filled. The editor angrily sent it down, and the youth wandered forth into the night, convinced that he and that editor would never meet again in this world.

But the next morning the owner of the newspaper sent him a note, inviting him to call.

"I like your bears, Mr. Swinerton," he said. "Let them increase and multiply and fill this paper."

The grotesque bears, showing forth all the foibles of humanity, had captured the popular fancy. They gave the graduate from the minstrel chorus fame. And when he had drawn every possible variety of bear, he shifted the

human weaknesses and foibles to tiny tigers, which added to the gayety of all who saw, and increased his paper's circulation in New York.

Young Swinerton's father was a judge, and engaged briskly on occasion in politics. On one of these occasions the young man was an interested spectator. His paper had sent him to the convention to draw the politicians as he saw them.

The picture of the judge, as his son saw him, angered the parent. He wrote a note reminding the youth that he was not of age, and it was his parental privilege to chastise him, which he proposed to do at once. On



MISS ALINE CONSTANCE JOHNSON

The champion of homeless cats and dogs. Through the Bide-a-wee Society, of which she is secretary, these unfortunates are reached

receiving this note, the artist inquired whether the office of the editor-in-chief was occupied. It was not, and the artist quickly mounted the editorial tripod.

When the angry judge arrived, a negro in uniform asked for his card and disappeared within the private office of the great man of the paper. The judge waited a long time before the negro returned.

"Mr. Swinnerton will see you in the editor's private office, sah," he announced.

The judge followed his guide, and his son turned a formal face upon him.

"Good morning, Judge Swinnerton. What can I do for you?" he asked.

"Oh — I say — my boy —" stammered the judge. "Your mother sent her love to you, and — come out and have a drink with me."

Thus ended the feud of the Swinnertons.

Sensible Advice.

Athletic women and devotees of the gymnasium are amazed at the dictum of Mrs. Reina Bates, the fashionable instructor in physical culture to smart women of New York.

"You exercise too much," she says. "Stay away from the gymnasium except for fencing. Take your exercise in the morning as soon as you leave your bed. Take it at an open window, and do not exercise longer than fifteen minutes. That is quite enough for the day, unless your physician prescribes walking."

Fifteen minutes a day instead of the two hours of hard work at the "gym."! New York women turn over in bed for another last luxurious nap and bless Mrs. Bates.

Mrs. Bates gives her reasons for this innovation with the earnestness of conviction.

"I am speaking, of course," she says, "of women. If they are ambitious to become men, my advice is not for them. To preserve the beautiful, womanly contour of her body, and yet remain strong and well, is

the aim of every normal woman. If she exercises too much her muscles become like knots, and the surface of her body is irregular and broken by great, bulging muscle mountains, that take away all of the long, lovely curves that are the birthright of the woman who does not make the mistake of overtraining.



JAMES SWINNERTON

Artist and humorist. Famous for his cats and dogs and bears and little tigers, all drawn in pen and ink.

"Gymnasiums, as they are abused to-day by faddists, do infinitely more harm than good. A woman should not take a system of exercises without consulting her physician. He should ascertain just what organs need toning or building up, and should recommend those exercises himself, or refer her to some specialist who can. The woman who wants to be well and beautiful, can be so with fifteen minutes' judicious exercise a day. But it must be judicious. It must be, as I have said, the kind prescribed for her particular ailment or weakness, plus that which is a universal good, the lung or breathing exercise.

"The daily fifteen-minute exercise should begin with deep breathing. Five minutes given to deep inhalations and long exhalations, while the woman stands with her arms above her head, is about the right proportion. A woman is the best judge of that

herself, because nature gives its proper warning, when the lungs are overpacked, by a slight soreness about the ribs. That is a warning that should be instantly obeyed, by changing to another form of exercise.

"Women should learn to relax their muscles as well as contract them. Relaxation brings rest and change. It is to the muscles what sleep is to the nerves.

"A woman who wants to build up should begin with light exercises and follow with fencing, and even boxing, if necessary. These give all the exercise found in any other form of recreation, and make the muscles pliable and strong, and teach perfect control. Above all, fencing gives women what women most lack — poise, mental and physical."



MRS. REINA BATES

The advocate of less exercise and more beauty for women. This should be a popular platform

A Woman of Affairs.

"Business is a valuable training for women, an excellent preparation for home life, because it

teaches them when to open their mouths and when to keep them shut," said Mrs. Reader, the American girl who became an international diplomat. "It teaches them to think what others are thinking."

It is Mrs. Reader's opinion that business has an educational value for women in another respect. It develops the power of character reading; which contributes more to success than any other qualification. She who has employed hundreds never chooses anyone to serve her who is narrow between the eyes or across the forehead.

"Width in that part of the head means understanding," she said. "I don't want anyone about me who hasn't the gift of rapid and broad understanding."

Mrs. Athole B. Reader developed from a typewriter girl into the financial agent of a large banking firm, the secretary of the National Republican Committee, and a promoter of huge financial enterprises in South America and the West Indies.

Mrs. Reader is a Southerner, having been born in Mobile, Ala. She was at one time the head of a family of twenty-one, its support and everything but founder. "I have no children of my own," she said, "and my sisters lend me theirs."

The New Russian Commander.

In accordance with the orders of your majesty, received to-day, I have handed over to General Linevitch the command of the land and sea forces operating against the Japanese.

KUROPATKIN.

In pursuance of the orders of your majesty I assumed command of all our forces, military and naval, operating against the Japanese.

LINEVITCH.

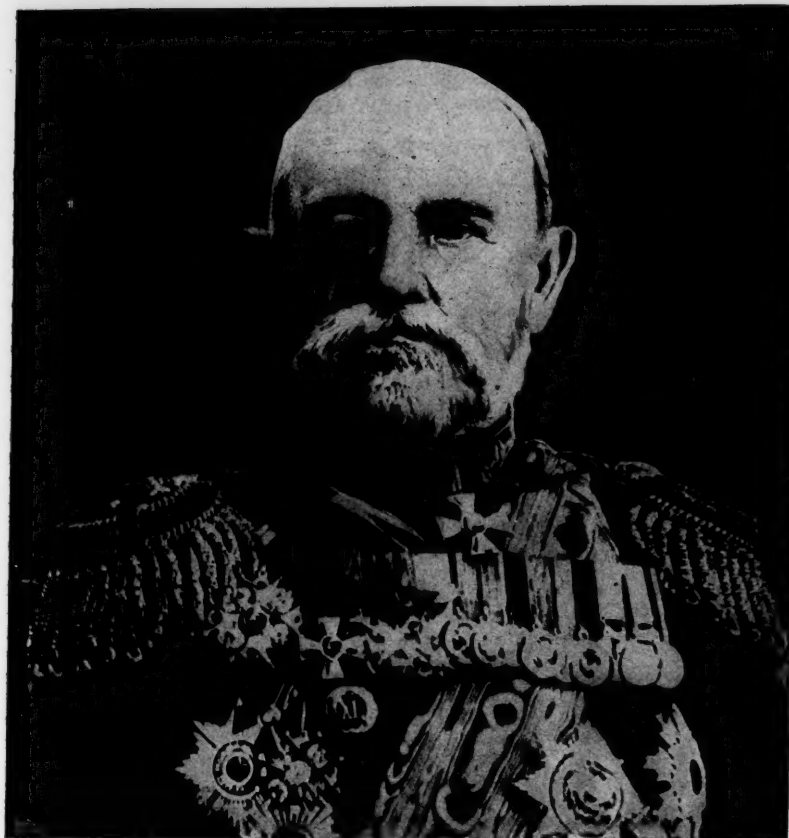


MRS. ATHOLE B. READER

Famous for financial manipulation which promised to make her ten times a millionaire

In these terse dispatches, received by the Emperor Nicholas in his palace of dread at St. Petersburg, is written one of the tragedies of war. Not the tragedies of the battlefield, with its setting of smoke clouds, its swift, deathful maneuvers, its growl of cannon and flash of flame, but the silent, diplomatic death that permits no moan of pain on penalty of a lasting brand of cowardice.

The new commander of the Russian land and sea forces in the Far East is in the sixty-sixth year of his age. His has been a fighting life. When a youth of twenty-one he was serving in the Caucasus. He was an intrepid figure in the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-1878, and has since been active in all of Russia's Asiatic campaigns. He was a foremost factor in the relief of the legations at Peking, succeeding Admiral



GENERAL LINEVITCH

The new general selected to rally the shattered fortunes of the Russians

Alexieff in the command of the Russian troops in August, 1900.

He assumed command of the Russian forces at Vladivostok under Viceroy Alexieff, and is credited with having placed that fortress in a state to resist a long siege. In September General Linevitch was ordered to Harbin, and in November he was appointed to command the First Army under the plan for the reorganization of the Manchurian army. He assumed command of the First Army November 14, 1904.

The reports of the battle of Mukden,

received by the czar at the palace of Tsarkoe Seloe, told the story of Linevitch standing like a rock against thirteen fierce consecutive attacks, like blows on the naked face with a mailed fist, by the Japanese. Despite this severe onslaught, he was reported as having escaped with slight losses. He was further reported as having entered the Russian lines south of Tie Pass a few days later, with his regiments in perfect order, his music playing, the men singing, and not a soldier lost in the long and difficult march.

"A true fighting man," said the czar, smiling as he read. And the next day the order for Linevitch's elevation to the chief command was sent to Manchuria. To the order the czar added a strange message for a man who a few years ago at Hague advocated a world-wide peace: "Fight while there is a rag of the army left," and General Linevitch, it is expected, will obey to the last letter of the order and the last tatter of the Russian army.

An American Countess.

Alice, Countess of Yarmouth, is the latest American girl to win social recognition from the peers and peeresses of England. Perhaps this is the more striking because Lady Yarmouth seems to be quite indifferent to social attentions. This puzzles the sufficient and satisfied members of the exclusive set in which her father and mother, the Marquis and Marchioness of Hertford, move.

One of the English prints says: "Lady Yarmouth is quite young, with a prettily face, dark hair and eyes—small, slight and with much daintiness of dress and appearance. Unlike many of her coun-

trywomen, she seems to care little for London and smart society, but spends most of her time in the country or on the continent. She is fond of music, and when in town gives an occasional concert."



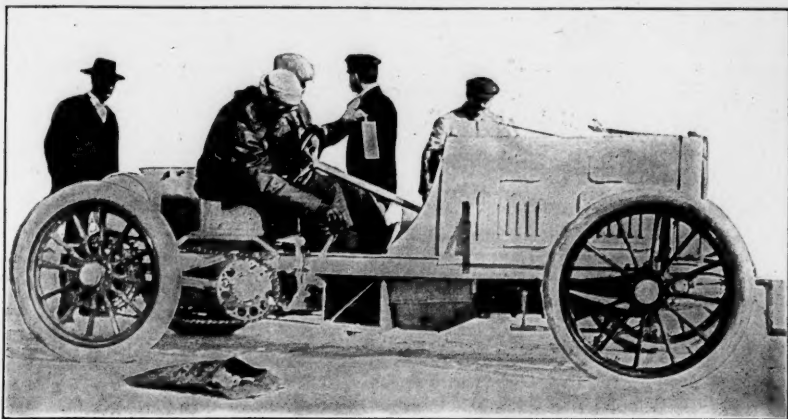
THE COUNTESS OF YARMOUTH

An American heiress who has made herself a distinctive figure in England

When in England, Lord and Lady Yarmouth reside at Park Hall, which within the year they have greatly improved. A large "garden hall" has been included in the broad entrance, and the historic billiard hall in the oldest part of the mansion has been remodeled. Lord Yarmouth's study, as well as the billiard room, has been finished in oak from Ragley Hall, their home.

A *coup* too difficult for many an older and wiser bride than the youthful countess has been achieved by the American girl. That is the complete and amiable conquest of her mother-in-law. The Marchioness of Hertford is a close companion of the young pair. Be-

ing an enthusiastic amateur photographer, she has made countless snapshots of them. One of these reveals them sitting on a stile at Ragley Hall, a young and modern Darby and Joan.



FRANK CROKER, SON OF RICHARD CROKER, STARTING ON HIS LAST RIDE AT ORMOND, FLORIDA
Mr. Croker, who had returned to the starting point, turned out to avoid a motor cyclist who had, himself, swung wide to avoid running into a wave which washed the shore. In the quick switching, Mr. Croker's tire came off and his car up-ended. As it came down, it crushed the chauffeur, who was sitting in the car and killed him instantly. Mr. Croker died the following morning

Speed Maniacs

By Ralph H. Graves

STANDING beside the roadway, you wait for the groaning race machine to pass you by. There is a roar, then a warning blast of the horn, and the thing of steel and rubber has vanished in a cloud of dust.

But in the instant of its passing you catch a glimpse of the man who guides the space-conquering engine. The tense position of his body and head, though they are covered completely by his oiled coat and hooded cap, shows that his every muscle is devoted to the automobile. He has no aim, apparently, beyond the annihilation of distance; no enjoyment of the fresh air, unless it be the lashing that it gives his armored face and body; no consciousness of the surrounding scenery, save that it serves as a border for his course.

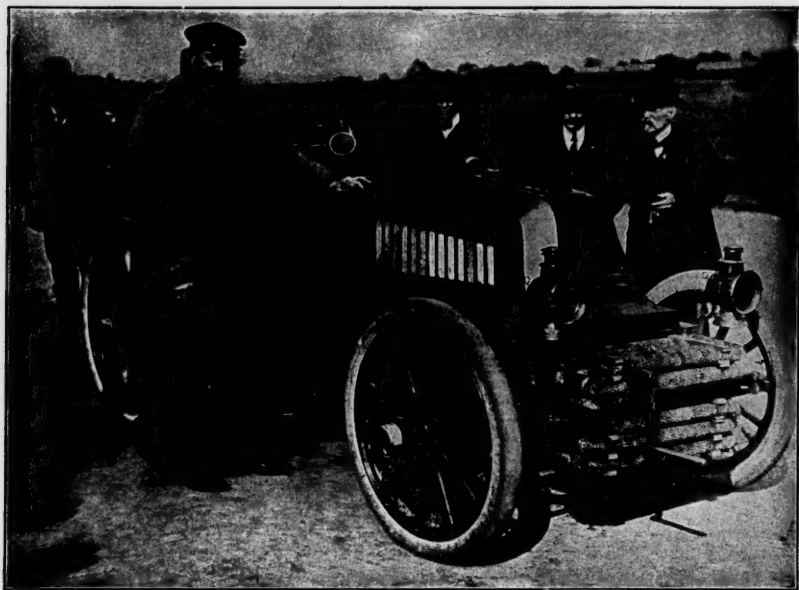
What is it, you ask yourself, that impels the man? What is this potent

motor-begotten force that makes every pace too slow for the victim of its madness?

It is the speed germ!

The looker-on, prejudiced against all automobiles and their drivers, calls it the germ of an unnatural mania; the victim describes it as enthusiasm, longing, glory of motion. Its motto is "Faster, faster!" It is never satisfied. The driver of the racing machine, having made a record of a hundred miles an hour, begins to plan for a better record of a hundred and ten. The winner of a trophy regards his prize only as a reminder that next month, next year, some time, he must cut a second off his time. "Fast enough" are words outside his vocabulary.

H. L. Bowden, when half dazed and all exhausted after lowering the world's record for one mile to thirty-two and



HENRI FOURNIER, WINNER OF THE INTERNATIONAL CUP RACE (GORDON BENNETT CUP)

His first race was from Paris to Bordeaux, when he traveled at the rate of 56.48 miles per hour. In his second race, Paris to Berlin, he traveled 745 miles at the rate of 43.66 miles per hour.

four-fifths seconds on the Ormond-Daytona beach last winter, said to the friends who crowded around to congratulate him:

"I can do better than that."

George Heath, who admits that he is in a state of collapse after a big race, had hardly recovered his breath, after winning the Vanderbilt cup last year, when he remarked to his mechanic:

"We might have clipped off a few seconds, if——"

The speed germ makes no distinction of class. Heath and Bowden are both millionaires, within whose reach is every diversion money can buy for a young and healthy man. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., who for a year held the mile record of thirty-nine seconds, could gratify every whim and satiate every extravagant taste, but he chooses high-speed automobile racing to the exclusion of the rest. Frank Croker, whose father became one of the richest

men in the world while he was Tammany boss of New York City, died for love of fast motion's thrills on the Florida racing beach, the life crushed out of him by the giant machine with which he had hoped to cut a fraction off the record.

The millionaire and the paid chauffeur alike, when once they have the fever, carry it with them, unabated, wherever their engines have the right to travel.

If the sensation of being projected forward at a rate of more than a hundred miles an hour were capable of being described as pleasurable, the uninitiated might understand, in a measure, its overwhelming influence. But that is not the case. The man who tells how it feels to go a mile in less than forty seconds never dwells upon the mere pleasure of it. He speaks of the cutting wind, the aching muscles, the tense nerves and the utter weariness, and

finally he confesses that the run is followed by a feeling of illness. From the start of his story to the end there is nothing to appeal to the inexperienced listener, who at last realizes that one must feel this thing in order to love it.

"I don't think I shall ever forget my first race," says a well-known automobile racer, "no matter how old I grow at the game or how callous I become.

"That first race! Ah, it was terrible, terrible! I was invited to take the spin with M. Clements, the French driver. Thirty miles and a little more was the length of the course. At times we made ninety miles an hour. Since then I have traveled at a hundred-mile speed, but it has never affected me as much as did my maiden run.

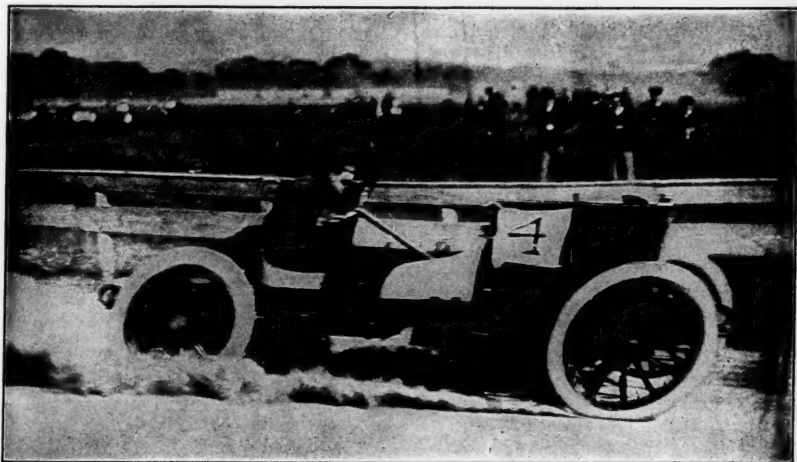
"The most distinctive sensation of a speeding automobilist is the constant feeling that the road in front is about to turn back and slap him in the face. An old motorist, when his eyes have become accustomed to the rapidly changing perspective, outgrows this to a certain extent, but it takes a long time. During that first ride I was ducking

my head or raising my arm continually, as if to ward off a blow.

"I could not drive away the impression, though I knew, of course, that the road was firm and entirely safe—if any road could be called safe with a steel demon cavorting over it at ninety miles an hour. In the last furlong the white ribbon bent back toward me as threateningly as in the first, and my arm hung limp, from the strain of being raised so often, when at last we slowed down at the end. Since that day—the road never has quite ceased its tricks with me—I have discovered the cause of the illusion. The human eye, when it fixes its gaze on a distant object, is not prepared to have that object approach at ninety or a hundred miles an hour; in this case the object is a far-off bit of road, which, once sighted, occupies the eye's attention until it seems about to dash back against the pupil.

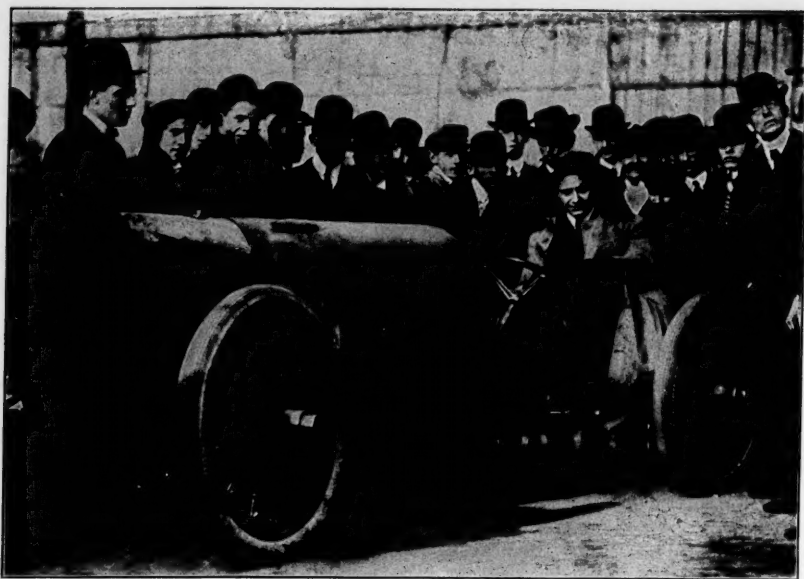
"What else did I feel on that first trip? Oh, you wouldn't understand it if I were to tell you, but—

"Fear—yes, fear was the first thing I felt; fear that I would be dashed to



EDWARD R. HAWLEY IN THE 60-HORSE POWER MERCEDES CAR OF EDWARD R. THOMAS, MILLIONAIRE BANKER AND HORSEMAN, AT POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1904

Hawley is traveling at a speed of 58 sec-'s to the mile. In the immense cloud of dust at his rear come other competitors, who were completely hidden from sight. These men, to an extent, drove their cars, at great danger to themselves and to each other, as in the dust's whirl, collisions were likely



BARNEY OLDFIELD PREPARING TO START AT THE EMPIRE CITY TRACK, WHERE HE REGAINED HIS CHAMPIONSHIP PREVIOUSLY LOST AT THE BRIGHTON BEACH TRACK

Oldfield drives a special built car of 60-horse power in track races. This car is built very low, and of the 1700 pounds that it weighs 1200 is to the rear of the car. The wheels are of the disc pattern, the spokes being covered. It is claimed that, in this way, a great deal of wind resistance is avoided

pieces. I saw great bumps in the road, and yet, had I thought, I would have known there were no bumps to see. I saw hollows and ridges and embankments in the brief moments when the whole road was not trying to bat me in the face. I clung to the seat, my mouth shut tight, my head lowered.

"There was nothing to see but the road. No automobile driver sees anything else. As far as I was concerned, the road might as well have been flanked by stone walls a hundred feet high. Only once did I venture, for a second, to look aside. The result was stupefying. The momentary glance into the woods, where a million trees appeared to be wrestling with each other, gave me a sickening dizziness, and if I had not grasped the seat edge firmly, I would have reeled overboard; something inside my head spun like a top, and as it spun I struggled against a feeling of nausea.

"As I remember it, the fear did not last very long; at least, it did not hold my thoughts, but made way for the other and more powerful feeling—the speed madness. Despite the knowledge of danger, despite the road that bent backwards to strike me, despite every discomfort of mind or body, real or imaginary, I soon became overwhelmed by the desire to go faster. With only a few minutes of experience and a few miles of road behind me, I had fallen a victim of the motorist's mania. Faster, faster! That was the cry of my soul, and neither fear nor dust nor blinding wind could overcome the craving for more speed. Then, as now, I knew that no motor could be built strong enough to satisfy my longing; that if I were to fly through the air at two hundred miles an hour, I would still seek wildly for an engine able to make three hundred.

"Call it madness, if you will. I have

admitted that it is. But I do not wish to be sane. I am voluntarily on the list of incurables."

So say they all. The outsider who buys a gasoline buggy, "just to learn," may not contract the malady in its worst form within a day; but sooner or later, if he has the money, it will take possession of him, unless he is stolidity incarnate. It is a noticeable fact that the automobilist of ample means is never satisfied with one machine. Visit any large garage, and you will be told that each patron owns two, three, maybe half a dozen motor vehicles of various kinds. That no one auto embodies all the desirable secondary traits, such as ability to climb hills or conquer rocky roads or plow through marshlands, may be advanced by the owner as his reason for keeping so many varieties; but if you cross-question him closely, you will discover, ninety-nine times in a hundred, that the latest purchase *travels faster* than any of the rest—in short, that he is a victim, more or less, of the speed germ.

To the "sane man," the anti-automobilist, an express train in the New York Subway gives an impression of perhaps even greater speed, because of its peculiar pillar-lined course, than is conveyed to a traveler on the Empire State Express going at twice the velocity. The subway express moves about

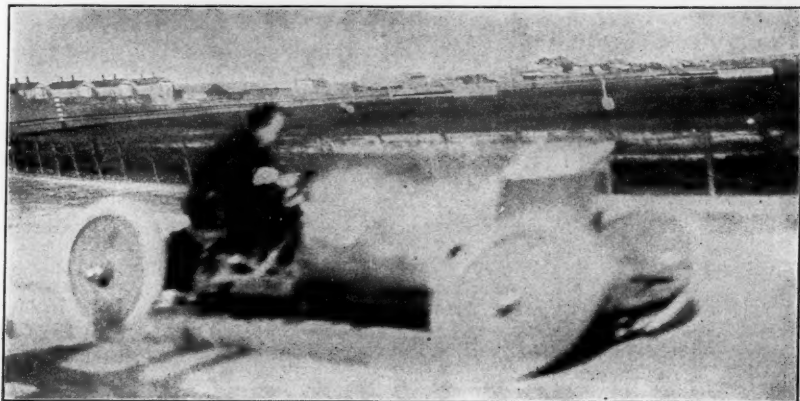
one-third as fast as Bowden's one hundred and twenty horse-power motor car when it is making a mile in thirty-two and four-fifths seconds; the Empire State Express, at sixty miles an hour, is making just a little more than half the speed of Bowden at his best. The automobile that can run one hundred miles an hour, or nearly twenty miles less than Bowden's limit, is traveling one mile in every thirty-six seconds or one hundred and forty-six and one-half feet in every second. The car with a gait of seventy miles an hour is projected through space one hundred and ten feet a second, and the sixty-mile-an-hour car leaps eighty-eight feet a second.

Is it any wonder that the mania for such motion is incomprehensible by those who never experienced it, who know not what real speed is like?

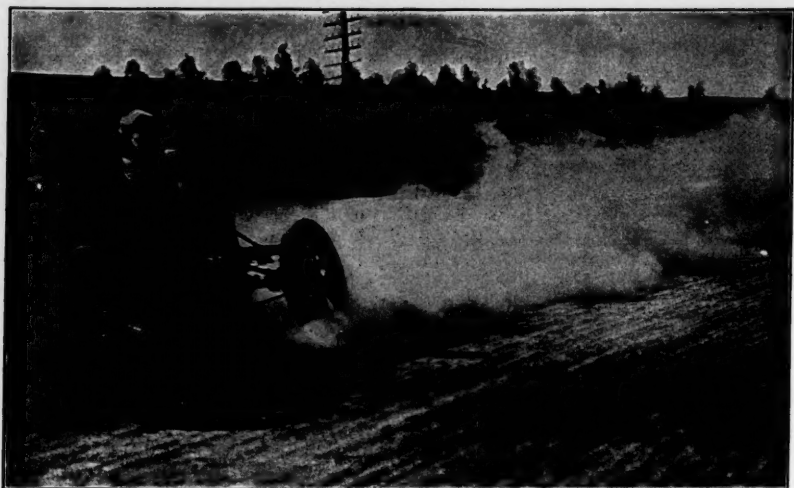
Henri Fournier, the Parisian motorist who has become well known in American racing circles, recently said in reply to a question:

"I have no sensations, no nerves, no fear, when traveling at great speed. I am all eye, all will, all cool reason." He shrugged his shoulders by way of answering "why" he liked it, and a woman's reason was the best he could give: "Because I do!"

Albert Champion, holder of the



CHAMPION BARNEY OLDFIELD GOING AT FRIGHTFUL SPEED ON THE BRIGHTON BEACH TRACK, NEW YORK



WILLIAM WALLACE IN THE RENAULT CAR "BLACK DEATH" GOING A MILE IN 58 SECONDS AT READVILLE, MASS.
This car killed Marcel Renault, its maker, in the Paris-Madrid race, in 1903

world's motorcycle record of fifty-five and two-fifths seconds for a mile, and also an expert handler of automobiles, furnishes an example of the many venturesome drivers who continue to take chances after they have suffered serious accidents.

"If I know my machine is in perfect mechanical condition before the race," he says, "I don't worry about my chances of safety. I just go ahead as fast as I can, without having any idea what time I am making or how many miles. Some riders say they can gauge a high speed during a race, but I can't do it. There's no difference in a forty-mile and a sixty-mile sensation, so to speak, as far as I am concerned.

"I have had an arm broken and a leg smashed, and have been laid up with a compound fracture of the thigh, but I don't want to stop racing. It isn't that I am unconscious of danger during a contest; on the contrary, I am always on the alert. The chief fear in a motorcycle race is that there will be a collision, but experience gives confidence, and after a while one does not consider the danger worth thinking about."

It was Champion who, after a recent sojourn in a hospital, announced that he believed he could cut the straight-away mile record in an automobile to thirty seconds. He is now planning the car with which he expects to do it. Making the track record for motor vehicles has left him unsatisfied; the speed germ holds him in its grip, as he cries, with a single thought: "Faster, faster!"

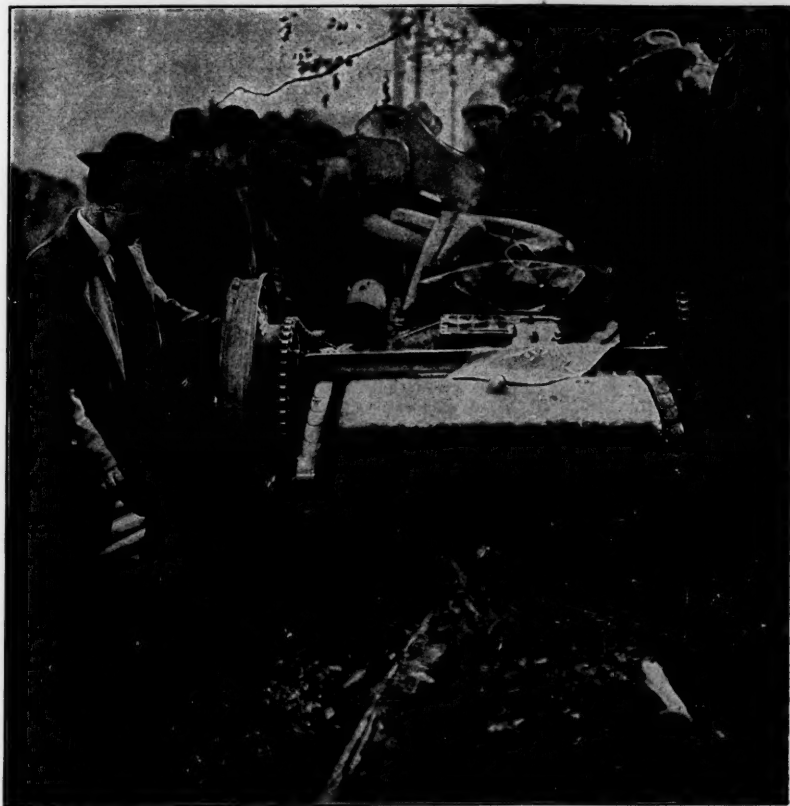
It was the same cry that led to his grave the most unfortunate victim of the speed germ in wealthy American automobile circles. Frank Croker had gone to Florida to prepare for the winter races. Many times he had figured in motor contests without serious mishap, and so absorbed had he become with the desire for greater speed that his other diversions—horses, dogs, hunting, yachting, travel—had been laid aside, almost forgotten. He had seen men fall mangled under their racing machines—notably young Arents, who has never recovered his health since he lost his wits temporarily in the Vanderbilt cup race and was hurled against a tree trunk by his ill-managed auto—and he had himself experienced

some lesser accidents. But the mania possessed him, and his fate was sealed.

With his mechanic, Raoul, Croker was making a speed test on the Ormond-Daytona beach, a strip of dustless sand extending for miles beside a surf so mild that a child can wade out for half a hundred feet without getting beyond his depth. The automobile was being hurled along at a deadly velocity, perhaps eighty, perhaps ninety miles an hour, when suddenly Croker saw in front of him a lone motor cyclist. There was no time for a warning signal. The cyclist was straight in front,

paralyzed with fright, powerless to avoid the threatened crash. With a daring beyond question, for even in the instant's thought he must have known the danger of the sudden turn, Croker swerved to the right in an effort to pass between the bicycle rider and the shallow ripples of the incoming tide.

Had there been another fraction of a second to spare, the tragedy might have been averted, but the automobile struck the motorcycle a glancing blow. While the cyclist was hurled to one side, mortally wounded, the tire on one of the automobile's front wheels was



THE CAR OF AUTOMOBILIST ARENTS, AFTER IT TURNED OVER AND KILLED ITS CHAUFFEUR

This occurred in the first race for the Vanderbilt Cup on Long Island

ripped off. The huge machine reeled, plunged into the air, turned over and fell crashing where the smooth sand was barely covered by a few inches of water, pinning the mechanic beneath the seat and crushing the owner under the bonnet. Raoul was dead when they found him. Croker lived only long enough to be borne to a hospital.

Yet the races were run! Before the flowers on Croker's grave had withered, the Ormond-Daytona beach had seen records broken in the most successful automobile meet ever held in America. Under the shadow of death the speed germ gave its final proof of power—inexplicable, unassailable, destined to endure in spite of laws or prejudice.

In France, Austria, Germany, England and America all the large cities and many of the smaller ones now have their auto tracks, and each of these countries has more than one long course, maintained or specially laid out from time to time at great cost, for road contests. Thus far the racing



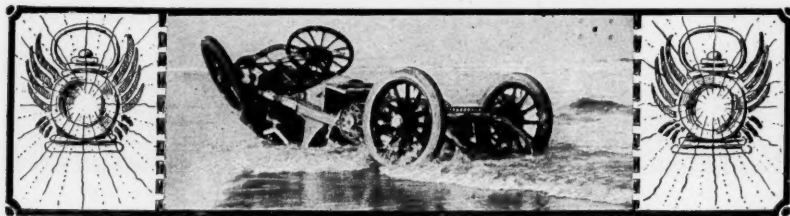
END OF THE PARIS-VIENNA AUTO RACE

In the car is the American contestant, Count Zaborowski, after killed in another race, but here being showered with laurels for his success

meets have been monopolized by the very rich, for only a millionaire could afford to spend, as Bowden did, fifty thousand dollars for the sake of breaking a world's record. But, with the competition of manufacturers fast lowering the price of first-class automobiles, it is possible that even the ex-

constructed speed engines will be, one of these days, within the reach of the merely well to do.

Every year there are a dozen or more races that command world-wide attention. France has its road runs for the Grand Prix and the James Gordon Bennett cup, and its numberless track meets. In midsummer there are the races at Ostend, in Belgium, and the hill-climbing contests throughout France, as well as the Herkimer Cup race in Germany. In August the experts flock to the match for the British International Cup, having participated previously, perhaps, in the earlier meetings of Austria or Switzerland. American races last throughout the year.



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Mid War's Alarms

STORIES OF THE BLUE
AND THE GRAY

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

Author of "For the Freedom of the Sea," "American Fights and Fighters," etc.

STORIES OF THE BLUE

IV.—Mr. Sears Repudiates His Wife

(A Complete Story)

MR. JOHN SEARS was not careful where he stepped. The log was slippery, his feet shot from under him and he fell crashing to the bottom of the ravine.

The first thing of which he was conscious was the astonished face of a black man peering at him over the edge of the ravine. How long he had lain there at the bottom he had no means of knowing. Indeed, at first, his ideas as to how he came to be in his present situation were vague and hazy to the last degree. Obviously, however, the first thing to be done was to get up.

He tried to raise himself on his arms, only to find that his left arm was broken. As he sank back he put his right hand to his head and discovered that it was covered with blood. The pain was exceedingly sharp. It served one good purpose, however. It helped him to recall himself. He remembered everything. How he had started after his wife as she ran toward the house, and then had carelessly lost his footing and had fallen in the ravine with the disastrous results already evident. Nothing could be more unfortunate in his present situation. What was to be done?

"Is yo' alibe, suh?" queried the negro, who had been staring at him half in terror.

"Very much so," answered Sears, weakly enough.

"Tse Miss Dah'l's boy, suh. She

done sen' me down heah wid a hoss an' sumfin' foh yo' to eat, suh."

"Well, tie the horse and come down here and help me out."

"Is yo' much hurt, suh?"

"Arm broken, head cut open, badly bruised. That's all."

"'Deed, suh, dat's 'nough, suah. I'll be wid yo' toreckly."

In a few moments the negro scrambled down the bank to the side of the injured man. He was a stout, able-bodied black, and he seemed to know just what to do. He put his arm about the prostrate man and raised him to his feet. Sears had evidently lost much blood. His head whirled, he felt so faint and sick and giddy that, had he not been supported, he would have fallen to the ground again. And the pain grew more and more keen as the numbness of the shock was dissipated.

"Kin yo' walk, massa?"

"I can try."

"Wait a minute. Hab some of dis. Miss Edif done said yo' mought like hit."

Fumbling in his pocket, the negro produced a flask of whisky. A draught of it put new life in the wounded man.

"I can manage now," he said. "How will we get up?"

"If you walk down de branch a li'l bit we'll git to de footpaf, an' I reckon I kin he'p yo' up dar."

The slow progress was an agonizing one, but at last the ascent was accom-



The wounded man closed his eyes, and must have fainted again.

plished. When he gained the top of the bank his strength had so far spent itself that he was forced to lie down on the grass. The negro contemplated him in dismay.

"I reckon I'll hab to leab yo' heah, suh," he said, at last, and, in spite of Sears' protests, he ran toward the house.

The wounded man closed his eyes, and must have fainted again, for it seemed but a moment when he opened them upon the troubled face of his wife bending over him. With her were two or three negro slaves bearing an improvised stretcher.

"It's too bad," murmured Sears. "I am very sorry to trouble you any further."

"Don't say a word," returned the woman. "I'll take you up to the house at once."

"I can't go there. I must go back to Cairo immediately."

"We'll talk about that later," she said, decisively. "Come, boys."

In spite of the care of the negroes, as, by their mistress' direction, they placed him on the stretcher and bore him toward the house, his injuries hurt him terribly. His face blanched, but he clinched his teeth and made no sound. The woman saw that he was suffering intensely. The eyes of love are not to be deceived.

Of love? Yes! That clasp to the heart in the depths of the wood, that kiss on the cheek on the edge of the meadow—they had revealed her heart. She loved him. As she walked along by his side, seeing him suffer in silence, she realized and admitted it all.

In a short time Sears was carried to the house and laid upon a couch.

"Now, I shall see what's the matter with you," said the woman. "We have no doctor here, although I have sent for one, but I have learned something of medicine and surgery, especially since the war began. Where are you hurt, sir?"

She was intensely business-like and impersonal, he noted, in spite of the fact that her color came and went, her voice shook, and her heart was beating rapidly.

"My left arm is broken below the elbow. There is a cut in my head. Otherwise I am all right, except a bad shaking up."

"The cut first," said the woman.

With deft fingers she clipped the hair from the wound, washed it, applied some healing lotion, and bandaged it with clean, soft linen.

"It should be sewed up," she said, "but I am unequal to that, I fear. Now the arm."

She slit the sleeve of his coat and laid bare his arm. Fortunately, it was a simple fracture.

"I shall put it in temporary splints," she continued. "I have sent one of the servants to scour the country for a doctor. He ought to be here by night. He will do all that is necessary. How do you feel now?" she asked, after she had done all that she could.

"I feel as if it were heaven," responded Sears, catching her hand and trying to raise it to his lips. "Oh, madam——"

"Don't call me by that absurd name!"

"Mrs. Sears, then."

"Nor by that; it seems so unreal."

"I will not call you Miss Darrell."

"There's nothing left but — Edith, then."

"Edith," he said, promptly, "you must leave this house at once. This is no place for you. You must follow out your plan and take horse for the southward immediately. I shall be able to mount a horse after this faintness has worn off, and I must get back to Cairo."

"You cannot travel to-day, Mr. Sears," she said, decisively.

"Why not call me John, if I call you Edith?"

"That's different. Besides, we are not discussing that. You must stay here until the doctor sees you, at least; and certainly he will not be here until late this afternoon, perhaps not then."

"Well, but you can go. Leave one of your boys to attend me and go at once. I beg you to go!"

"And leave you here alone? I should never be able to look the goddess of hospitality in the face again," she answered, playfully. "And, really, you overestimate the danger. One day more or less will make little difference. After the doctor has seen you and — then I will go."

"You will promise me that you will leave the secret service?"

"I did promise you once. I repeat it."

"And you will let me love you?"

"I don't see how I can help that if

you will be so foolish," she answered, softly, quite indignant with herself for her inability to control her heart.

"And you will let me write to you, and you will give me hope?"

"Ah, Mr. Sears, I cannot promise that. Don't ask it. Our lives, strangely enough, seem to have become peculiarly intertwined of late. Yet there must be, there can be, no outcome from it."

"There must. There shall be!" he protested as vigorously as his enfeebled condition permitted, and, really, since he had been attended to he felt much better.

"Hush," she said, laying her hands softly on his head, and unconsciously her touch was a caress to him. "You must not excite yourself. It will not be good for you. Now, I will have some of the men take you upstairs. You must go to bed."

"But——" he remonstrated.

"No more," she continued, with half playful peremptoriness, this time laying her fingers upon his lips. "I am mistress here, and I — my God! what is that?"

She sprang suddenly to the window overlooking the drive. "Our cavalry!" she said rapidly, with a note of terror in her voice. "They are coming here. They must not find you. Can you walk? Are you able?"

"Certainly. I am fit for anything," said Sears, struggling to his feet. "What shall I do? Where shall I go?"

The big windows of the library were draped with heavy curtains. The house was an old-fashioned one, the walls were thick. There was sufficient space in the window recess to receive a man easily. She pointed to the nearest opening.

"There!" she said.

He started for it. She was by his side in an instant. She slipped her arm about him and assisted him across the room. Pressed for time as they were, he took advantage of the opportunity and bent and kissed her head.

"How foolish now," she cried, too busy to resent it further. The pillow

which had been under his head she put upon the broad window-sill.

"I will make you as comfortable as possible. Whatever happens, don't say a word."

As soon as he had entered the recess she pulled the heavy curtains after him, effectually concealing him. She pushed a chair carelessly before them, and then, fleet as a deer, ran back to the couch and put the basin, sponge and bandages out of sight. She sat down at the table and picked up the first volume that lay upon it. Never had she been so excited in her life. The book trembled in her hands, in spite of every effort to control herself. Had anyone observed her then she would have betrayed herself infallibly. All this had been done in less than a minute, but so prompt had been her movements, that all was accomplished before the horsemen drew rein at the foot of the steps.

"Where is Miss Darrell?" cried a sharp voice outside.

"In de house, suh," answered one of the slaves, who came forward on the approach of the soldiers.

"Good!" exclaimed the voice. "Dis-mount, men. Come on. You, boy, show us the way to Miss Darrell."

"Yas, suh," answered the negro, thoroughly frightened at the fierce looks of the soldiers.

He led the way up the steps into the hall, and finally threw open the door of the library.

"Miss Edif, ma'am. Dis gemman wants ter see yo'," he said, cringingly.

"Gentlemen, come in," said the woman, serenely.

She was standing by the table, and her hands did not tremble now. At the crucial moment she had nerved herself to meet and dominate the crisis. She stood on guard prepared for any emergency. There was no possible doubt remaining in her mind, although she admitted it with a feeling of shame, that she loved the man to whom she had been so strangely married. She was prepared to save him from capture or worse, for the irregular cavalry of both armies had a very summary way of disposing of prisoners. The

maternal instinct was aroused in her heart. Half of the feeling with which a wife regards her husband is maternal—thank God for it! She would do all in her power to defend him.

Even the separate causes which he and she represented faded away in the presence of his danger. She did not yet admit to herself that she would some day submit to the formal tie which bound them together, that she would be his wife in fact as well as in name. She was quite persuaded that they could never be anything more to each other than they were then. But she would not have him captured, ill as he was, and again in her service. Her manner was very composed, therefore, as she faced the situation.

There was no fear in her mind of any possible danger to herself. These were her own people, her friends. Such parties often stopped at the Hall. It had been visited many times by partisans of both armies. To the men she loved she gave freely of her hospitality, the others took what they wished. These men wanted a meal, probably. They wanted to bait their horses, perhaps, to replace some tired or broken down animal in the troop by a fresh one from her own stable. They should have whatever they desired, she decided. She was quite willing to give up the whole place to them if she could thereby insure the safety of her husband.

It flashed into her mind as she went over the subject, that, after all, the claim upon her was not one of affection or relationship, but of hospitality. She had old-fashioned ideas, had Mrs. Edith Darrell-Sears, and the claims of a guest were sacred; especially if, as she admitted to herself, that guest were a handsome husband, passionately devoted to her, who had saved her from dire peril, and who was helpless from injuries and entirely dependent upon her.

A moment since and he had been the masterful one. Now it was she. Her heart thrilled with the consciousness of power and opportunity—the most brilliant conjunction in human lives. All of this, however, was invisible in her

face. Her unceremonious visitors saw only a tall, slender, pale young woman standing quietly at a table.

"Madam," said the Confederate captain, "I am Captain Murdock, of the First Tennessee Light Horse Cavalry."

"An' p'raps you know me, ma'am," interposed a second man, thrusting himself insolently forward.

"Captain Murdock, I am glad to see you. As for you, sir, I believe you are one of the officers of that steamboat."

"I was, curse it all. We were betrayed to the Yanks. They attacked us this mornin', an' they're on board of her an' have killed an' wounded half a dozen men, includin' the cap'n. They took her up the river, an' she's in Cairo now, I reckon.

I got away from 'em; leaped into the bayou and swum to shore."

Sears, from his place of concealment, exulted in the assurance that Darling had been so brilliantly successful.

"I am very sorry, indeed, to hear it," replied the woman, gravely.

"Yes," went on the man from the steamer, "it all happened jest after you left the landin'. I recollect your talkin' to the cap'n and then leavin'. Before Jim Crane—he was the cap'n of the *Queen of the South*, Cap'n Murdock—died of his wound he told me that you was the only source from which the Yanks could have got the information about the arrival of that boat, in time to come down from Cairo an' take her from us."



"I can," said a quiet voice from the corner of the room.

"What!" cried the woman, her face aflame with anger and indignation. "How dare you say that I——"

"Betrayed us? I jest do, ma'am," interrupted the man, furiously.

"Captain Murdock, I have not the honor of your acquaintance, but you surely cannot credit so false, so foul an accusation?"

"Cap'n Murdock," said the other man, "when I met up with you a while ago I told you she'd git on her high hoss an' deny it, but look at the facts. Cap'n Crane said that nobody know'd he was comin' up here fer them people till he got here, 'cept'n this woman."

"Lady, damn you," said the officer, coolly.

"Lady, then," snarled the other.

"The people we was to take was not to be told till we got there. I know'd it was dangerous to come so near Cairo, but we know'd the gunboats and iron-clads was in the Tennessee, an' we reckoned we could do it if she kept quiet. This"—the steamboat man looked at the stern face of the captain—"this lady," he continued, "is the secret service agent for this place, an' she had to be told."

"What that man says is quite true," said the woman, calmly; "no one in the vicinity knew of the proposed trip of the boat except myself."

"Pardon me, Miss Darrell, did you tell anyone about it in time for the news to have got up to Cairo?"

"I didn't tell a soul. I made my own preparations, and when the boat arrived, her own officers sent word to the people to get ready and come aboard at once so that they could sail in the morning."

"She must have told," protested the angry mate, "an' there's somethin' else significant that makes me, an' made poor Jim Crane, too, believe she done it. She wasn't on board when the attack was made! 'Bout five minutes before they came down on us she left the boat an' walked up the road. We never seen her again. Don't that look as if she was givin' away about the boat?"

"Umph!" said the captain. "I have no doubt that Miss Darrell can explain her absence satisfactorily. I knew her father; her family is not one to breed traitors to any cause. You give me your word of honor, ma'am, that you told no one of the proposed visit of the boat?"

"I give you my word of honor, sir." "That it could not leak out through you?"

"Not in any way."

"Good; I believe you."

"I don't!" cried the mate.

"Keep quiet!" said Captain Murdock, curtly. "I am conducting these investigations. Now, ma'am, will you tell me how you happened to be away from the boat?"

Mrs. John Sears had no answer ready. She could, of course, say that

she left the boat at that moment inadvertently and for no particular reason, but she knew instinctively that such a reply would not satisfy her questioner. Her house had not been completely dismantled, there had not been time for that, but it was perfectly well known that the things she most valued, and which she wished to take with her, were on board the steamer. On board the boat were her maid and her personal servants also.

Those left on the plantation were in the nature of caretakers, upon whose loyalty she had such sufficient dependence as to warrant her in leaving the place in their charge. There was no possible reason which she could urge for her absence which would be convincing. If she told the truth, they would capture her husband. If she said some one had dragged her away they would not believe her. She was in a fearful dilemma.

"Come, Miss Darrell, you surely realize the importance of accounting for your movements, your absence. Why did you leave the steamer before the Yankee attack?"

"I—I just wanted to walk up the road a space, sir. Then I heard the shooting and ran forward. I was frightened, of course, and——"

"Bosh!" exclaimed the mate. "It's all a lie."

"If you don't keep a civil tongue in your head, man," thundered the captain, "I'll have you gagged."

"Jest look at her, cap'n," persisted the man, recklessly. "People like her don't take the lie ca'mly. She's makin' no objection to it. Does she look like a woman what's tellin' the truth?"

"Miss Darrell," began the captain—much as he despised the harsh, brutal tone of the mate, he could not fail to be impressed by the man's shrewd comments—"I grieve, indeed, to say it, but the circumstances are at least suspicious. I beg you to be frank with me. Why did you leave the boat when you did? Where did you go?"

The girl looked at the officer and bit her lips to keep the tears back.

"You must tell me, madam," con-



The next moment, through the window, burst the Federal troops.

tinued the captain, but more coldly, "for unless you can give me a satisfactory account of your absence, I shall be compelled to credit this man's charges and hold you a prisoner. Why did you go?"

"I cannot tell you," faltered the woman.

"I can," said a quiet voice from the corner of the room. The curtains parted, and John Sears stepped unsteadily from the window recess.

"Why did you do it?" cried his wife. She hesitated, then ran to his side. Again she assisted him forward.

Captain Murdock was a gentleman. He recognized first that the strange visitor was ill, wounded. He thrust forward one of the chairs, and Edith helped her husband into it. Then she stood defiantly by his side, resting her hand on his shoulder.

"Now, sir," began the Confederate captain, "perhaps you will be good enough to tell us who you are and what you know about this matter."

"My name is John Sears. I am attached to the personal staff of the flag officer commanding the United States forces on the river."

"Do you hold a commission in the Federal navy, sir?"

"I do not. I am merely a private secretary."

"Ah, a non-combatant, then?"

"Not exactly."

"Humph! Proceed with your story."

"This lady"—Sears glanced at the woman who stood so resolutely by his side—"is my wife."

"Miss Darrell!" exclaimed the officer.

"Mrs. Sears, if you please. We were married on this very porch some six weeks ago."

"Madam," said Captain Murdock, "can this be true?"

"It is true."

"I reckon it is, cap'n," interrupted the mate; "one of her black wimmin told some of my men about it. It seems this Yank was escortin' her home one night, havin' saved her from some peril or other, when they was surrounded by a pack of guerrillas, an' to save him, she claimed to be his wife. That's all I know. Don't ye see how it fits in the story? She notifies him up in Cairo that the boat is comin' down here, an' he comes down to take the steamer an' to git her."

"What have you to say to that?" asked Murdock.

"In the first place," began Sears, "this lady is my lawful wife. That man yonder has only half the story. Mrs. Sears"—this was the first time the title had been bestowed upon her in public, and her face flushed at the sound of it, yet not with shame or anger—"Mrs. Sears—Miss Darrell that was—saved my life, in requital of some slight service I had rendered her, by declaring herself my wife. The officer who commanded wasn't satisfied. There happened to be a stray minister with him going south to join his regiment, and to make certain he married us. This lady, therefore, is my lawful wife."

"Is this true?"

"It is true," answered the woman.

"You can question the negroes if you desire further evidence than my word."

"That is sufficient, madam. Now, as to the charge of betrayal."

"I give you my word of honor, sir," said Sears, firmly, "that Mrs. Sears did not betray your plans. We were informed of the arrival of the steamer by a man, a spy in our service."

"What was his name?"

"I cannot give you that, and if I could I would not. As you know, it is one of the cardinal principles of warfare that, at all hazards, a man must protect his own agents among the enemy. Suffice it to say that I repeat my pledge that in no way did the information come from this lady."

"But her absence from the boat? Your presence here?"

"That also can be explained. One of the objects of the expedition was to seize the person of this lady, who had been represented to us as being the head of the Confederate secret service in this vicinity. I went along with the party as a volunteer. I didn't know until ten minutes before the attack that any particular attempt to seize her was in contemplation. So soon as I learned this I got ashore, under the pretense of reconnoitering, and in the hope of saving her from capture."

"Saving your enemy?"

"Saving my wife, sir. Would you

do less? I knew, in the present state of feeling in Kentucky, that she would be dealt hardly with if she were captured. I hoped in some way to get her away from the boat. Providence was kind to me. I saw her walk up the road. Of her own notion——"

"I was going to take a last look at the crossroad," interrupted the woman, bravely. "It is associated in my mind with incidents I shall never forget."

It was there Sears had met her and rescued her. His heart leaped at this admission. He smiled gratefully up at her.

"I followed her, caught her and dragged her away from the vicinity of the steamer," he continued.

"A likely story," sneered the mate.

"Proceed, sir," went on the captain, unmoved by this comment.

"She struggled. Finally I was forced to carry her away. She screamed and fought back as well as she could."

"Your wife fought you, sir?"

"I am sorry to say that I did," whispered the woman, almost inaudibly.

"Her cries were unnoticed in the tumult consequent upon the boat attack. Having carried her away, I felt responsible for her safety. I knew that my comrades were scouring the woods for me, and we hid in a ravine. When they gave over the search I brought her here."

"But your injuries?"

"Were caused by a foolish and careless misstep on my part in crossing the ravine on the edge of the wood. That is the whole solemn truth, so help me God!"

"I also join my attestation to his," said his wife.

"Have you a marriage certificate, ma'am?" asked Murdock.

"No. I never got any," faltered the woman.

"And you have no evidence to offer except the statement you have made?"

"None."

"Well," continued the captain, reflectively, "it is a strange story. I am disposed to believe it. Yet I feel it my

duty to hold you both. Are you able to mount a horse, sir?"

"I am able to go anywhere that you take my wife," said Sears, firmly.

"Oh, sir," cried the woman, "he is suffering from loss of blood, his arm is broken. It is only temporarily attended to. The doctor is coming. Leave us here under whatever guard you please. I pledge you my word of honor that I won't try to escape."

"You're goin' to let them fool you, pull the wool over your eyes, too?" said the mate.

"Silence!" roared the captain. Then, glad of some object upon which to vent his feelings, he balled his fist toward the man. As he did this there was a roar from the men outside. A rifle shot crackled suddenly from the drive. It was followed by a terrific fusillade, in which could be heard shouts and screams and curses.

"An attack!" cried the captain, turning instantly and running to the porch, upon which he had no sooner set foot than he was shot down. The woman started to follow, but Sears clasped her around the waist.

"Remain where you are. Absolutely quiet. Claim no relationship with me now. Your safety depends upon it."

In the excitement she did not realize what he was saying or what his words meant.

The next moment through the windows burst the Federal troops. The Confederates had been surprised by a battalion that outnumbered them three to one. Those who had not been killed or captured had instantly fled. Coming out of the bright light into the semi-darkness of the room, the Federal officer did not at first recognize Sears. Although he had risen to his feet, his wife had instinctively stepped in front of him as if to shield him.

"Are you Miss Edith Darrell?" began the officer.

"I—was—I—yes."

"Good. You are my prisoner. I was sent down here to arrest you."

"Of what am I accused?"

"Of being the head of the Confeder-

ate secret service. Hello, Sears! What in blazes are you doing here?" he broke forth, as he recognized Sears.

"Those fellows you have just routed," said Sears, quietly, "made me prisoner, major."

"But I thought you were with the party?"

"I was. I landed to reconnoiter, and, falling into a ravine, was knocked senseless and captured, after the boat had been taken by our men. They brought me here, and were questioning me when you came up."

"After the boats left, the colonel sent us down here to coöperate, and perhaps get this woman, if you missed her. Do you know anything of her?"

"Nothing," replied Sears, with an elaborate assumption of great indifference. "That is, I only know what you know, and what I have heard about her."

His wife flashed one indignant and appalled glance at him at this open repudiation of her. What did it mean?

"Can you ride a horse, do you think?" asked the officer.

"Certainly I can, and glad of the chance."

"Madam, if you have any preparations to make you would better make them at once, for you will have to ride with us to Cairo. I'll see about getting you a horse, Sears. Out of here, now, all of you! We have orders not to loot this place."

He turned to his men, and in a moment the room was empty.

"I," said the woman, bitterly drawing herself up and facing her husband with contempt writ large in every line of her figure, "acknowledged you before my friends. Why did you in my moment of peril repudiate me? I shall not forget it."

Before Sears could say a word, she swept through the door into the hall. He did not attempt to communicate with her during the painful ride back to Cairo, in which he required all his strength and fortitude. He was received with open arms by his friends and comrades as one from the dead, while his wife was lodged in the common jail.

STORIES OF THE GRAY

IV.—Stonewall Jackson's Greatest Day

(A Complete Story)

"SO you turn me out, sir?" However the colonel may have felt, whatever inward qualms he may have experienced, there was no outward manifestation of his emotions in the directness with which he returned his daughter's indignant gaze.

"You have turned yourself out," he answered, shortly.

"Father!"

"It is true. I swore that I would have no fellowship with those who were enemies of my country in this fratricidal war. You knew it and——"

"Why should that separate me from you: when you need me so much?"

"Am I a child," cried the colonel, wrathfully, "that I require a nurse?"

"You are ill, feeble——"

"No more of that! I am abundantly able to look after myself with the assistance of the servants. I will have no traitors to the United States in my house!" He struck the arm of his chair vehemently with his old hand.

"Father, think," she pleaded. "I am all that is left you. You drove Richard away and then Tom, and now—— I can't leave you!" She sank down on her knees beside him, a beautiful picture of affection and dismay, as even he admitted in his heart. "What difference does it make what I believe, where my allegiance is given? My duty is with you here. Don't send me away! I can't bear to leave you alone!"

"Why didn't you remain true to me, then? Why did you cast your lot in with these cursed rebels?"

"Can I help that?" returned the girl, indignantly. "I am not a child, either. I must think for myself. I love Virginia as I love the South."

"Are you sure it isn't love for a Virginian that moves you?" queried her father, sarcastically.

"For shame, father! I refused him once to cleave to you."

"Would you do it again?"

"Refuse him? No! Stay with you? Yes!"

"I will have no divided allegiance," cried the old man. "Besides, you work harm to my cause. My sympathies, my position, are well known. Old, feeble and broken as I am, a great many things pass through my hands now. I cannot have a—spy around."

"Oh!" protested the girl, shrinking from the cruel accusation, "how can you apply such a word to me?"

"Because you deserve it! Didn't you reveal that pretty little plan we had for crushing that psalm-singing Puritan, General Jackson, last year? Answer me!" he insisted, as his daughter rose to her feet and stood before him.

"Yes, I did."

"I knew it! I guessed as much. In some way, it was through Herrick, wasn't it?"

"It was." She had flung restraint and constraint to the winds and spoke boldly, with a singular likeness to her father's energy. "He came here to see me."

"Did you summon him?"

"No, he came unknown to me, uninvited—"

"But not unwelcome?" he sneered.

"Is a girl's lover ever unwelcome?" she retorted, defiantly. "I saved him from capture. I had overheard what was planned and I told him. I had warned you that I would, and you gave me permission to find out whatever I could, sir."

"I didn't know you were so smart," commented the old man, grimly.

"You should remember that I am your daughter."

"True!" he laughed—but mirthlessly. "Proceed."

"I told Hugh the plan. He rode back and warned Jackson."

"And you? What did you do?"

"I rode up to General Fulkerson's headquarters."

"And insured his coöperation, I suppose?"

"Yes, and I am glad of it!"

"Preposterous! Amazing!" cried the old man, staring at her in angry astonishment. "I never dreamed— Out of here—at once! Both my boys and—now—you! Well?"

He tapped nervously on the arm of his chair.

"Where shall I go, sir?" asked his daughter.

"You are a woman," returned the colonel, after thinking deeply for a little space. "You cannot shift for yourself as men do, else I have no doubt you would go trapesing after the rebel army."

The girl started, opened her lips to speak, then checked herself.

"We have relatives in Philadelphia," her father continued. "I have property there, you know. I shall send you there."

"Send me to the North, sir?"

"Certainly."

"I shall not go one step in that direction!"

"Where then, pray?"

"To my grandmother, in Richmond."

"As you will," returned the colonel, indifferently. He drew from his pocket a large, old-fashioned purse and emptied its contents into his left hand, which he extended toward her. "Here are two hundred and fifty dollars in good, honest money, United States gold—no Confederate trash, that! You can have it, and it should suffice for your journey. You can go up to Harper's Ferry and take the railroad to Washington. I will give you a letter to a friend of mind there, and through that means you can doubtless obtain a pass to Richmond. As to your support when you get there—"

"Give yourself no further concern as to that, sir," interrupted the girl, proudly. "I shall have a home with my grandmother, and I doubt not that I

can provide for all my other needs. There will be work for the women of the South to do, and I intend to do it."

"Very well," said the colonel, coldly. "If you need anything and will communicate with me I will relieve you."

"I shall not go by way of Harper's Ferry, either!"

"Why not?"

"I do not wish to go near the North, I do not intend to be beholden to the Northern people for anything! I shall go straight across the mountains on horseback until I strike the railroad, which will take me direct to Richmond."

"Alone?"

"Tom will be with me. He is quite recovered now. And if I were alone I have nothing to fear from the Southern soldier."

"As you please," said her father, shortly. "And now, as this interview has greatly tired me, I beg you to excuse me from further discussion."

"Father," implored the girl, "is that all? You won't send me away without your blessing?"

"I wish you well personally," said the indomitable old man, "but I can have no fellowship with rebels and traitors, especially in my own household. Should you change your opinion I shall be glad to — ah — talk with you again. Good-by."

Rosalie Trent stood and looked at her father for a brief space. She wavered toward him finally with outstretched arms, but there was something in the stark look of that iron countenance that repelled her. A sob choked further utterance. Her hands dropped. She turned away and left the room. Outside the

door her brother was waiting for her. He was choking with indignation.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, as his sister, white-faced and sorrowful, came out of the library and into the hall, "if he were not my father I think I'd——"

"Hush, Tom! He is our father— don't say a word," she remonstrated, gently.

"Are you ready to go, Rosalie?" he asked at last, mastering his resentment for the moment.

"I shall be in a few moments. Do you get the horses and bring them around while I make my preparations."

"You won't be able to take much in the way of clothes, you know."

"I shall not attempt anything but a change of linen, another dress and a few necessities which can be put in your saddlebags and my portmanteau, and strapped on the horses' backs."

His sister turned and slowly ascended the stairs. Sergeant Tom waited until she had disappeared above, and then he resolutely opened the door and unceremoniously stepped into the presence of his father.



Something in the stark look of that iron countenance that repelled her.

"I want to say to you, sir," he began—somewhat nervously, it must be confessed—"with all due respect to you as my father, that you are acting like a—brute, sir, in sending my sister away!"

"Have you finished, sir?" asked the surprised colonel.

"Yes, I have," returned the boy, indignantly, standing very erect. He was furiously angry, but there was some force in the old figure, stricken and feeble as it was, in the chair before him that restrained him from further aggression. "I haven't said all that I would like to say either," he constrained himself to add.

"I presume not," began the colonel, with infinite sarcasm. "I now have a vivid illustration of the consequences of rebellion brought home personally to me as never before. Virginia strives to cut the throat of the United States. My son, a mere boy"—Sergeant Tom withered under the cutting contempt in his father's voice and manner—"addresses such language to me, his father, as no gentleman could hear unmoved if he possessed the power to resent it. By heavens, sir!" thundered the old man, suddenly, "were I in my natural strength I'd flog you to your nursery!" This was stretching it slightly, as Sergeant Tom stood six feet in his stockings, and was a remarkably well developed youngster for sixteen years of age. "As it is," continued the colonel, recovering himself with difficulty, "I have still one resource."

"What is that?" faltered the boy, as the old man paused.

"The privilege and the pleasure of showing you the door!"

His gesture was magnificent. Sergeant Tom ground his teeth together impotently, stamped his feet irresolutely, and finally turned on his heel and bolted impetuously from the room. The old man smiled rather grimly at this exit.

"The lad has pluck," he muttered; "so has the girl. Oh, God, if it had only been turned in another direction! No traitors in my house!" he murmured. "Never!"

His head sank forward on his hand. He sat silent, listening, waiting. Presently he heard his daughter's step descending the stair. She paused at the door of the library, but did not enter. The old colonel had steeled his heart against her, yet in spite of himself he half hoped that she would come in, and he was correspondingly disappointed when she did not. After her pause there he heard her go out on the porch.

The horses were brought around. There was a few minutes' bustle while they were arranging matters, putting the saddlebags in place, and then Sergeant Tom mounted her on White-foot. Then he mounted himself. There was another pause, then they turned slowly away.

The colonel could follow the scene in his mind. Presently the riders spoke to their horses and moved down the walk.

The old man seized his crutches—he had constant need of them since the last attack—painfully adjusted them, struggled to his feet and stepped toward the window. He turned the slats in the Venetian blinds and looked after the two.

They stopped when they reached the gate and both looked back at the house long and earnestly. The unseen observer saw his daughter's head droop finally. She let the reins fall on the horse's neck and put her head in her hands. She was weeping.

There was a suspicious moisture in the eyes of the old man also. He pressed his lips together, and when they disappeared down the road he turned and stumped back to his chair and sank down in it, a huddled heap. A very lonely, desolate, feeble-looking old figure! If he had been honest with himself he would have admitted at that moment that he wished she would come back.

On the afternoon of May 1st, a week later, Sergeant Tom and his sister were riding along a mountain road toward the little village of Chancellorsville. The weather had been delightfully pleasant. They found when they crossed the mountains that the train

service was inconvenient, and Rosalie herself had suggested that they proceed to Richmond on horseback. They knew that the Union forces were to the north of them. They were far enough south to be covered by Confederate detachments, which were strung along between the Rappahannock and the mountains on the watch for any movement of the Union army.

The chance suggestion that her father had given her had developed into a fixed purpose in the girl's mind. She wanted to see her brother Richard, whom she had not seen since that day at Staunton, three years ago. She wanted to gratify Tom's ardent desire to join his regiment, and she wanted to see Hugh Herrick, who would be with Jackson's corps of Lee's army.

Women often visited the armies on either side when they were not engaged in actual battle. There was no impropriety in her going with one brother to see another brother. She could easily get to Richmond from the army. Her brothers and Hugh Herrick would attend to that.

As they moved toward Chancellorsville, beyond which lay the headquarters of the Army of Northern Virginia, they had heard rumors of impending maneuvers; scattered detachments passed them from time to time on the way to the front, summoned there to meet the threatened invasion of the Army of the Potomac under Hooker. The main roads were soon filled with troops, cavalry, infantry, artillery, pack trains, all hurrying eastward.

This put a somewhat different face upon the situation, but it was too late for them to make a change in their plans, and Tom, to whom the decision was largely left, concluded to press on. He was burning with anxiety to get to the army, and perhaps thought less of Rosalie's position than he would have done under other circumstances.

One thing they could do. They could leave the highroads and take bridle paths over the mountains, saving many a mile by short cuts, and avoiding the discomfort of scrutiny and inquiry to which they were subjected by

every detachment of soldiers. They stopped at night at a mountain cabin, and the next morning resumed their journey.

Heavy firing had been heard the day before in front, and the noise of battle and all the rumor and excitement that center around a great engagement were in the air. Rosalie scarcely knew what to do. She could not stay where she was; so she yielded to her brother's urging that it would do no harm for them to push on to the front.

Where they were in the mountains everything was calm and peaceful, as if war had not been dreamed of; but beneath the twitter of the birds, the soft sigh of the wind of the fresh spring day, coming through the pines, they could hear the muttered diapason of distant cannonading.

The road, a mere bridle path, wandered in and out the hills, crooked and tortuous, so they could see nothing on either side. Its general direction, however, was eastward, and they knew it would bring them eventually toward their goal, which was the village of Chancellorsville.

Coming around the side of the hill, they ran almost into the arms of a body of horsemen on a crossroad. They were in full view of the oncoming troops. To run away was out of the question. There was a great cloud of dust before the approaching soldiers, who seemed to be several hundred strong, and it was not easy to distinguish at a first glance what they were. Tom halted instinctively, drew out his revolver and interposed between his sister and the others. A second glance, however, told him that the uniforms were gray.

"They wear our uniforms," he said, looking keenly. "They are our men!" He stared intently at them. "It's our regiment!" He thrust back his pistol, took off his hat and waved it in the air, yelling frantically.

Two or three horsemen detached themselves from the mass and galloped toward the two. The remainder of the soldiers were trotting rapidly along the road.

"Don't you see?" cried Tom. "It's the colonel! And Dick is with him!"

Yes, Rosalie saw. At least, she saw Herrick, and for the moment she saw no one else. He was her lover, and her eyes had never seen a picture that filled them better—grimy, dusty, travel-stained as he was. A second glance and she identified her brother Richard in much the same condition.



He took off his hat and waved it in the air, yelling frantically.

"Great God!" cried Herrick, reining in his horse. "Rosalie! You here!"

He would have taken her in his arms had it not been for the curious gaze of the men of the regiment trotting past a short distance below them. Richard Trent had no such scruples, however. He doffed his hat and kissed his sister.

"I have to report for duty, sir," said Sergeant Tom to the colonel.

"Are you all right?"

"All right now, sir."

"Very good. Fall in with your troop," answered the colonel, mechanically. "Now, Rosalie?"

"Father has turned us off—me rather," faltered the girl. "He drove me out of the house."

Herrick started and then smote the palms of his hands indignantly together, as if he could not trust himself to speak. Richard Trent bit his lip.

"You were going?" he asked of his sister.

"To Richmond. Father wanted to send me to Philadelphia, but I—I—wouldn't go to the North," she faltered again.

"Brave girl!" cried her lover, and she flushed under his hearty praise.

"I said I would go across the mountains and take a train there, and then it was so pleasant Tom and I just rode along. I—I wanted to see—you—Richard."

"And me? Don't forget me!" urged Herrick, jealously.

"And you, too," answered the girl, looking at him bravely with her eyes shining.

"Thank God!"

"But what are we going to do with her, Herrick?" asked Major Trent.

"I don't know," answered the colonel, in great bewilderment. "I had thought of nothing else in the joy of meeting you again, Rosalie."

"Where are you going?" asked the girl.

"We are riding around the flank of the Union army. Howard's corps, I believe. It's in the air. We're trying to find Jackson to let him know the position. We have been on a raiding trip for two days."

"Let me go with you."

"There's nothing else to be done," Herrick answered, dubiously. "At any rate, we won't get in touch with the enemy until we meet Jackson. Is your horse fresh?"

"Much more than yours, I judge," answered Rosalie, who knew much about such matters, looking at the horses ridden by her brother and her lover and the jaded steeds of the men.

"Come, then. We'll get to the head of the column and so out of the dust."

As she passed by the long line of dusty soldiers, Richard, who wished to make the situation entirely clear and thus avoid gossip, said to several of the captains in a voice loud enough to be heard by all the men:

"This is my sister. She is going to Richmond and fortunately fell in with us."

The sight of Rosalie was a good one for the tired soldiers, and with true Southern gallantry they cheered her to the echo. Flushed and happy she took her place between her lover and her brother at the head of the regiment. It was evident that Herrick was out for business, for he led his men forward with as much speed as was consistent with the condition of the roads. But however engrossed he was in his duties, he found time to whisper a great many unimportant but delightful things to Rosalie.

The morning passed rapidly, and noontime found them in a pleasant valley with a good road before them, the Orange Plank Road. Herrick had dispatched several of his best mounted troopers to gallop ahead of the regiment and inform General Jackson of the condition of the Union flank.

In a pleasant glade he halted his command for half an hour and gave his men and animals a little rest. The tired horses were watered at a nearby brook and allowed to get a bite of

fresh green grass. Fires were burning in an instant and the veteran troopers soon had coffee boiling which, with hard-tack, seasoned with hunger, made a welcome repast. Rosalie thought she had never eaten anything quite so delicious as this rude meal.

The several officers of the regiment came up and were presented to her during the halt, and for half an hour she held a sylvan court as Maid Marian might have done in Sherwood Forest. It was over all too soon.

"We shall have to push on more rapidly now," said Herrick, looking at her doubtfully, after she had mounted. He was delighted to be in her society, yet her presence greatly embarrassed him.

"You can't go too fast for me or for Whitefoot," said Rosalie, audaciously.

She had been miserable and wretched all week owing to her differences with her father, but now, youthlike, she had forgotten everything in the presence of her lover. Once more at the head of the column—and the mere being there, glancing backward from time to time at the long line of brave men trotting behind her, thrilled her to the very soul—she cantered down the road.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, coming through the forest, they saw before them in the road a great body of men advancing. A regiment of cavalry scouted in front and on either side. Immediately in rear of these, from where they stood on a hill, they marked a man riding followed by a brilliant staff, then came the infantry, the guns, more cavalry, more infantry, more guns, in apparently interminable succession. The sunlight sparkled on bayonets and musket barrels, and was reflected from polished cannon; and, upstoted above the gray-clad host, from a thousand staffs, fluttered the flag she loved, the stars and bars of the blessed Southland.

"He's had the message!" cried Herrick, triumphantly.

"Yes, it must have reached him earlier than we thought possible," assented Major Trent, who was with them. The regiment had halted in the shelter of the trees.

"Who is it?" asked the girl.

"Stonewall Jackson," answered her lover, throwing back his head exultantly as he did so. "He's on the march. That is his corps. We belong to him. We are going to strike the Yankees on the flank and double them up. Bring up the colors!" he called out, turning back to the color guard. "Forward! Trot! March!"

Attended by the color bearer and followed by Rosalie and Richard, and then by the regiment, he rode out of the wood and appeared on the road. The cavalry in advance, at sight of him, immediately prepared for offense or defense, but Herrick and his men went on boldly, and were at once recognized. A mighty cheer rent the air. Both regiments of cavalry halted. Herrick, attended by Richard and Rosalie and his orderly, galloped through the advance toward the solitary figure on horseback.

Never in all her life would Rosalie Trent forget the picture of that black-bearded, silent, impassive man, riding composedly toward them, backed by his staff, veterans of a score of battles, all covered with the dust of hard marching and campaigning. Herrick saluted as he drew near.

"Good-afternoon, Colonel Herrick," said the general, formally.

"Good-afternoon, general. You got my message, sir?"

"I did. We were already on the march. With General Lee's permission, I have decided to attempt to turn the Union right, while he keeps them busy in front of him. I did not know, however, until your message came, that the flank was so utterly unprotected."

"I suppose, sir," said Herrick, quickly, "they never dreamed you would attempt anything like that. They outnumber us three to one."

"Hardly that," interrupted the general, smiling.

"Well, two to one, anyway. There's no end to them, and they would, naturally, imagine that General Lee would keep every man he had in his own battle line without attempting to outflank."

"I suppose so," assented the general.

"And there's only one army on earth that would dare divide its forces and outflank an army twice as great as its own, and that's yours, sir."

Jackson nodded pleasantly.

"And there's only one general that would dare do it, either," continued Herrick, at which the general smiled slightly.

"Thank you, colonel. Who is this?" he asked, looking at the young lady.

"Miss Rosalie Trent, sir. Major Trent's sister."

"And what is she doing here, may I ask? You will pardon me, Miss Trent, but this is no place for a woman."

"My father, sir—has—has sent me to Richmond, and I accidentally stumbled on Colonel Herrick's command."

"General, allow me," interposed Herrick. "Miss Trent is the lady who took the message to General Fulkerson last year, you will remember."

"Exactly," said the general. "Miss Trent, we owe you much. I wish there was something we could do for you now. But there is desperate work before us and—"

"General Jackson," burst out the girl, impulsively, "I am not tired. Let me ride with you! I promise you I will remain where you tell me when the actual fighting begins."

"But if we should be driven back and forced to retreat?" said Jackson, gravely, yet with a sparkle of pleasant amusement in his face.

"I cannot conceive that you could ever be driven back or forced to retreat, sir."

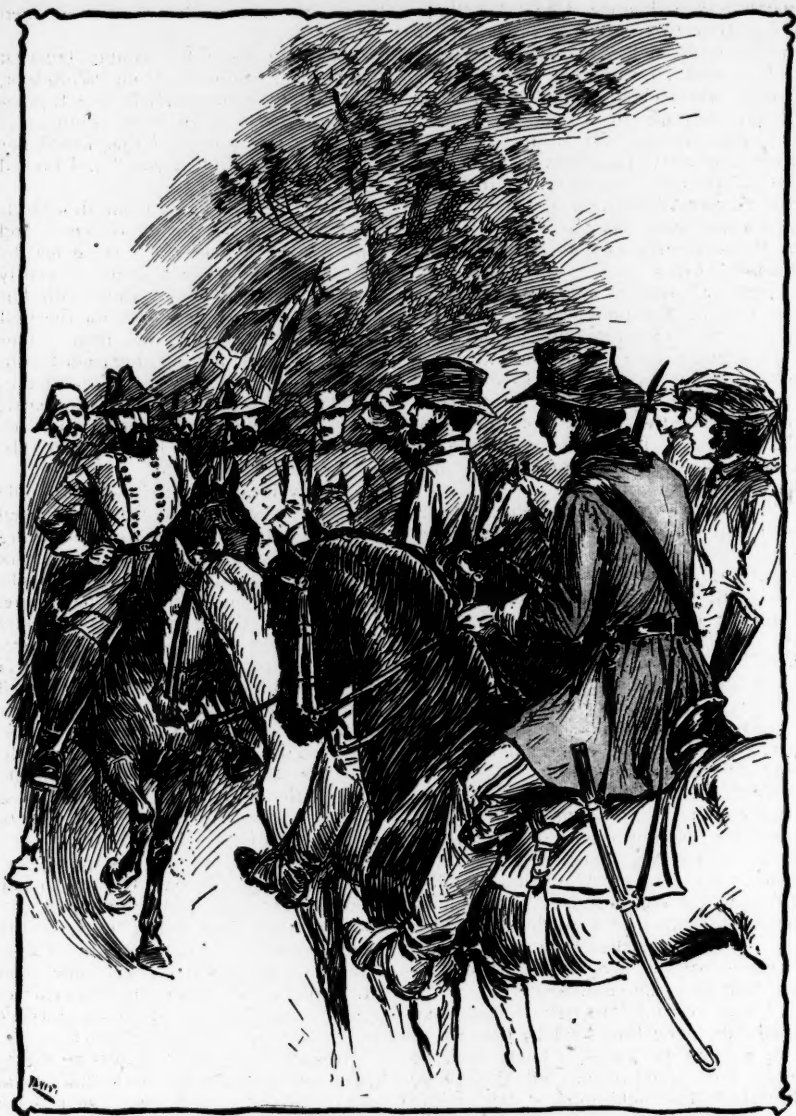
"That answer"—and this time Jackson smiled broadly—"deserves a reward!"

"And, General Jackson," Herrick once more deftly interrupted, "Miss Trent is here because she doesn't agree with her father about the South."

"I see," said the general, kindly. "I understand. Well, if you will do exactly as I wish, and stay where I tell you, you may come."

"Does anyone ever disobey you, sir?" asked the girl, smiling brightly.

The general smiled again.



—that black-bearded, silent, impassive man, riding composedly toward them.

"Not twice," said Herrick, with singular appositeness.

Although he was on the eve of bat-

tle, having projected and being about to carry out successfully one of the most brilliant and daring military

maneuvers in history, General Jackson found time to converse a great deal in the intervals of hearing reports, giving orders, and so forth, with the young woman who rode by his side at the head of that magnificent corps.

It was perhaps half after four in the afternoon when Jackson's men reached the old turnpike road about half a mile east of the Wilderness Tavern. Some two miles away lay the exposed flank of the Eleventh Corps—Howard's—of Hooker's army.

Jackson's march was well known to the Federal commanders. Through a gap in the trees his soldiers had been seen defiling over a distant mountain, but it was the general impression that the Confederates were in retreat, and no one had the slightest suspicion of the purpose of Jackson's famous march, especially as the last portion of it had been carefully concealed.

A halt was made, and "old Stonewall's foot cavalry," which had gained such imperishable renown under its great captain, was formed in three parallel battle lines perpendicular to the turnpike road and extending far into the woods on either side. With the first line, Rodes' division, were placed Crutchfield's guns, and on the flanks the cavalry. The field hospital was established at the Wilderness Tavern, in preparation for the certain bloody victims of the undertaking.

With the field hospital Rosalie Trent took her station, anxious to be of service. For having reported the Federal position, Jackson constituted Herrick's men as his own escort. With a thoughtful kindness characteristic of him, just before the advance he ordered Herrick to see that Rosalie Trent was safely bestowed at the tavern, with directions for him to rejoin immediately.

Never would Herrick forget that mad ride along that road by the side of the woman he loved. There was no time for conversation, but they were together; he could look at her, rising and falling on her gallant steed as she raced along beside him in the sweetness of the soft May evening. The advance of the medical contingent was already

busy at the tavern when the two reached there.

Springing from his saddle, Herrick lifted his sweetheart from Whitefoot, clasped her in his arms in one fervent embrace, careless of who might see, pressed a kiss upon her lips, heard her whispered "God bless you," and turned away.

There were prayers from thousands of women always during the war, and more especially on the eve of battle, but none ever prayed more fervently than the woman who waited with Dr. McGuire and his assistants for the first gory arrivals from the field. Her father had cast her off, her two brothers and her lover were at the front. Would they come through the battle storm scatheless? Zealously she petitioned the Divine Father that He would watch over them.

All day long toward Chancellorsville the roar and rumble of battle had been in the air, but there was no mistaking the sharper, louder sounds which at six o'clock that night indicated that Jackson had come in touch with the enemy. The men of the Eleventh Corps were idling in their camp, some of them preparing supper, when at that hour a sudden volley of musketry crashed through the startled air, a moment later followed by long lines of gray breaking through the underbrush and falling upon the exposed and open flank. The Confederates were squarely across the Union lines. They were in rear of it, in front of it.

Organization, order, discipline, everything, went in one terrific smash. Like hunted hares, like animals dislodged from their forest lairs, before the Confederate advance the Union troops streamed up the turnpike road or through the woods in every direction, seeking shelter from the terrible sweep of that inundating attack.

Howard, one-armed, desperate, heroically endeavoring to check the retreat and reform his men, was swept back with the rest. Through the tangled underbrush the conquering Jackson came on. The defeated Howard gave back and back. It seemed as if the

Union army were doomed; that the awful attack would never be stopped; that no check was possible.

But as the shades of night descended, the Confederate troops became badly disorganized in turn. A halt to reform was called—fatal halt! Their front line had been badly handled. One of the supporting lines must take its place in the van.

This took time. Time was all the Federals wanted. Twenty-two cannon were rushed to the front and loaded with shrapnel and canister. Infantry marching from the left and center in spite of the fact that Lee was attacking furiously all along the line, to keep the remainder of the army occupied, were approaching the scene of conflict.

A regiment of Pennsylvania cavalry, a handful, galloped up. General Pleasanton threw this regiment recklessly into the face of Jackson's men when the next advance began. They were sacrificed, of course, but Keenan's charge had not been in vain. It gave Pleasanton a little more time to get his guns in position.

At dusk the Confederates again burst from the woods. They had sheathed their own battle flags, and, with intent to delude the Union troops above them, fluttered but one standard, the stars and stripes captured a short time before. The ruse was futile.

Five thousand muskets exchanged messengers of death with the Federal batteries. In their excitement the Confederates overshot. The Union guns were depressed, and the ricochet of the exploding shells swept through the attacking line.

The assault was checked, and the golden moment was lost.

Jackson, riding at the head of his own army to reconnoiter, was fired upon by the Union troops in front of him. He turned and galloped back to his men. It was dark on the road under the trees. The Confederate soldiers, mistaking the party for Federal cavalry, opened fire.

The great captain fell back from his horse struck by three bullets from his own men. Herrick, who was also slight-

ly wounded by a bullet, which grazed his head, received the commander in his arms. He it was who, with others, brought Jackson to the Wilderness Tavern late that night. He had galloped on ahead to make arrangements.

There he found Rosalie Trent, white, haggard, bedraggled, blood-stained, weary. She had given invaluable service. Had not the demands of the wounded relieved the tension by affording her occupation, she must have died of anxiety for those she loved, all three of whom were safe.

"You are wounded!" she cried, as her lover burst upon her, his head tied with a blood-stained handkerchief.

"A scratch," answered the young man. "But Stonewall Jackson——"

"Not dead?"

"Desperately wounded. We don't know. They are bringing him here. We must make ready for him."

"And the battle?"

"We have won—but at a fearful price."

And Rosalie Trent stood by the general's bedside a week later when the great spirit of the knightly captain took its way to a land where wars are never waged. She, with his devoted wife and his faithful friends, heard the hero's dying words. In his delirium he cried out:

"Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action! Pass the infantry to the front rapidly. Tell Major Hawkes——"

She heard him stop, leaving the sentence unfinished. Moments of grateful quietness supervened, quietness as peaceful as the Sunday outside. The fever of unrest abated. The end, thank God, was to be peace. As they bent lower to watch and to listen, a smile of ineffable sweetness spread over the pale face of the dying commander. A look of relief, of joy—foretaste of the future, perhaps—illuminated the wasted features. He whispered slowly and quietly:

"Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." And that was all.

No, Rosalie Trent never forgot her day with Stonewall Jackson.



THE OUT-OF-TOWN GIRL IN NEW YORK

BY

Grace Margaret Gould

THE New York girl is the out-of-town girl in July, but the out-of-town girl who comes to New York in July may find pleasure and profit for all that.

For one thing, if she arrives early enough in the month, she may have a chance to see how her city sister prepares for "fresh woods and pastures new." She not only can get a hint or two of the new way of packing, but she can obtain a liberal education in traveling by studying the New York girl on the ferries and at the stations, noting her traps and golf sticks, her genius in adapting the dress to the occasion, and her faculty for always doing the right thing, of the most up-to-date and latest sort, at the right time.

Then, too, while New York is socially deserted in midsummer, it contains a million or so interesting people of its own, and a half million of still more interesting people from the rest of the world. Westerners and Southerners en route, when reaching New York, are apt to stop for a while, and with every day spent, the inclination becomes stronger. The prominent attractions of the city are all there, even if the crowds have diminished, and never can there be a better chance for sightseeing. Of course it is hot; but other places are

hot, too, while only one place is New York.

And for a third thing, the shops are all open in July, as cool, perhaps, as when packed and thronged at Christmas-tide. It is the between-season shopper who catches the bargains. The displays are most attractive, and the prices often reduced. One has a chance, too, to ask questions, and look about at one's leisure, which is something impossible when New York is at the height of its season. Indeed, the big city has its compensations for the out-of-town girl coming in July.

In strolling through the shops, the out-of-town girl cannot fail to be attracted by the display of parasols. Here are novelties which she never dreamed of before—parasols to match the gown, whether it be of silk or linen, and handles to wonder at! There are green silk parasols with long green enameled wood handles, finished with a natural looking parrot's head. And there are parasols in all the gay-tinted ombré and flower-strewn silks, which have long black handles, boasting a carved black elephant's head or a smart looking French poodle, as black as if he were alive, to say nothing of wise-looking owls, whose solemn-looking eyes blink at you if you press the button right, and haughty roosters, with their gay red combs, and mild-looking black, lucky kittens, with very green eyes. And most of these parasols are made with a very new invention—a folding

handle, which means that the parasol does not have to be carried when traveling, but can be easily packed or conveniently slipped into one's dress-suit case.

It is not only the parasol which the New York girl orders to match her different frocks, but her hat, gloves, belt, shoes and stockings. This is

There certainly is a fad for the out-of-town girl to note and tell her home friends about!

The monogram fad has no thought of waning. Artistic monograms beautifully embroidered are found not only where you might expect them, but where you might not. The newest silk stockings have the owner's monogram

embroidered just above the knee. And, by the way, the stockings are in the pastel colors, shading from a dark tint at the toe to a light tint at the knee. Of course there are others exactly matching in coloring the frock with which they are worn, and showing much delicate open work, but the shaded stocking is the novelty of the summer. The New York girl has many of her shirt waists made with a pocket at the left side, the pocket buttoning over with a flap. And here, too, you find the monogram.

Speaking of the all-important shirt waist, the out-of-town girl is sure to be interested in the way the New York girl packs hers. She does not stuff the sleeves with tissue paper as she does her more elaborate waists of silk and chiffon; instead she tucks them away in a dainty case, which she has spe-

cially made for their safekeeping en route. She makes the case herself, using either some pretty flowered dimity or plain white linen. It must be a trifle longer and wider than the shirt waists. The case consists of an oblong piece of material the required size, lined with white china silk and padded with a thin layer of cotton batting sprinkled with a good sachet. The four edges are bound with white silk or finished with a narrow



The new parasol with folded handle.

specially illustrated in the costumes of linen decorated with the eyelet embroidery. With this sort of frock the parasol and the belt are of the eyelet embroidery, and so is the hat, which, if it is the very latest thing, is a baby shape, with the brim of frills of the open-work embroidery, and the crown of plain linen decorated in the center with the owner's monogram exquisitely embroidered in slightly raised letters.

frill of lace. The two long edges are folded over till they meet in the center, where they are tied with ribbons. One end of the case is stitched. The other end is left open, so that the waists can be slipped in. Even when the New York girl is off for just the over-Sunday trip, she will find a dainty shirt-waist case of this sort most convenient to slip into her dress-suit case when she wants to carry with her an extra waist or two. Of course the New York girl never thinks of packing her shoes the way her good mother used to. Each shoe now has a separate little bag of its own, which keeps it from rubbing against the other articles in the trunk. And, by the way, before the packing begins, the bottom and the sides of the trunk have securely tacked to them cheese-cloth pads sprinkled and sacheted with the favorite perfume of the girl who owns the trunk. Of course, if she happens to be a New York girl of wealth, she departs for her summer home followed by an express wagon full of trunks. She has special trunks for her hats, a shoe trunk and many of the new wardrobe trunks, which are fitted with drawers and coat and skirt hangers. These trunks have no trays to lift out, and one's frocks hang up just as they do in the closets at home.

The lace coat, this year, is one of the most important garments in the New York girl's summer wardrobe. They are worn not only with a skirt to match, but are quite as fashionable with a skirt of an entirely different material. These separate lace coats vary greatly in length. Some are of the short box order, with loose pagoda sleeves, and others come thirty inches in length. They give an air of elegance to the costume, though, of course, as far as warmth is concerned, they are of but little value. In deep cream color the coats are the most fashionable, though they are also seen in white and black.

Since the small hat has become the vogue, the variety of hair ornaments is rapidly increasing.

The out-of-town girl is sure to observe this as she goes about in the big New York shops. Combs of all sorts and all sizes are worn in the hair, and where a set of combs used to consist of a big comb and two side combs, it now comprises five combs and a barrette. The shell barrettes have given place to the most exquisite of pins in gold, gun metal and silver, showing sprays of enameled or Art Nouveau flowers. Jet combs are all the vogue, and another pretty idea is to wear in the hair a row of graduated roses, which simulate in effect a comb. They are worn right at the back of the high *coiffure*, and are very effective in other flowers as well as roses.

Perhaps there is nothing which the New York shops are showing which will astonish the out-of-town girl more than the new sacheted rats. Surely, a sacheted rat ought to attract attention! But these rats are not of the long-tailed, bewhiskered sort that prowls about at night. The sacheted rat is very dainty, and has much to do with producing the pretty effect of the soft, graceful, wavy pompadour. It is nothing but a small roll of soft silk exactly matching the hair in color. This roll is



Rose comb for the hair.

stuffed with very little hair, and strips of sacheted flannel. The sacheted flannel, which is sold at the best drug stores, is used in a variety of ways by the New York girl. A strip of it is often found in the lining of her hat, or

colienne, which show flounces and insertions of the eyelet embroidery in the same color, are exceptionally lovely. The skirts are well cut and ready to fit on the band, and the right number of yards for the waist comes with each pattern. Hyacinth blue is one of the new colors seen in these dresses. They also come in tan, pink, gray and reseda green.

Another bargain worth picking up for future use is the separate silk collar, elaborately embroidered. These collars are seen in a variety of shapes, and stretch well over the shoulders. In deep cream color silk embroidered in Art Nouveau flowers in shaded greens and white, they make a charming accessory for a waist or a jacket that is in need of a new touch. Frequently silk braid is mingled with the embroidery, and but little of the foundation silk of the collar is seen. Deep silk cuffs matching these collars are also to be found in the shops—cuffs so high that they reach from wrist to elbow.

Since the chemisette bodice has come into such popularity, there is no end to the pretty chemisettes. Those in the shops seem to have been forgotten when the bargain prices went around, for they are still selling at high prices.

It is well, however, for the out-of-town girl to take a look at them, for she may get a suggestion or two which will be useful when she starts to make one for herself. The prettiest are of very fine linen, tucked and trimmed with either



Low waist to be worn with a variety of skirts.

tucked away beneath the frill which heads the flounce of her silk petticoat.

The robe dresses which the shops are selling these days at bargain prices are worth buying and putting away, to make up in the fall. Those in silky

narrow Valenciennes lace or hand embroidery. They are also made of dotted net. The most fashionable of these chemisettes are all white, and are sold with under-sleeves to match. These under-sleeves will be worn not only throughout the summer, but the fall, as the three-quarter-length sleeve is not a mere passing fashion fad. If one wishes to introduce a touch of color into the chemisette—which is not bad taste if it is to be worn with a lace waist, or one of a dark, plain color—then combine the material of the chemisette, whether it is lace insertion or bands of fine plaits, with very narrow flower-scattered ribbon.

The candy shops in New York cannot fail to be a revelation to the girl from out of town. The New York girl of to-day is not satisfied with receiving her bonbons in the conventional candy boxes, and, fortunately for her, the man who sends them realizes this. If she has a pet dog upon whom she lavishes much affection, it will surely please her to receive her favorite candies in a box which is the facsimile of the dog of her heart. Black French poodle candy boxes are now on sale, showing the dog shaved in the most approved fashion, and having about his *papier-maché* neck a ribbon tied in a big bow; also alert-looking fox terriers are to be found, to say nothing of collie puppies and little black-and-tans. These dogs have leather collars finished with a silver bell or padlock. To get at the candies it is necessary to take doggie's head off. But this in no way injures the candy box. Then there are little wicker automobiles packed with candy for the motor-loving girl. And still another high-priced novelty, but one, by the way, which cannot be sent out of town, consists of a small growing pot of flowers, with a silk bag filled with specially selected sweetmeats tied to the flower pot. Not many candies can be sent in this way, and yet the idea is a pretty one. For example, there are pots of growing violets, the pot put in a silver or china jardinière. The neck of the jardinière shows a hollow, into which the cord of the candy bag is put, and this prevents

it from slipping. The bag hangs down either over the side or the front of the silver pot, and may be of plain silk or hand-embroidered.

The girl whose income is limited should always try to have at least one lace bodice in her wardrobe. Worn with a skirt of diaphanous material, it will make a pretty and yet inexpensive evening frock. Lace in a delicate *écru* shade is the best to select, and about four or five inches wide. In a number of pretty patterns, lace can be bought which will not cost more than fifty cents a yard. About seven yards of lace would be required for making a low-necked, short-sleeved waist. For the trimming use either pompadour ribbon or black velvet ribbon. Two ladders of little ribbon bows trim either side of the front of the waist, and shoulder straps



A flower variation of the polo turban.

are used of the ribbons, also tied in bows. The sleeves are merely a double ruffle of the lace, the top ruffle attached to the last shoulder strap—there should be three. A half inch wide ribbon is a good width to select, and one piece of ribbon will be required. The back should be plain, and the waist finished with a shaped and stiffened belt of the lace, trimmed at the bottom and the top with a band of the ribbon tied in a pert little bow. A waist of this sort will not only serve duty in connection with a light skirt as a party gown, but, worn

with long gloves and a chemisette, it would do nicely as a restaurant dinner frock or theater costume.

One of the most fashionable of the round polo turbans seen this summer was specially made to order for a New York girl, carrying out her own ideas. The top of the turban was a mass of shaded pink roses, and around the wide edge were intertwined green stems, with here and there a leaf and a half hidden rosebud. At the left side was an up-standing pale green aigrette. The effect was original and very lovely.



AN English servant of one of our great houses much astonished the family minister, who had called to make inquiries on the occasion of the birth of a child.

"Is it a boy?"

"No, sir."

"Oh! a girl?"

"No, sir."

The inquirer gasped, and the servant continued with dignity:

"Madame has given birth to an heir."



EXPECTING guests to a dinner, the host gave instructions to his negro servant to announce distinctly the names of the guests as they came. The first arrivals were Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald and family of eight. The servant began: "Mr. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Fitzgerald, Miss Fitzgerald, Mr. Frederick Fitzgerald," and so on till he had announced all the names, whereupon the host went up to him and told him to try and announce them in a shorter way if possible. The next to come were Mr., Mrs. and Miss Penny. The servant was just about to announce them as before when he remembered his master's instructions, so he called out: "Three Pennies."



A VENERABLE bishop had occasion to engage a new footman, and on the strength of excellent recommendations accepted the services of a youth whose sole experience was that of a stable lad. The first duty which the new footman was called upon to perform was the accompanying of the bishop on a series of formal calls. "Bring the cards, James," said the clergyman, "and leave one at each house." For two hours the carriage traveled from house to house until the bishop's list was exhausted. "This is the last house, James," he said. "Leave two cards here." "Beggin' yer pardon, sir," came the reply, "but I can't do that. There's only the ace of spades left."

The Mother of the Violets

By Eden Phillpotts

IN smiling Provence, the land of the vine and olive, the cradle of the old troubadours, dwelt Josette Guadron and her brother Oscar. Their father was dead, and the man and woman lived in a cottage with their mother upon the plain that extends between Hyères and the Mediterranean.

Josette, like most of the women of that rural district, toiled in the fields of flowers; but constant stooping had not yet rounded her shoulders or spoiled her young, straight figure. She was dark and pale, with a deep bosom and powerful frame. Her eyes forever laughed; her pretty mouth was always ready to break into a smile. When it did so a dimple that distracted men appeared upon Josette's left cheek. Two lads had made a wager to kiss the dimple; and one succeeded before he felt the weight of Josette's strong arm and laughed at her stinging blow on his face; but the other—poor little Georges Cochet—was not quick enough. His attempted endearment failed, and the girl had thrown him bodily into a mud dyke, to the delight of a row of violet pickers.

Josette's life was occupied with love and flowers. She might have married any lad in Hyères. Good boys, steady boys, young boys, promising boys and old boys, who owned their own vines and houses, were quite ready to wed her; but she hesitated, and chose for the present to labor in the flower gardens. Now she toiled among the fragrant freesias, now she worked in the narcissi beds; now, one in a line of plodding women with bent backs, she crept over a violet field. A row of drab figures, their great straw hats tied on with bright-colored handkerchiefs, would start at one end of the violets, and pass

slowly over their purple, like mighty locusts that devoured every blossom. Behind them all was green, and not a bud remained to show color; before them the purple glowed in spring sunshine, and each light breeze that dallied there came to the nostril soaked with sweetness.

"It is the best work of all," said Josette. "One forgets one's back when one breathes the violets."

Her brother Oscar worked in the salt pans, where they stretch between the arms that join Presqu'île de Giens to the mainland. One peninsula is a wind-blown beach of sand, shell and scrub, three miles long; and upon the other lies a pine forest and the road which runs to Giens. Within these arms a strange industry flourishes, for hither comes the Mediterranean—saltest of seas—to flood many acres of ground, and when the summer suns have scorched up this water, a mile of glittering brine is spread upon the pans. Then men trudge the *tables solantes*, pushing before them wooden scoops or scrapers, and so the annual deposit is collected, to be presently cleansed and purified of the other chemical ingredients left behind them by the vanished waves.

Along the road to Giens may be observed a row of little erections under red tiles. They stand upon a ridge above the salt pans, and at first sight are taken for cottages or buildings in connection with the larger saline factory near them; but in reality these square dots, spread here in a line above the shining water, are salt stacks; and, as husbandmen at home build a rick of hay and thatch it with straw, so here the annual harvest of the salt pans is

stored in solid masses of some hundreds of tons, then carefully tiled against the weather until it shall be required.

There came a spring day when Josette went to gather sticks in the Avenue Victoria. They were lopping the plane trees there, and men stood up among the naked branches and shouted and sawed a way at the boughs of the trees, while below other men and women and children, with chatter and laughter and buzz of business, broke up the wood into bundles and carried it away on their backs or in hand barrows. The road was covered with a sort of tawny fur, where a million seed balls of the planes were trampled under foot, and smoke stung the eyes, for at every few paces fires smoldered along the roadway, and slowly consumed the debris from the trees. Great piles of brown fruit and broken twigs burned into gray ashes, and round the ruddy glow of them there danced and shouted many children—the boys in black blouses and the little girls gay with bright plaids of the sort that the Var peasants love, laughing and chatting as they went.

"Louis," said Josette to a tall young fellow who had been assisting her, "help my fagot to my shoulder. I can carry no more."

She had built a truss of small wood that might have well wearied a man to carry, and Louis Bonnébault thought so, too.



Then he drew her to him.

"'Tis beyond your strength, Mademoiselle Gaudron," he said.

"Bah! Look at my arms. For that matter, you have felt their weight yourself."

The man laughed. He it was who had kissed Josette, and won his wager at the expense of a blow upon his cheek. Young Bonnébault was the friend, and perhaps the only friend, of Josette's brother Oscar. They worked together at the salt pans. Despite the affair of the kiss, Josette liked Louis well enough,

and, idle, good-for-nothing though he was, she seemed more disposed to take him for a husband than any better man. This whim none understood, save upon the general principle that women are past understanding; for Bonnébault had nothing in his favor but a pleasant face and a good temper. He was poor; his

hut at Giens was little better than a dog kennel; he drank; he wasted his time; he failed to justify his existence upon any plane whatsoever.

"But," said Josette, when her mother cited these objections and protested, "though he is not very good-looking, yet I like his face and he will not worry me; and he is the only man I have ever seen that I could give myself to and live with."

Now Louis carried her sticks, and made some show of the weight. He bent beneath them as they walked away from Hyères toward the Gaudron cottage by the salt pans under Costebelle; and as he walked he found his tongue.

"When are you going to marry me, Josette?"

"You have never asked me to, Monsieur Bonnébault."

"Nonsense. You who are so clever—you know better. My eyes have asked you a thousand times. The tongue is a clumsy member in such a matter. Words are brutal things. Even the

word 'marry'—what a coarse lump of a sound! But the eyes—you know very well that mine have said beautiful things to yours; and, for that matter, I know what yours answered to mine."

"Then why ask me again?"

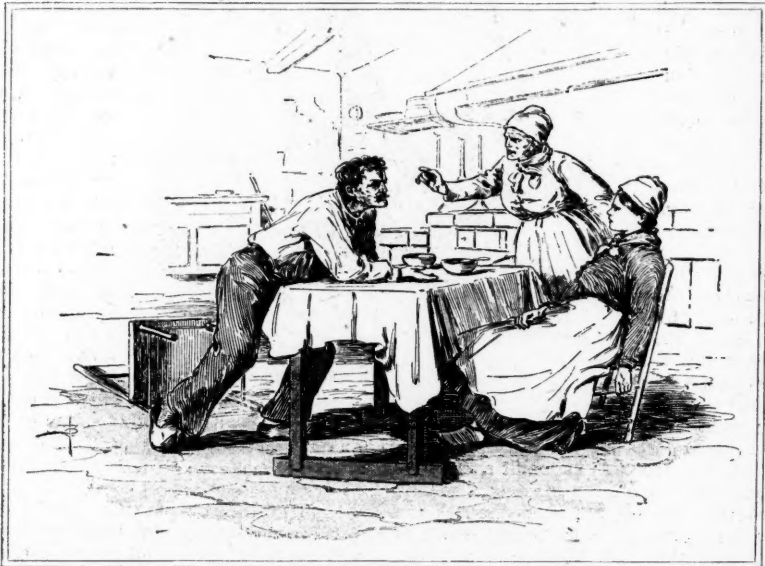
"Because the eyes that said 'Yes' could not say more. There are some things that even eyes cannot say—stupid things, like the time of day. If they could, then dogs would talk as well as men. I ask 'When are you going to marry me?' Your eyes cannot answer that. They cannot tell me if it is April or May, if it is after Easter or later on. But your tongue can."

"I will tell my mother."

"She knows it. Else she would not look so black at me when I pass the door and wish her 'good-morning.'"

"I must think a great deal, Louis."

"Don't think too much. Never think while you can feel your blood race along, and smell violets and taste wine, and know that you will still be young for a great many years. I never think.



"Never—never! I'll kill you sooner."

I shall begin to do so when I am fifty-five—not sooner. Feeling is better than thinking.”

“If you don’t think you may feel more than you like to feel—more than it is good to feel. Why are you in such a hurry? Marriage and sorrow are often one. You ought to love me too well to ask me to share your little horrid hut on Presqu’île de Giens.”

“And you ought to love me too well to care whether ’tis a horrid hut or a palace. And so you do. But why I’m in a hurry I’ll tell you. I’ve got the vacant appointment at the salt pans. I saw Monsieur Hubert, the overseer, and he gave it to me. He knew your father, and respected him very much. So when I told him that I was going to marry you, his heart softened, and I got the promotion.”

Josette looked grave.

“My brother had counted upon that,” she said. “He was positive that he would win it.”

“*A bon chien, il ne vient jamais un bon os.*” You know that a good bone doesn’t always come to a good dog. Oscar is a better man than me, and much fonder of work, but he should have been sharper and seen the overseer first. Now I have Monsieur Hubert’s word; and I shall get more money, and take a cottage with four rooms.”

He flung down his load at a lonely corner of the pine woods. Then he drew her to himself, and they sat down upon the fagot together, and so remained cuddled very close. Often their lips met, often her head fell to his shoulders, and she rubbed her soft cheek against his ear. They talked of everlasting happiness in the house with four rooms; then the moon lifted upward, like a golden lantern above the rim of the sea; and a lighthouse flashed upon Porqueresses—one of the golden islands of Hyères. So, seeing that the hour grew late, Louis Bonnébault shouldered Josette’s firewood again.

They tramped together onward, and the spring flowers, pouring their fragrance upon the night, scented the way. Here a palm rustled in its sleep; there

an acacia shone wanly out of the gloom; and round about stretched acre upon acre of violets, invisible in the darkness; narcissi, and pale, ghostly stocks, that sent up their haunting sweetness into the moonlight.

At her door Louis put down Josette’s bundle of wood, hugged her again, held her round bosom so tightly to him that he could feel her heart throb under it, and then vanished.

II.

Oscar Gaudron was a taciturn and passionate youth. He had indeed liked Louis in a superior fashion; but patronage was added to the friendship, and he knew himself to be the better and more trustworthy man. When, therefore, Bonnébault, taking a very unusual course, forestalled his comrade, paid a personal visit to the overseer, and as a result of his intended marriage with Josette won the vacant post, Oscar raged against his friend, and such affection as he had professed now vanished.

He had learned the news that day, and when his sister sat down to supper his first words startled her.

“Never speak with that villain, Louis Bonnébault, again. He has robbed me of the appointment. He has stolen it behind my back. If I see you with him any more it will be the worse for you both.”

Josette, full of her own great news, stared, swallowed a piece of bread the wrong way, and choked. When she recovered, with streaming eyes and a queer little half-strangled voice, she sat and panted and thought for a while; then she drank some red wine, and began to fight her own battle.

“He is not a villain. He stole nothing at all. He asked and he received. Had you asked first, you would have received. I am going to marry him presently, and live in a house with four rooms.”

The man’s eyes grew black under his brows. He swore and gesticulated very violently.

“You dare to say this to me, fool that you are! You, that might marry Rambeau, or Fleury, or old Daddy Collin,



He had been struck down from behind, and his skull was shattered.

who is worth fifty thousand francs! You would take that lazy, drunken mongrel and share his kennel with him. And after this—this that he has done! Then you care nothing for a brother who has worked for you all your life, or for your mother, or for your father's memory."

"It was my father's memory that gave the appointment to Louis Bonnébault. Monsieur Hubert knew my father, and respected and honored him. So that when Louis said he was going to marry me——"

"Never—never! I'll kill you sooner!"

The mother interposed, and Oscar, shaking with passion, soon left the house.

Three days later, he asked Josette if she had changed her mind, and when she answered that she was going to marry her lover at Easter, he left her, and never spoke to her again.

They still shared their mother's house, but in spite of her entreaties, deathly silence fell between the sister and

brother, and neither addressed the other any more.

A night came when Josette and Louis walked together, and talked, between kisses, of the time to come. Their cottage with four rooms had been taken, and in his spare time Bonnébault labored at the garden, so that it should smile for his sweetheart when she came to dwell there.

"The orange trees are good," he said, "and the medlar bears twenty francs' worth of fruit each year."

Their way this night led under the pine woods that lined the road to Giens; for Louis had left his belt at the salt pans, and wanted to recover it.

"Your brother actually spoke to me," he said. "He heard me ask for my belt, and told me that he had seen one near to the salt blocks we are just opening. It is the first time that he has spoken to me since you told him we were to be married."

"I am glad," said Josette. "I thank God. Perhaps he will now speak to

I shall begin to do so when I am fifty-five—not sooner. Feeling is better than thinking."

"If you don't think you may feel more than you like to feel—more than it is good to feel. Why are you in such a hurry? Marriage and sorrow are often one. You ought to love me too well to ask me to share your little horrid hut on Presqu'île de Giens."

"And you ought to love me too well to care whether 'tis a horrid hut or a palace. And so you do. But why I'm in a hurry I'll tell you. I've got the vacant appointment at the salt pans. I saw Monsieur Hubert, the overseer, and he gave it to me. He knew your father, and respected him very much. So when I told him that I was going to marry you, his heart softened, and I got the promotion."

Josette looked grave.

"My brother had counted upon that," she said. "He was positive that he would win it."

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"I am glad," said Josette. "I thank God. Perhaps he will now speak to

me, too, and forgive us, and even come to our wedding."

"It would be good. Only two weeks now! Can he recover his temper in two weeks, and be my friend again?"

Presently Louis left the girl, and she sat down under the umbrella pines by the wayside to wait for him, while he crossed into the works. From the row of the salt blocks little wooden bridges extended over a dyke to the main road. Carts came here, and the salt in sacks was transferred to them as demand arose.

Bonnébault crossed the dyke and soon disappeared, while Josette waited for him. Once, moved by what her lover had told her, she knelt and prayed, and thanked God that Oscar's silence was broken, and that he could thus speak a kind word where he had so bitterly hated. The time passed, and she rose and walked up and down. From the sea beyond the pines came a gentle murmur; from the woods the night wind floated, laden with the scent of the trees. Underfoot the last of the purple wind flowers faded, and daisies shone upward from the soft turf. The white road stretched south and north. Two diligences rattled over it, and a dust cloud hung a long time in the air after they had passed by.

Weary of waiting, Josette at last ventured across the dyke into the salt works. The blocks shone brilliantly in the moonlight under their red tiles, and looked like whitewashed cottages lacking windows or doors. She passed several, then stared eastward, where the great pans, intersected by footpaths, stretched toward the other arm of Giens. No sight of living thing rewarded her. Around the pans there glimmered streaks and splashes of white salt, like snow, for the waters were beginning to evaporate; but the little lakes were still full of the sea, and a gentle wind set them rippling, and reflecting the moonlight in a thousand wavelets. From a marsh the frogs croaked, and far away the light on Porqueralles flashed, and reminded her of the hour when she first kissed Louis Bonnébault.

Him she could not see.

She walked along the blocks until she reached one where the men had been working that day. Half the mass was already removed, and the tiles taken off and packed neatly upon the ground. The salt lay in a glittering mound twelve feet high, and the moonlight, striking upon it, set the crystals aflame. Like diamonds they twinkled, until the heap seemed to throb and palpitate. Once or twice an avalanche took place in its shelving sides as the wind touched them. Then the heap slipped a little, and a rain of jewels slid down its pale bosom, and a puff of salt dust rose upon the air.

Josette saw no sign of Louis; but suddenly her heart jumped, and she felt a thrill of fear, for black on the pure salt lay a thing like a snake, and she picked it up, and knew that it was the belt that he had gone to seek an hour before. That he had not been here was therefore clear.

She lifted her voice, and called many times; but only the frogs, and the wind from the pines, and the distant murmur of the sea answered her.

Then fear gained upon Josette's heart. The salt heap glittered, and seemed to grin like a face. She idly noticed that there were cavities in it like eyes and a mouth. Around about wooden spades lay, and the edge of the gleaming mass was trampled into the earth by many feet. The girl's head swam, and her breath came fast; terror and foreboding of sudden evil overtook her. Her voice grew hoarse with shouting, and her body weary with long tramping of the deserted works.

At last she took her way homeward, and, drowned in tears, returned to her mother.

Day brought no comfort, but only the certainty of disaster. Louis Bonnébault had vanished from among men, and henceforth was seen no more. All that his fellows could do was done. They made most full and careful search, but no trace of him appeared. Some said that when the sun dried the pans and another year's harvest spread and shone there, his corpse would doubtless be revealed; but when summer came, and

the salt appeared like snow, this prophecy proved vain. There was no sign or trace of the vanished man.

III.

The wonder waned, and time soon swept between Louis Bonnébault's disappearance and the more interesting matters of the present. Only Josette kept her grief green, and would not be comforted.

Three years passed by, and with another spring of flowers, when the vines burst again and spread the red earth and terraced hills with delicate foliage, the end of the lovers' story was written, and the incantations of the church uttered over Bonnébault's bones.

There came a great run upon the salt, and the reserves were called up. Block after block had to be broken out for the fisheries in Newfoundland; and with the last salt stack that secret, securely sealed up therein, came to light, and the corpse of Bonnébault appeared in its saline grave under the roof of red tiles. He had been struck from behind, and his skull was shattered. No other mark of violence disfigured his body, and, hidden through the years in this sweet tomb, death had scarcely marked him.

Three days before Bonnébault's disinterment Josette's brother vanished from Hyères, and ere he departed he let it be known that he was going to seek another field of work. But a week later, while yet the flowers that Josette had heaped upon her lover's grave gave scent, the man reappeared and yielded

himself up to justice, and confessed all.

"I hid his belt, then told him where he might find it; then I slew him with a blow," he said. "On the night that I killed him I knew that my sister was close at hand, so I buried him in the salt quickly and hid myself near under the dyke. Then, when she had come and cried out and gone again, I dragged him to the old salt stack and buried him deep beneath the roof, where I hoped it might be many years before they would be likely to find him. But now he has come to light, and calls me to go after him. Yet I would do the same again; for he was a bad man, and he robbed me, and had surely made my sister very miserable."

Josette wore black for her lover; but on the day that Oscar Gaudron perished under the guillotine she donned festal raiment and made holiday.

Now, where the women tramp in rows and pick the violets, she shall be found still a maiden. Her fellows blame her. Her mother inveighs against her.

"France cries for children, and you do a wicked thing to grow into bleak and sterile age an old maid," the ancient woman says.

But Josette shakes her head, and a smile, like the gleam of a winter sun, still finds the dimple on her cheek.

"There are children enough," she will answer. "I would rather yoke myself with the oxen and plow the land than marry a man. These are my babies."

Then she bends down to the flowers again; and the little ones call her "The Mother of the Violets."



Beatitudes

KNOWLEDGE in the mind;
Piety in the intellect;
Rectitude in the conscience;
Zeal in the heart;
Sacrifice in the life.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

Royal Visits

By Keith Gordon

SINCE one never knows over what fair American head a ducal coronet may be hovering, and since nothing is too preposterous to happen to a native of the United States, it is well to be prepared for the nimbus, to learn beforehand what to do should one be called upon unexpectedly to entertain a king.

Probably not even the wildest flight of Mary Leiter's girlish dreams ever carried her as far afield as the intoxicating reality—for surely such reality could never be called sober!—has done: from bustling, soot-incrusted Chicago to the viceroy's palace in India, in a position even more dazzling than that of a duchess! Probably Consuelo Vanderbilt never imagined that she would be a successor to the spirited Sarah Jennings, who had so lively a time getting her castle of Blenheim builded to suit her.

Much less did a certain American woman—who came up to New York five years ago in hat, jacket and gown made by her own hands, who was close upon thirty years of age, by no means beautiful and who was so poor that she appeared once in the chorus of a New York opera company—suspect that today she would be Lady X., the mistress of two castles, and of estates numbering over three thousand tenants—a fact that goes to show that titles are not always bought. One cannot help wondering which seems the most unreal to this heroine of a modern fairy tale—the past or the present.

Again, at an out-of-the-way place on Staten Island several summers ago, there was staying a young girl who even in that quiet place was remarkable for the simplicity of her attire—a simplicity that may be more particularly described as consisting of a shirt-

waist and a spotted and bedraggled serge skirt. Her abundant leisure, critical observers thought, might well have been given to brushing, cleaning and sponging. But it never was. It was devoted to waiting, she being sustained, perhaps, by a secret knowledge that she was a woman of destiny. At any rate, she has since become the protégée of prominent New Yorkers, and has had the distinction of being entertained, while in England, by the nobility. Obviously, then, the fashionable boarding school of to-day should add a new course of instruction to its curriculum—the technique of royal entertaining.

Royal visits are much more frequent at the present day than in former times—an omen in which the sociologist may perceive the small beginning of that great leveling that shall one day make all men equal. This statement applies, however, only to English royalty, the Hapsburgs, Romanoffs and Hohenzollerns clinging more stubbornly to the archaic doctrine of the aloofness of kings—a difference of opinion neatly illustrated on the occasion of the Emperor William's visit to England a few years ago. He and the present king went aboard the *Teutonic* to witness some spectacle, and were met at the gangway by a certain high official, in response to whose greeting the visiting monarch barely lifted a finger toward his cap. The prince, on the contrary, shook hands! But when they left it was apparent that the emperor had profited by the object-lesson.

During the long term of the late queen's widowhood there was practically no court life in England, though the Prince and Princess of Wales held such state as they might. But neither their income nor the accommodations of Marlborough House permitted them

to entertain on any adequate scale. They, therefore, took the dilemma by the horns, and royal visits have been slowly on the increase. Nowadays, the visit of a king and queen to a subject is no longer a matter to thrill the entire kingdom, though it is, in truth, not an honor to be taken lightly, as the ceremony and preparation it involves plainly indicate.

When, many years ago, the daughter of Alexander II. of Russia became the Duchess of Edinburgh, she was greatly shocked at the democratic customs prevailing in London. Public salutations she acknowledged with hauteur, and as to paying visits, that she firmly refused to do. Though her royal father sometimes went to the house of a noble, when he did so the owner always left it; and one can understand how the slackness of her husband's family, in such matters, may have led her, in the privacy of her own thoughts, to stigmatize them by that abused but ever satisfying adjective—common! However, there was a disagreeable little question of precedence between her and the Princess Beatrice—one of those crumpled rose leaves that disturb the peace of the great—which may have fanned her autocratic tendencies into a flame. At any rate, the writer has it from the lips of one who has met her, that she is a most gracious and agreeable lady, with no trace in her manner of the haughty intolerance that has been ascribed to her in print.

In the day of George IV., etiquette required that when the king went to the theater, the manager should meet him at the entrance, carrying two lighted candles, and lead the way to the royal box, backing. On a certain occasion, the candles were blown out and the party remained in darkness until others were brought. Whereupon, his majesty ordered that the custom be stopped, incidentally remarking that it was "damned nonsense, anyway." To many minds, court etiquette may seem a fabric of just such nonsense; but since it is bound to obtain for a good many years to come, its forms are not without interest.

That that genial, tactful, kindly gentleman, Edward VII., manages to combine his dual rôle of the man and the king with consummate skill is beyond-all doubt. The man has always that touch of reserve that becomes a king; and as for the king, he has that saving touch of manhood that so many kings have lacked. He may be informal with his intimates, but there is a quality in his informality that keeps it from becoming misleading. We hear of but one man whose irresistible gaiety and naturalness have successfully disregarded this reserve—Lord Charles Beresford, who once telegraphed in regard to a dinner invitation: "Sorry I cannot come. Polite lie follows by post."

In more autocratic days, the sovereign who wished to visit a subject had his royal intention conveyed to the person to be thus honored, along with instructions as to guests to be invited. Practically the same custom prevails to-day, though its form is far more graceful. Indeed, it is claimed that a nobleman who is an intimate friend of the king may even *request* the supreme favor of a royal visit, though probably the greater number of royal visits come about in a more indirect way, through some expressed interest of his majesty in certain places or things, or the proffered hospitality of the finest residence of a countryside when some local function is to be graced by his presence.

To all classes of humanity, company has meant a flurry of preparation from time immemorial. It is easy to imagine, then, what a whirlwind that flurry becomes when the king and queen are expected. In those great houses that are provided with state apartments, as several of the historic country seats of England are, the work of preparation is somewhat lessened, since these apartments, designed for royal persons and kept for their use, do not call for the thorough overhauling required in cases where the rooms must be specially "done up" for the royal visitors.

One is supposed to defer as far as

possible to the tastes and inclinations of any guest, but when the guest is a royal one, he is *obliged* to do so. As a host, he must find out every detail of his royal guests' tastes and habits, that they may be conformed to during their residence with him. For instance, the host whose home has no state apartments must know what colors and what style of decoration and furniture the king and queen prefer, so that in preparing their apartments their ideas may be carried out and they may find therein nothing that offends them. Their apartments should, if possible, open into a private garden, and be somewhat removed from those of the other guests, to insure entire privacy. There must, of course, be a separate suite of rooms for the king and the queen, each usually comprising bedroom, bath, dressing room, study and reception room.

Moreover, when the king and queen pay a visit, they take with them their official family and a staff of servants, the latter serving them at all times. A king's duties stick closer to him than a brother, and in his vicinity the telegraph wire is always busy and the post heavy. Therefore the secretaries and functionaries with whom he must needs be in constant communication must be lodged conveniently near him. The mere matter of assigning rooms to the royal suites requires skill and care, there being endless niceties of precedence to be remembered; and no doubt the household dignitary who has charge of housing the staff of royal servants shares the same difficulties that beset his master, for there are matters of precedence below stairs as well as above.

To a freeborn American, there is something amusingly suggestive of an elaborate game of "Simon-Says-Thumbs-Up" in the etiquette that governs the intercourse of royalty—and others. When death in any of the court circles, to which the King and Queen of England are so closely bound by relationship, throws them into mourning, everyone about them must follow suit. Lady Colin Campbell is the authority for the statement that a woman nowadays is not expected to appear twice in

the same gown at a house party. If in addition to the usual social exigencies the guest at a royal house party must be prepared to don any degree of mourning besides, it makes one gasp to think of the number of trunks that such a party must bring along.

It is one of the first duties of the host to find out whether his prospective guests wish him to ask other guests to meet them. If so, he will make up a list of the persons to be so honored, being careful of course to select those who will prove interesting and entertaining to their majesties. This list must then be submitted to the king, who may suggest other names to be added, or, by crossing off names already there, condemn the unfortunate possessors—socially—to outer darkness. Next comes the matter of arranging amusements for his guests, a task by no means so simple as it sounds. It is the afternoon and evening that must be provided for, but since riding, automobiling, etc., usually take up the former, it is the evening upon which the host must concentrate his efforts. Despite the fact that the king is obliged to submit to the absurdity of a white satin program when he goes to the play, he is fond of the theater. When he visits a country house, then, the evenings are usually filled with private theatricals, *tableaux vivants*, or similar amusements, or perhaps a whole theatrical company, some famous singer, or some noted band of entertainers will be brought from London; for, at any cost, the king must be amused.

As Prince of Wales, the present king traveled in great simplicity, as a rule reserving only a compartment, though occasionally he indulged in the luxury of a private car. As king, however, he observes greater state, using special trains that carry no passengers save the royal party, the time of departure being left vague to avoid publicity. In passing, it may be remarked that although each of the leading railroads has a train that is reserved for royal use—consisting of a coach for the king, one for the queen, and others for the accommodation of their suites—the king pays his

way—a fact that suggests to those familiar with the dear privilege of passes an almost superhuman self-restraint.

At the station, the host will, of course, await his royal guests, with a "coach and four," the "four" carrying postilions. The brass band and procession, as a mode of welcome, is *taboo*, but the local military company and the honest farmers of the countryside usually form an honorary escort. Once within, the castle or mansion, and the king and queen may be as much at home as in one of their own palaces. Their known preferences have been consulted and carefully followed out in detail, all their wants are ministered to by their own servants—in fact, they may truly be said to carry home with them.

Save in the shooting season, they are invisible until luncheon, after which the afternoon gayety in the way of out-of-door sport begins. Riding, walking, automobiling, whatever form it may happen to take, it terminates near the close of day in time for afternoon tea, the coziest, chattiest meal of the English day—served in some houses, as at Sandringham, in the spacious entrance hall. One can almost see the picture and hear the laughter and badinage, as the guests, in high spirits from vigorous exercise, sip their tea and talk for a while before dispersing to rest and dress for dinner, a meal which the king likes served at nine o'clock.

A few minutes before this hour, the guests begin to gather in one of the drawing rooms, ladies and gentlemen forming lines that face each other, as if about to dance the Virginia reel. When the royal couple appears, the king takes in his hostess and the host takes in the queen, and as they pass between the lines of guests—who very naturally bend back or kneel as they pass—the scene becomes more than ever like the before-mentioned dance. The other guests then follow, precedence being observed to a nicety, you may be sure.

Like Napoleon, the king is said to be a rapid eater, rarely remaining longer than an hour or an hour and a half at table. Dinner over, the ladies withdraw, leaving their companions to come

to them by the leisurely way of the smoking room. Then the guests invited for the evening begin to arrive—local celebrities, perhaps, flustered and self-conscious at the thought of being presented to the king and queen, and nervously eager to gain the ear of some obliging equerry who will—to use the language of *Chimmie Fadden*—"put them wise" as to the things they should and the things they should not do. It goes without saying that no guest may retire from a room before royalty does, save by special permission; though, according to Mr. Smalley, he may slip away unobserved, on the same principle, one is forced to believe, on which small boys sometimes absent themselves from school—in other words, by playing hookey.

Royal visits are never long, lasting only from a few days to a week; and in so far as a monarch may, King Edward does all that he can to place his fellow guests at ease. Still, the divinity that doth hedge about a king is a picket fence that may be relied upon to impale the transgressor, even in the case of the most genial of kings. There is a story of a man—presumably in that state of good cheer when any man becomes royal—who went up to the king, then Prince of Wales, and laying his hand on his shoulder said, nonchalantly: "It's after two o'clock, your highness, and I'm going home." There was nothing to be said—and the prince said it. Also, there was never any sequel.

At Chatsworth, the famous seat of the Duke of Devonshire, visitors are shown the "kings' trees"—an oak planted by Her Royal Highness Princess Victoria in 1832, a Spanish chestnut by the Duchess of Kent in the same year, a sycamore by His Royal Highness Prince Albert in 1843—such trees being a living record of royal visits. To judge from the list of royal visitors that have honored some of these country seats—Belvoir, the seat of the Duke of Rutland, for instance—one would suppose that they must have royal groves.

The testimony of those who have turned the tables and visited his majesty at Sandringham, the Norfolk

estate whose dwelling is so unpretentious, though its game preserves are among the best in England and its game room the second largest in the world, it appears that he is as charming as a host as he is considerate as a guest. There, in the shooting season, his intimates are often asked to join him, the superfluous birds bagged being sent to various hospitals.

Entertaining royalty is, indeed, as the world goes, a great honor, but one that costs dear both in dollars and in expenditure of effort—a reflection not without comfort to a commoner, though his estimate of royalty be as exalted as the late Empress of Germany's was in her childhood. Her mother, Queen Victoria, saw her gardening one day in a pair of new kid gloves.

"I always did my gardening in old gloves," observed her majesty, pointedly.

"Yes, but you were not born princess royal of England," was her small daughter's spirited retort.

Apropos of the plaint of a writer who complains that "from a spectacular point of view" the great ones of the earth are not satisfying, there is a delightful story which will certainly bear another repetition.

Three men, traveling third class on a

crowded English train, entered into conversation and talked on for some time, unconscious apparently of any differences of social station. Finally the train slowed up, and one of the trio alighted, receiving respectful salutations from all the employees in sight.

"Our friend there seems to be something 'of a nob,'" remarked one of the remaining men to the other.

"Yes, he happens to be the Duke of Hamilton," was the reply. The listener was aghast.

"Lor'! you don't say so?" he blurted out. "And to think of a toff like that talking so free and easy all that while with two low-down fellows like you and me!"

His companion, who was none too immaculate in the matter of clothes, agreed with him good-humoredly and continued to chat until the train stopped again. This time he took leave, alighting amid the same flurry of salutation that their late companion had received. The man left in the carriage was puzzled.

"And who may that old bloke be?" he inquired of a guard. And the reply reduced him to a state of coma for the rest of his journey:

"That? Oh, that's His Grace the Duke of Sutherland."



Three Thynges

OF gladde thynges, two there be,—
Ay, three!

Ye Wine we, singing,

Sip;

A Maide's redde Lip;

Ye Musick sweetlie ringing,

To which gay Dancers trip.

Of sadde thynges, too, there be
Just three!

Ye Ache of Swelling

Crowne;

A darke Eye's Frowne;

And vain Regrets, upwelling,

Which Singing will not drowne.

Ruperta

By Sir William Magnay, Bart.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

The Princess Ruperta, daughter of Duke Theodor of Waldavia, is betrothed to Prince Ludovic, son of the king of a neighboring principality. The young people have never met, and the prince is apparently somewhat of a laggard in love. Baron Rollmar, the duke's chancellor, shrewd and somewhat unscrupulous, takes the matter in hand. The princess, accompanied by her maid of honor, goes to consult a fortune teller, who penetrates her identity and makes a demand for her money and jewels. Ruperta refuses and is attacked by the fortune teller. She screams for help, and the door is broken open to admit a young man who rescues her from her predicament. He gives his name as Lieutenant Ludovic von Bertheim, and he is warmly thanked by Ruperta. On his way home he encounters a man in military dress, flying as if for his life. The fugitive tells Von Bertheim that, in an encounter with swords, he has just run his antagonist through and his life is threatened. Von Bertheim conceals him in his own lodgings, but the next morning he has disappeared, leaving a note of farewell and thanks. He has told Von Bertheim that he is a soldier of fortune, Captain Albrecht von Omperitz. Ludovic goes to the Royal chapel, where he again encounters the princess, while she is playing the organ. He also meets her at a court concert. Finally, they confess their love for one another. Omperitz has been caught and clapped in jail. Rollmar sends for him. He tells the chancellor of his having seen the meeting of the princess with a strange man in the chapel, and Rollmar employs him on secret service, the nature of which is to be confided to him later.

CHAPTER VIII.

A SCORE AGAINST ROLLMAR.

THE COUNTESS MINNA VON CROY was a young lady of resource, of a ready wit, and, when she was put to it, of considerable courage. But there was one person in the court, perhaps the one person in the world, of whom she was horribly afraid. That was the chancellor.

For the duke, by himself—that is, minus his wily, old minister—she did not care a straw. She could laugh at him as a weak, pompous figurehead, the mere stalking horse of the chancellor, from whom he derived what terrors he possessed; a very marionette, which Rollmar's skillful fingers made to strut and posture and frown as suited the purpose for the moment. She was never tired of reflecting, when in the royal presence, what a wonderful character the late queen must have possessed, since the princess was so unlike and so vastly superior to her father.

Yes, the duke she could look on with a certain careless, tolerant contempt. But the chancellor! Ah, that was another matter. Countess Minna hated and despised herself for fearing him—for she was, under the laziness bred of court life, a girl of spirit—but, fight against it as she might, she could not

get over the uncomfortable feeling of trepidation and nervousness with which the presence of that astute, inscrutable old schemer always inspired her. He seemed to carry with him an environment and an atmosphere of disquietude; a quiet terrorism radiated from him; he was power incarnate, the power of a mighty will and a resourceful brain, a quick tongue that would sting like a snake's, and a trick of speech that always seemed to carry something behind its actual words.

No wonder Minna was afraid of him; her sprightly sallies, when she nerved herself to stand up to him, fell blunted against the old man's cynical condescension. He made her feel small, and that was why she so hated him and herself for her fear of him.

Just at this juncture, too, she might well have reason to regard him with an especial apprehension, consequently it was with a good deal of trepidation, which defied her powers of self-command, that she found herself invited to a private interview with the chancellor, in what she was always pleased to call the leopard's den.

He received her with stern politeness, which did not allay her tremors. She was not kept in suspense as to the object of the interview; the chancellor was notably a man to come to the point,

when there was no object in delaying the arrival.

"I am sorry, countess, to have to charge you with a breach of confidence," he said, severely.

The challenge steadied Minna. "A breach of confidence, your excellency?" she echoed, in well-simulated surprise.

"An exceedingly serious one," he rejoined; "an abuse of your position as maid of honor to the princess."

"Excellency!" she exclaimed, in open-eyed astonishment. He held up his hand to check her till she should have heard him out.

"Your position as close companion to the princess is pre-eminently a responsible one. It has come to my knowledge, countess, that you have grossly abused it."

"Tell me how, excellency," Minna said, with compressed lips, fearing lest an unruly inflection should betray her.

"I am about to give you that superfluous information," he replied, with cutting emphasis, "although it is mere waste of time to do so. The princess has lately formed an improper acquaintance; improper, that is, certainly so far as the nature of the acquaintance goes. You have abetted her in certain clandestine interviews. That is precisely what I mean by your abuse of the trust reposed in you."

He spoke sharply, insistently, as giving a definite explanation which could admit of no quibbling. So, somehow or other, the meeting in the chapel had been discovered. Clearly, Minna thought, denial was useless. Her half paralyzed wits must be set to work to make the best of the position.

"I am not aware," she said, cautiously, "that the princess has done anything wrong or improper."

"Indeed?" Rollmar's face expressed contempt for a mental vision that could not see a thing so obvious. "You think, then, there is nothing wrong at any time, but especially now, on the eve of her betrothal to Prince Ludwig of Drax-Beroldstein, in the princess indulging in a nocturnal interview with a man in the chapel?"

"The princess," Minna demurred,

evading a direct answer and summoning her courage, "hates the idea of marrying Prince Ludwig."

"That," returned Rollmar, coldly, "is a matter which I cannot discuss with you. It is entirely beside the question. What I have to say now merely touches the part you have played in this scandalous affair—and its consequences to you."

There was an ugly hint in the last words which lost nothing in their pointed emphasis. Poor Minna abruptly ceased to wonder how much her tormentor knew and how he came to know it, in apprehending her own punishment.

"I have abetted nothing scandalous," was all she could protest, and that feebly enough.

Rollmar gave a shrug. "I hold a different opinion, countess. The affair would be disreputable enough in a private family; in connection with a royal house, it involves not only dishonor, but treason to the state. That is unquestionable. You probably know the penalty of treason?"

The wretched Minna knew it but too well, since many a case of ministerial vengeance had come under her notice. Such dark events were not of infrequent occurrence, and were bound to be common talk, since it was policy not to hush them up too closely. Already she felt herself a dead woman, or at least one for whom liberty was to be but a recollection. It was manifest to her that, from the minister's point of view, at least, the affair was sufficiently serious to warrant the most dire measures.

To do her justice, her feeling of abject despair was not confined to herself. What would be the result of this discovery to her mistress? Still, her own situation was the more perilous; she recalled a similar case in which all the possessors of a scandalous secret were removed from the face of the earth—how, could be only shudderingly conjectured.

She could but protest her innocence of all wrongful, all treasonable intention. Not a particularly cogent argument to move the stern old man, whose

fierce, merciless eyes seemed to shrivel up her protests.

"Call it folly, rather than treason, if you please," he retorted, with his pitiless logic; "folly, culpable folly, such as yours, is treason where the state is concerned. An assignation, innocent or otherwise, is common enough, its consequences would be purely domestic in every case but one, the highest. It has been your misfortune, countess, to allow yourself to be mixed up in that one exception where the consequences might be imperial and widely disastrous."

"Yes, but, excellency," she urged, pricked on by apprehension of what she dared not contemplate, "how could I know? How be to blame for a chance meeting?"

"A chance meeting? Really, countess, it is best to be straightforward with me. A chance meeting? With the princess visiting the chapel after dark, and a man hidden in the organ?"

"Let me explain, excellency."

"Ah! if you please." He leaned back, slowly rubbing his white hands together, as though feeling carelessly the talons that were ready to strike.

"The princess had been playing the organ that afternoon in the chapel, as is her habit," Minna said, her voice dry with fear. "I was blowing the bellows for her, as I always do, when this—this person came in and offered to take my place."

"Ah! Just so. And this person was——?"

"The—the man who afterward got inside the organ, excellency, because——"

"No doubt. I ask who he was."

The name was on her lips; then, in the extremity of her distress, an idea, a desperate expedient, flashed to her mind. She checked the answer and hesitated. Was this unfathomable old fox really ignorant of Ludovic's identity? The forlorn chance gave her courage and sharpened her wits. She could but try.

"Come!" Rollmar insisted.

"You know his name, excellency," she stammered.

"I ask you."

She looked at him, but the crumpled

parchment of his old face told her nothing. Still, in her woeful plight chance was in her favor, since she had nothing to lose. "I—I cannot tell you," she replied, "for I do not know."

The cruel eyes shot forth a light which had struck despair in many a stouter heart than this girl's; yet she was resolute to play her game through.

"If you are going to trifle with me, countess, I shall hesitate no longer in signing the order for your arrest."

"Excellency!" she cried, trembling with a terror that was not all simulated, "I cannot tell you that. It is impossible. I will help you in every way to find out, I will do all I can to atone for my fault, but I cannot tell you this man's name."

"You will not?"

"I cannot. It is easy for you to find out."

"Quite," he assented, dryly. "Go on with your story."

"Some one came into the chapel. Fearing I had done wrong to let him remain, even to blow the organ, I opened the door and made him get in. The princess and I went out into the park for a few minutes, and when I ran back to release him I found the chapel locked up for the night."

"So you came down and let him out after dark?" Rollmar suggested, with an incredulous smile.

"Yes, excellency. I could not let him stay there all night."

"It would have been too bad, certainly. I am waiting to hear, fräulein, why it was necessary for the princess to accompany you on this errand of relief."

"The princess was distressed at the idea of the poor fellow being boxed up in the organ."

"So distressed that she was obliged to kiss him, on his release?"

Minna threw up her hands in horror. She was beginning to feel at home in her part now. "Kiss! Excellency, you have been grossly misinformed. Some one has been maligning the princess to you. It is abominable!"

"It is," he agreed, with a grim smile.

"So there was no kiss, eh?"

"Most assuredly not. My dear prin-

cess kiss a man like that! You don't know her, excellency."

He gave a shrug and a look which suggested that if he could not read the princess, he was at least able to decipher her maid of honor without trouble. "We shall see, my countess," he observed, significantly. "And let me tell you at once that you are very foolish if you think to hoodwink me. Now, take care. Do I understand you to suggest that the princess is engaged in no love affair?"

"A love affair? Perhaps. With the love on one side, and that not the princess'. And a kiss! It is preposterous. I take upon myself to deny the kiss."

"Never mind the kiss." Rollmar softened his expression into one of vulpine humor, and continued, almost pleasantly: "I fancy you know more than you choose to tell, countess. Never mind"—he silenced her protest with a gesture—"it makes but the difference of an hour or two. Now, your one chance of escape from the consequences of your—indiscretion is to make amends by giving me assistance in this affair."

This proposal had been precisely what Minna had been aiming at for the furtherance of her delusive expedient, but she was careful not to show eagerness. Her courage rose with the realization that at last she had a chance of measuring her wits successfully against her cunning old bugbear.

"But the princess," she objected, with the suggestion of a scruple. "You ask me to do her an ill turn."

"On the contrary," was the natural retort. "I employ you to do her a good turn, to be loyal to her best interests. You will not help the affair by refusing, while it is obviously desirable that the secret should be confined to ourselves. Still"—he gave one of his ominous shrugs—"you are at liberty to refuse; but I am afraid it is the only liberty you can count on."

The threat appeared to decide her. After a moment's hesitation she said: "Your excellency wishes to discover the man who courts the princess?" He nodded. "Then if I may be so bold as

to suggest a plan, you might make an unexpected visit to the royal chapel at about five o'clock to-day, in the meantime giving no hint of your suspicions to anyone."

He looked at her keenly, and under those searching eyes it was all she could do to keep an expression of ingenuousness.

"Very well," he said, curtly, rising to end the interview. "I need hardly warn you, countess, not to attempt to deceive me."

"I could not hope to do so, excellency, even if I wished," she replied, humbly. "And you will soon see that I have no wish."

He held open the door and she passed out, hiding with one of her demurest looks the exultant relief at her heart.

That afternoon, close upon the appointed hour, the chancellor came quietly into the royal chapel—not so quietly, however, but that Minna, cunningly on the watch, detected the first sign of his arrival.

There was hurried whispering, a scramble and a hiding away, with a momentary giving out of the wind supply in the organ. The chancellor came in quiet, foxlike and confident, ostensibly listening to the music, but having eyes for every movement round him. He stood by the screen overlooking the player till the princess turned and saw him.

"Ah, baron!" she said, with some show of composure, "how you startled me."

"Do not let me interrupt you, princess," he protested, grimly.

"Oh, I have finished playing," and she left the keyboard. "I did not know you cared for music, baron."

"I was a player in my youth," he replied, readily, "before the business of statecraft left me no time for the pleasures of mere sound. Ah," he went on, blandly, "this old organ has a history; it would be a pity to have it removed. I came in to examine it."

"The organ, baron?" the princess exclaimed, incredulously, and, it seemed to him, with trepidation, making allowance for her power of self-control.

"The organ," he repeated. "There is a question of replacing it."

"You are going to try it, baron," the princess laughed, making way for him to reach the player's seat.

"My fingers have long ago lost their cunning," he returned, with a gesture of protest and a half-veiled look which suggested that their cunning had migrated to another part of his anatomy. "But at least I know something of instruments, and will look at this."

He affected to make a cursory examination of the manuals, the stops and pedals, counted the pipes, and so worked round to the door giving access to the interior. A look of intelligence had passed between him and Minna, and he felt confident that he had trapped his prey. "Now let me take a look inside," he said, casually.

"You, excellency? It is impossible," Minna affected to protest. "It is frightfully dusty; no one but a mechanic can go inside."

But he waved her aside with a smile at her objection.

Then the princess gave a forced laugh.

"Really, baron, apart from the dust, it is hardly dignified for our chancellor to creep into the inside of the organ. You really will consult your dignity by delegating that inspection to the mechanic."

He turned and eyed her uncompromisingly. "If I have served your father well, princess, it is because I have made a rule to look with my own eyes into everything that concerned his welfare and that of the state."

"But, surely, the organ, baron—?"

"May include a question of greater importance and delicacy than one would suppose," he rejoined, significantly. "Therefore, in pursuance of my rule, I am going to look inside it."

There was clearly no more protest to be made in view of that stern resolve. Minna stood aside with anxiety on her face. The baron turned the latch and pulled open the narrow door. The sharp eyes instantly detected a pair of legs in military boots, the upper part

of the owner's body being hidden behind the heavy framework.

The chancellor turned round to the princess with a triumphant glitter in his eyes. "What did I tell you, princess? You see the wisdom of my rule. And how unwise it would have been to have delegated this examination. The organ does contain superfluous matter which I am better fitted than a mechanic to remove. No wonder, princess, the instrument is liable to be out of order. I think we must have one built for you in your private apartments, where your playing will be less open to be interfered with. Now, sir"—he changed to a loud, peremptory tone—"have the goodness to come out at once!"

He stepped back from the door. The man inside, thus summoned, was heard moving. The baron put a silver whistle to his lips, and, as it sounded, Captain von Ompertz, alert and business-like, entered the chapel by the outer door. As he did so, the hider in the organ appeared and sprang down to the floor. At sight of him the expression on the baron's face changed from malicious anticipation to chagrined astonishment, as on those of the princess and Minna pretended anxiety gave way to amused triumph. For the man who stood before him, whom he was there to arrest and send off to secret execution, was his own son, Udo Rollmar.

CHAPTER IX.

A FALSE POSITION.

Chancellor Rollmar had that night much food for cogitating and scheming. That he had been shrewdly tricked was an idea which an interview with his son did not dispel. Udo was sulky and inclined to be defiant. He did not see why he might not be a sufficiently suitable match for the princess. The notion was attractive enough to the baron's ambition, but his knowledge of the world and politics told him that it was practically out of the question, and he said so.

"I do not see it, father," Udo protested, in an aggrieved tone. "You are, to all intents, duke here, since you are



"Kiss! Excellency, you have been grossly misinformed."

universally acknowledged as the duke's master. Where, then, is the inequality?"

But the astute old minister's answer was ready. "You forget, my dear Udo, that royalty and intellect are two vastly different things. They are, and must ever be, unequal. They are as the owner and the captain of a ship. The captain is in trusted command, yet not one inch of rope or stitch of canvas belongs to him."

"The captain's son may aspire to the owner's daughter," Udo argued.

"Not on an equality," his father rejoined; "moreover, and by the articles of the ship of state, such contingencies are interdicted. No, Udo, it is a magnificent idea and as manifestly impracticable. You will do well to put it from your mind."

"Even if the princess be willing?"

The baron had shrewd doubts of that. "It seems to me that this is more an affair of the maid than the mistress."

Udo flushed. His father's suggestion found unpleasant corroboration in the fact that it had indeed been Minna who had invited him that afternoon to the chapel. The baron took sagacious note of his silence. He was, perhaps, notwithstanding, a little disappointed at the token that he had hit the mark so nearly, for, although its growth may be stunted, yet ambition is a plant that will spring up and force its way, refusing to be choked and withered by the sturdier bushes of discretion and sagacity with which time besets it.

"Have you any reason to think that the princess is in love with you?" he asked, bluntly.

"Hardly that yet," Udo was fain to answer, laughing a little awkwardly under his father's searching gaze.

"The princess dislikes the idea of this projected marriage with Prince Ludwig. She is likely to be rebellious. You must not let her in any reckless spirit make a fool of you."

The words carried more sting than the speaker intended. "It is you," Udo returned, sneeringly, "who have set your heart on this marriage. I cannot expect you, where affairs of state are involved, to care even for your son's happiness."

"You cannot expect me to foster your foolish hopes," old Rollmar retorted.

"I have a rival provided and backed up by my father," Udo declared, hotly.

The baron gave a shrug. "You talk nonsense."

But the young man was not in a state of mind to see the weak point of his grievance. "It is unfortunate for you," he continued, viciously, "that this husband you have provided does not come to your bidding. Is it not time you produced him?"

The baron smiled indulgently. Perhaps he could make allowances for a son to whom he had transmitted the whole of his malignity and but a modicum of his cleverness. "You will allow me to know best," he said, quietly, "how to conduct the affairs of this kingdom. Prince Ludwig will be here soon enough, and were he not to come at all it would hardly open the door to your pretensions. Did I think there was a chance of it, I should hardly overlook you in the matter."

But the young man was still ruffled. "A chance! You seem to take care, my good father, that I shall not have a chance, with your ill-timed descent upon our meeting place——"

"I looked to find anyone but you, my dear Udo."

"And yet you think you know everything."

The baron was content to reflect that there was not much that escaped him, and this trifling ignorance was temporary. "I heard," he said, "that the

princess was in the habit of meeting a man in the chapel, but the identity of the lover was, possibly from motives of delicacy, withheld from me. It was my business to discover who was hidden in the organ."

"May I ask how you came to suspect my hiding place?"

"I heard of your being shut up in the organ the previous night."

"What?" Udo was surprised out of his sullen humor. "I shut up in the organ? Never in my life till to-day."

The suspicion in his father's mind that he had been deluded became a certainty. "So," he exclaimed, without betraying the slightest discomfiture, "then if you speak the truth, my dear Udo, we have both been prettily tricked."

Udo's face grew darker. "How tricked?"

The baron shrugged. "Our princess has a lover, and you, my boy, are not he."

"Who is he?" Udo demanded, with vicious eagerness.

"Ah, that is what I must know, shall know in a few hours," his father replied, grimly. "He will not enjoy your impunity."

"I hope not," Udo observed, amiably.

"I have a bloodhound on his track. You may trust me to run him to earth. It is as well that your eyes are opened, my Udo. When a woman stoops to trickery she is more than a match for the cleverest man; her strength lies in her weakness—and in his."

Which saying was not exactly a soothing balm for Captain Udo's smarting vanity.

So the chancellor had been outwitted for the nonce; he was, however, far too diplomatic to let the princess or Minna see that he was aware of it, or to show the slightest spleen. On the contrary, he took an opportunity when they met at a royal dinner party that evening of mildly bantering the princess on her supposed predilection for his son. "It is scarcely a fair game to play with my poor boy, highness," he said, half ruefully, "to lead him on to dream of the unattainable."

"Was it my fault, baron?" she returned. "And for that matter, is it not yourself who insists on placing me above everybody's reach—save one?"

"Do not blame the steward for keeping guard over his master's treasure," Rollmar rejoined.

"Burying the talent, baron."

"Nay, keeping it for the man who can put it to the best use, not allowing it to be frittered away and wasted."

"And in the meantime we are beggars, since our fortune is locked up and unnegotiable. Really, baron, your plan may be sound policy, but it has its disadvantages. To go no further, you have deprived me of a willing organ-blower."

"I shall be happy to replace him by a less aspiring one," he returned, with a smile; "whose position will not warrant his exploring the interior of the organ when the music is interrupted."

She gave a petulant shrug. "I see poor Minna will have to resume work at the bellows. Perhaps it is best. I presume you have told Captain Rollmar that his services are dispensed with?"

"I have told my son that wind is apt to fan a spark into a dangerous flame."

"You hear, Minna?" the princess said to her friend, who was near. "You are not in future to call young men to your assistance when I play the organ. The wind blown by a man is nothing but the breath of scandal, and our dear baron is going to have a lock put on the door lest the works should be tampered with by our cavaliers taking sudden refuge inside."

Meanwhile Captain von Ompertz had received instructions to keep a close watch on the chapel and the park, and especially to note all the less conventional goings and comings of the princess and her maid. Notwithstanding this, however, Minna had, before the order had been given, found an opportunity of warning Ludovic to keep away from the palace. Had it not been for this it is likely that the chancellor's desired prey might, after all, have fallen into his hands that afternoon.

As it was, Ludovic, though troubled and impatient, kept safely away. The

message, however, was not entirely one of despair, for Minna had, on her own responsibility, added a few words to the effect that should the princess or she think proper to write, the missive would be placed under the slab of a ruined sundial which stood in a remote nook of the royal park. Nearer to the palace than that point he was warned not to approach unless especially bidden.

That, at any rate, was something to feed his hopes upon, and he lived in happy anticipation of what perhaps the next of his morning and evening visits to the old sundial might have in store for him.

Von Ompertz did his best to deserve his patron's confidence, although this detective work was not exactly what he had been used to, or, indeed, congenial to him. Still, he was a soldier of fortune, literally and figuratively, and ready to take any official work that came in his way. The pay was good, the prospects, at least as he fancied, still better, and, after all, he was serving the state, and to hire his services and his fealty to one state or another was his vocation. Yes, he told himself, he was lucky to have come so well out of a hanging matter, and must not grumble if the work which had practically earned his release was not quite such as he would have chosen.

So he paraded the park, keeping a wary eye on the chapel and the private entrances to the palace, with his beloved sword, now happily restored to him, loose in its scabbard, and when the first distasteful idea had been dulled he found himself as eager to earn his pay by catching the princess' lover as though he were but a bravo or secret agent, and not the man of such honor as he had through a mettlesome career always striven to maintain.

His sentinel work did not, however, long remain unnoted by Countess Minna's sharp eyes. He was, of course, easily recognized as the man whom Baron Rollmar had summoned to his aid in the chapel. Consequently the reason of his patrol was not far to seek.

Whenever Minna took a stroll across the park she found herself followed by

the swaggering captain, now gallant in his dress, his better case throwing up a certain distinction in his appearance which his former rough, unkempt attire had all but effaced. It was like the restoration of an old picture; the traits of a certain nobility came out through the film gathered by years of rough usage and neglect.

But the espionage was intolerable. Minna turned upon her follower and demanded in high indignation what it meant. The captain, taken by surprise, was gallantly deferential and apologetic. He had no idea of annoying the honored countess or of forcing himself upon her notice. But strange men, presumably bad characters, had been seen loitering about the royal precincts, and it was his duty to keep watch and account for them.

"It is, I presume," Minna said, resentfully, "no part of your duty to follow me?"

Only as a protection, and that at a most respectful distance, he assured her. It was, he ventured to point out, the honored countess who had accosted him, not he the noble countess.

Minna was a pretty girl, and there was a certain wistful admiration in the captain's eyes as he uttered the somewhat disingenuous explanation.

"When I require your escort, your protection," she retorted, quite unsoftened by his hypercourteous manner, "I will ask for it."

"When you require it, gracious countess, it will probably be too late," he rejoined. "My orders are——"

"To force your services upon the ladies of the household who walk in the park," she exclaimed, indignantly. "Perhaps when you understand that they are uncalled for and distasteful you will see the desirability of a not-too-strict obedience to your precious orders; that is, if a soldier can understand anything beyond the word of command."

If the taunt stung him his low bow hid its effect. "The noble countess will pardon me, but the humble soldier who has been so unlucky as to offend her has also some pretensions to nobility.

The soldier's trade is killing; but I hope my profession has not killed the chivalry in the last of a noble Austrian race."

He spoke with a certain dignity and a marked softening of the bluff manner which a rough life had given him. But Minna was in no mood to be interested in one whom she looked upon merely as a creature of her arch-enemy, the chancellor.

"You can easily prove your pretension," she returned, coldly, "by ceasing to molest me. I am quite able to take care of myself, and to be followed about the park is hateful."

Without waiting for further parley, she turned abruptly and walked off, leaving him to gaze after her with a discomfited look on his face.

"A plaguey business this of mine," he muttered. "I must either neglect my duty or my manners. After all, Albrecht von Ompertz is a gentleman; it goes against the grain to play the spy. And on a sweet, pretty girl, too, though, by the lightning, something of a spitfire. Ah, there was a time when a girl of her sort would not have spoken like that to me. Pfui! Can I blame her if she took me for—what I am? What I have made myself! Bah! Let me get on with it. Duty before everything; even at the risk of offending a proud little pair of bright eyes."

With something like a sigh he took up the burden of a false position and strolled off watchfully in the direction Minna had gone.

CHAPTER X.

BY THE MIRROR LAKE.

The encounter between Countess Minna and Von Ompertz had the effect of making both watcher and watched more circumspect.

The captain ceased to perambulate the royal precincts so openly, while Minna's daylight walks were of the most patently innocent kind. So far she played her game shrewdly enough; but it was certainly a dangerous, if not a false, move when she determined on an expedition after dusk to the old sundial.

The spirit of rebellion had entered strongly into the princess, and was fanned by her companion from motives of pure roguery as well as for revenge for the fright which the chancellor had given her.

It was to the Princess Ruperta intolerable that her whole life and happiness should be dominated by this cunning old minister, and to be subjected to a system of close espionage was more than her spirit would endure. If the duke, her father, was weak enough to submit, she would not be so tame; she would let Rollmar see that she was no pawn to be pushed about according to the exigencies of his political game. She wished as dearly as he that the laggard prince would make his appearance; she would give him an uncomfortable time of it, and delight in upsetting the chancellor's plans.

"He is wise to keep away in hiding," she said, resentfully, to Minna, "but for all that, I should love to hear that he had arrived. The baron should have many a *mauvais quart d'heure*, I promise you."

"It would be rare fun," Minna assented. "How I should enjoy watching the old fox's face while you were mortifying the vanity of this precious Prince Ludwig! You will surely have a fair field there, dear highness, for were he not eaten up by self-conceit he would have been here long ago."

"He has never shown the least sign of interest," the princess made a quick gesture of anger. "And I am to marry the pig. I hate—I hate him, as you shall see, my dear baron."

Meanwhile her precious freedom should not be circumscribed. Her feelings should not be coerced. If this hateful marriage, after a stormy wooing, had to take place it was at least hardly to be expected that she should calmly wait, keeping her fancy free, for this very cavalier wooer.

The princess was, as has been seen, a woman of great determination, who could be as cold as ice, nay, colder, for she had the power of remaining at freezing point under the fiercest sun. Still, after all—and no one knew this

more shrewdly than did the baron—she was a woman; her force of passion was none the less strong because it was deeply set. To such a nature her very bringing up had made for waywardness. Power in a woman implies caprice, and caprice is none the less absolute because the power is bounded.

The road to such a woman's heart is not direct. They who take the straight path shall find it but leads them to a blank wall, or at least to a fast-barred door. The heart is set, as it were, in the center of a maze; you may chance upon it by taking a path which seems to lead away from your objective. There is a cunning side inlet; a short, unexpected turn and lo! the goal is before you.

It was thus with Ludovic von Bertheim. He had caught the princess' interest by surprise at the fortune teller's; the glamour of a strange adventure was over his personality, the glimpses she had caught of his character, so different from that shown by the young bloods she was used to see about the court, had captured her fancy, then her heart, which, despite her reputation for coldness, was hungering for love. And love had seemed so far off, so little to be hoped for now that she was to be hand-fast to a man whom she had never seen, and who seemed bent on showing that he must not be expected to play the lover.

Small wonder then if, under the stress of a joyless future and wounded sensibility, she forgot her pride of station and allowed herself to think tenderly of a man who had so suddenly and curiously come into her life.

Now more than ever did she resent with all the spirit that was in her the manifest way in which she was being used by Rollmar to further his schemes of aggrandizement. That he should wish her to form an alliance of high political importance she could understand; it was, from a statesman's point of view, reasonable enough; but that he should take upon himself to play the spy on her, to interfere with her personal liberty, was more than she would brook. It was monstrous, and,

with a girl of her high spirit, was simply pressing the key which would give forth the note of rebellion.

"It is dangerous, though, Minna," she said.

"Surely, highness, you are not beginning to fear that old fox."

"Not I," she replied, scornfully. "I meant for him, for the lieutenant."

Minna gave a shrug. "Possibly. We may tell him the risk he runs. I wager if we appoint a meeting he will not stay away for fear of our dear baron; and if he should, why, let him stay away forever."

"He will not stay away," the princess asserted. "But if we should lead him into a trap, Minna, it would be terrible. The chancellor is relentless."

"At least we are not fools," Minna declared. "I have outwitted the old tiger-cat once; trust me, dear highness, not only to do it again, but to deal with that stupid, swaggering fellow of his, a great fool who calls himself noble and proves it—by playing the spy."

So presently Minna was allowed to write a short message, and after dark she slipped out to take it across the park to the appointed post office. But all her wariness did not hide her from the sharp eyes that were on the watch. The stupid, swaggering fellow she chose to despise was an old campaigner; one whose life had too often depended on alertness of eye and ear to be caught napping. Neither was he the fool she was pleased to call him. He had sense enough to guess shrewdly that her daylight walks were a blind, and to expect her appearance on a more purposeful errand in the evening.

If it went against the grain to spy upon a woman Omperetz gathered some satisfaction from the thought that the disdainful little maid of honor evidently despised him, which sentiment she was by no means given to conceal wherever they chanced to meet. Now, perhaps, it was to be his turn, he thought, as he followed the dark retreating figure who hurried along the great avenue of elms.

Von Omperetz was an expert stalker; his trained eye could see in the dark

almost as clearly as a cat's; he had little difficulty in keeping her within observation and himself out of it. She gave him a long chase, but he stuck to it successfully, and was, after much wonderment, rewarded by seeing the note posted beneath the loose slab of the sundial.

In half an hour the missive was in the hands of the chancellor; its purport was noted, and it was restored to its place.

Rollmar was highly pleased at the near prospect of putting an end to what might prove a tiresome impediment to his scheme. He commended Omperetz, and with him concerted a plan of action for the next night, for which the assignation was given. The soldier was quite willing to undertake the business single-handed, but at that suggestion the chancellor shook his head. It was too risky; the thing was to be carried out swiftly, surely, noiselessly. Omperetz would be provided with two assistants; he was to be in command, and the chancellor's future favor depended upon the way in which the business would be performed.

The lover's place of meeting was to be by the temple on the lake in the park. A romantic spot where the trees grew down to the water's edge, and arched over till their branches swept the surface.

It was on the outer fringe of this belt of woodland that Ludovic kept watch next evening for the coming of the princess, and as the two cloaked figures showed themselves against a vista of moonlit sky he, with a delicious sense of anticipation, hurried forward to meet them. After the greeting, Minna dropped behind.

"Ah, princess," Ludovic said, "how desperately I have longed, and how gloriously I have been rewarded!"

"I ought not to have come," she replied. "It is a great risk, especially for you. Baron Rollmar is suspicious."

Behind her quiet tone there was the vibration of restrained indignation, of a sharp resentment. He joyed to realize that she talked quite freely to him

now; the impulsive act of their last meeting had swept away the barrier of reserve which had stood between them.

"The worthy chancellor," he said, "has plans for your future."

"In which I am not consulted."

"Is that the reason you resent them?"

"Could I have a better? So, even you have heard of Rollmar's plans?"

"Even I, princess. Vaguely. You are to marry Prince Ludwig of Drax-Beroldstein."

"According to the chancellor's pre-determination."

"And you are not inclined to fall in with his views?"

Her face was set firmly as she answered, "I am not."

"For no other reason than that you are not a free agent?"

Was it because he was catechising her with too much freedom that she turned on him and replied, sharply: "For several other reasons?"

"Dare I ask for one?"

She gave him a curious glance, surprised, perhaps, at his persistent questioning. "I will give you one, an all-sufficient reason. I hate Prince Ludwig."

"You might not if you knew him,"

"I could not do otherwise. I hate him, I hate him!"

Her vehemence seemed to surprise him. "It is a rash declaration to make," he said. "I venture to think, princess, that if you saw him you might, after all, recant."

She shook her head impatiently. "Never. Nothing could ever make me like that man; not even were he to turn out the most charming fellow in the world. Ah, of course, he is your prince, your future king; you are too loyal to hear a word said against him even from a woman whom he has treated, to say the least, with disrespect."

"If he has done that, my princess——"

"If? He has. But I will not stoop to complain. Happily his conduct suits my purpose, and for the rest my pride can take care of itself. Your prince has a right to your loyalty; he is nothing to

me but a disagreeable shadow, a mere name that offends me. Let us talk of him no more."

They had now passed through the belt of wood and arrived at the margin of the lake. It lay before them like a strip of mirror framed in the dark sides over which the shadows reached. At a short distance along the margin stood a small building, an imitation of a classical temple; its cupola, on which the moonlight fell, looking like a white ball suspended in the air, since the lower part of the structure was in shadow. From this a short platform or landing stage extended over the water and terminated in a boathouse. It was toward this temple, their appointed trysting place, that the princess and her companion strolled, Minna following them at a discreet interval.

"It makes me sad, my princess," he said, "to think that you are not happy, when I am powerless to prevent it—I who would give my life to spare you an hour's unhappiness. If our paths lay together; as it is they seem to cross only to run wide apart."

She did not reply at once. "Who can tell?" she said, after they had taken some steps in silence, "what the future may hold for"—she hesitated—"for me? Happily no one, not even our chancellor! And so there is just a little space for hope to squeeze itself in, although they would try to deny that to one whose birth puts her above the joys of ordinary humanity."

The same note of bitterness which she had struck that night when they talked on the terrace sounded again. It was evidently becoming the dominant tone in her life's music.

"Princess," Ludovic said, "I cannot bear to hear you talk like that. And yet how can I dare——"

She interrupted him with a little laugh, putting out her hand and just touching his arm for an instant. "Come, my friend," she said; lightly, "you shall have no more of my doleful grievances. We did not meet to waste our time in grumbling at a fate which, after all, may not be as bad as it looks. Tell me of yourself."

They had reached the temple. The princess sat down on a bench by the pillared entrance and signed to him to sit beside her.

"I fear," he said, "that my history is uneventful enough. It is but that of a young soldier who is now on furlough and traveling for pleasure. My life's real history starts at a point whence it is as well known to you as to me. And you can continue it as well, or better, than I."

She comprehended his meaning and looked down. He spoke earnestly, yet with a chivalrous reticence which she appreciated.

"I?" She laughed with wistful eyes fixed on the black wall of trees in front of them. "I can tell nothing. You know I am mistress not even of my own actions, although a king's daughter."

His voice, as he replied, was very low, coming to her ear only just above the murmur of the wood. "You are mistress of one thing, princess." He paused, watching her anxiously for a sign of offense or encouragement. None came. "Of me—of my heart," he ventured.

"And my own—that is all," she said, softly.

"That is all the world to us." He took her hand and pressed it to his lips. He was on his knees before her. "Princess! My love! Ruperta! My love!" he murmured.

She seemed to check an impulse, and turned her head away. "It is madness!"

"Then let me never be sane," he whispered, in rapture. "Princess, give me one word, one word in which you shall write my life's history—that I am beloved by you."

"You are asking me to speak a word which both of us know well I have no right to utter."

"From your head, perhaps; but from your heart?" he pleaded.

She still gently shook her head. "No, no, my dear friend. You must be content with the signs I have already given you."

"Princess, ah, dear love, I beseech you."

"No, no."

"Give me at least the sign again."

"The sign?"

"A kiss."

The hot breath of the word touched her cheek, which seemed to glow and catch fire from its ardency. "No, no!" she cried, desperately. "You are unkind; I—I was mad; I knew not what I did. You must forget—"

"Never! never!"

Her coldness, her innate imperiousness had vanished. She was no longer the princess, but a woman striving with the temptation of a passion which was snapping one by one the bands which had so long confined it. She had for one moment given it working room, and now she was reeling fainting in its grasp. With an intense, supreme effort she put out her arms and thrust him from her. He caught her wrists in his hands and held hers to his lips. So they stayed looking into each other's eyes; he had but to spread out his arms to bring their faces together.

"Go!" she panted, "go! I—this is—ah, will you not respect me and let me go; yes, and end this madness?"

His lips scarcely moved as he answered, tensely: "Yes, princess, I will go if you bid me."

"I bid you go." An effort alone kept the words steady.

Like the sound that startles us from a dream came Minna's voice in a terrified undertone as she rushed into the porch.

"Highness, we are discovered! We are lost! There are men coming. Look!"

A glance showed them figures but a few yards away advancing quickly from the deep shadows of the trees. In an instant Ludovic had sprung to the door. It was unlocked. With a deep exclamation of relief, he slipped through into the circular room to which it gave access. As he turned to fasten the door behind him he found that the princess had followed. "Go back," he cried, in consternation, "or you are ruined. Trust me——"

The door was closed now, and they were in the room together. Already could be heard the sound of a man's voice and Minna's replying to it. Ludovic shot the bolt of the door, then ran across to that on the opposite side which gave upon the lake. It was fastened.

"Princess," he exclaimed, in an agony, "I have disgraced you, but——"

She was at his side. Her face was white with terror. "It is I who am to blame," she said, in an agitated whisper. "They will kill you. They are the chancellor's men, I know. They will kill you. Ah, they shall kill me, too."

The streak of moonlight which fell through the window showed more than terror in her face. It was love. For an instant he held her in his arms. "Darling," he whispered, strangely calm, "have no fear." Their lips met in a burning kiss, then again she pressed hers to his, as though clinging to the last touch of joy the world would give her. There was a loud knocking at the door. He gently put her from him, and with unaccountable deliberation went toward it. She caught his arm. "They will kill you without mercy or hesitation," she said.

He turned. "Would it not be better," he whispered, "for Prince Ludwig?"

She started back as though the name had been a blow to strike her. "To save me from him, let them not take you," she entreated. "Let us not part with that hated name between us."

He seemed to change his intentions, as he ran to the window and opened it. "Farewell, my love," he said, turning toward her.

Her arms were round his neck. "Good-by, my darling. Oh, my love, my love! That I could die with you."

As their lips parted he turned and dropped lightly from the window to the landing stage beneath. Rigid with

a despair too poignant for tears, she stood and watched him, never heeding the knocking and rattling at the door. She saw him creep out along the pier that bridged the platform and the boathouse, the shelter of which he gained just as the door of the temple was sent flying open and two men stumbled into the room.

In a moment they comprehended how their man had escaped.

"The window," Ompertz commanded, hastily. "Pardon this violence, highness," he added, with a bow to the princess, who stood before him motionless, impassive as a statue, "but we are after a fellow who haunts this place and may offer to molest your highness."

Her face did not change as with dry lips she said, quietly: "He is not here."

Meanwhile the other men had got out of the window and been joined from outside by a third. "To the boathouse, idiots!" cried Ompertz, hastening to the window. Minna came in and sank down trembling and hysterical by her mistress. The men ran along the gangway and disappeared into the boathouse.

Ompertz, waiting by the window, half turned and began another apology to the princess. With a touch of her wonted imperiousness she cut him short, forbidding him to address her. One of the men came back along the pier.

"Well?" Ompertz demanded. "Have you caught him?"

"He is not there, captain," the fellow answered, at a loss. "The place is empty."

Ompertz swore an oath between his teeth. A shot rang out from the boathouse. The two men leaned forward, peering anxiously across the shadow-streaked water. They were too intent to hear a gasping sigh as Princess Rupert sank down by Minna's side in a swoon.

TO BE CONTINUED.



The number of people throughout the country who are attracted toward the stage and all that pertains to theatrical life is so large that we believe much interest will be taken in a series of articles dealing exclusively with this subject in all its branches. We invite communications from our readers asking for any theatrical information they may desire, and we will do our best to answer these questions satisfactorily in these pages. We refer not only to questions concerning the professional stage and those who appear upon it, but **especially** do we desire to be of service to amateurs, and will cheerfully give hints as to the selection of plays for private theatricals, the casting of the same, the scenery, the costumes, and in fact any point that may puzzle or interest the aspirant for histrionic honors. In this connection, we shall publish from time to time a little original play, which, while the professional rights are reserved, will be open to representation by such amateurs as care to perform it, and will apply for written permission.

Hints to Aspiring Dramatists—(Concluded)

BE careful about the opening scene of your play. Don't begin with the serious interest immediately upon the rising of the curtain, nor have anything then which is absolutely essential to the understanding of the plot. Remember that the audience is still coming in, and much of the first four or five minutes of the performance is either completely lost or only half comprehended. And, in this connection, avoid as you would the plague the favorite old-fashioned opening—a scene between two servants, a chambermaid busily engaged in dusting the furniture and a butler or footman loafing in the drawing room, both thoroughly familiar with the most intimate secrets of the family they serve, and only too eager to take the audience into their confidence.

Another favorite with the playwrights of a former generation is now completely out of date, except in melodramas of the cheapest description, and, to a certain extent, in comic opera. We allude to the low comedy man, whose object it was to get a laugh, no

matter by what methods of *outré* costume, impossible make-up and absurd mannerisms, still to get a laugh. If a dramatist introduces such a character now, he will still probably obtain the laugh, but it will be at him, not with him. The comedian should have some semblance of nature, even in his eccentricities. Character parts that inspire merriment are far superior to the old-time clowns.

Do your utmost to connect the comedy with the plot of the piece. Too often this is not done, but comedy scenes are lugged in without rhyme or reason, simply to "liven up" the action, and could be dropped out with no detriment whatever to the complete development of the story.

If you must have a villain in your play, try to put a touch of nature in him. Don't make him too villainous, eager to do evil simply for the delight of doing evil, which always seems a bit absurd to cultured, modern audiences. Give him a strong and plausible reason for his villainy, and let there be

some good somewhere in him, if only his love for his horse or his dog.

Don't speak too extravagantly of the personal attractions of your heroine; the impersonator may not be able to fulfill your description. We remember well one case where, on the heroine's entrance, one character remarked to another: "Is she not lovely?" and the other replied: "A very dream of beauty." Now, the young woman engaged to play the part was not especially endowed with physical attractions, although an admirable actress. The little dialogue caused a titter in the stalls, and pronounced laughter in the gallery, and came near to imperiling the success of the piece.

Do not have an excessive number of characters in your play, but limit the action and interest to as few as possible. A short cast is always attractive to managers, who in these days are first of all men of business with an eye to the box-office receipts—as, indeed, why should they not be?—for a short cast means a lessening of the expensiveness of the production, both in salaries and transportation.

"Consistency, thou art a jewel." Keep this saying ever in mind. Have your characters consistent both in words and actions. Ask yourself: "What would such and such a person, with such and such characteristics as I have imagined him or her to possess, do or say in the situation I am trying to depict?" Then have your character do and say just this, and no more. Don't strive, in this connection, for effective speeches, "to split the ears of the groundlings," when such speeches are contrary to the spirit of the scene. If they are so, they will jar, and be apt to act as boomerangs.

Be very sparing of "asides." As a rule, people do not talk to themselves, especially in the presence of others. There is always a certain amount of absurdity, also, in the idea of anyone speaking in a perfectly audible tone of voice only a few feet away from another, and that other not hearing him. Let the thoughts of your characters be intimated in some other way—by tone,

expression or gesture. A little care will, in most cases, eliminate all necessity for the "aside."

Pay attention to the entrances and exits of your characters. Don't let them wander aimlessly on and off, but let there be a natural and logical reason for their appearance and disappearance.

Look out for eavesdropping—that is, having some one at a critical moment overhear what was not intended for his ears. This is a too palpably easy solution of difficulties, one annoying to an intelligent audience, and a timeworn expedient far better honored in the breach than the observance.

Don't have any narratives told, long descriptions of what happened previous to the beginning of the play. The audience is bound to be bored when some one begins a speech something like this: "It was ten years ago, on a dark and stormy night, when, etc., etc., etc." Construct your plot so that there will be no necessity for any such explanations.

There was a time when the "catch phrase" played by no means an unimportant part on the stage. By "catch phrase," we mean a sentence used upon any and all occasions by some particular character, such as: "So glad," "Hope I don't intrude," "Sorry I don't suit," etc. We think this device can still be employed, if used sparingly and in good taste. It may still be made productive of merriment, but be sure not to overwork it, and see that the "catch phrase" is, so to speak, in character.

Now, to come to a very important question, and one on the answer to which too much stress can scarcely be laid. We refer to the element of suspense in a play and how far it shall go. In a novel, it is a capital point to keep the reader in doubt to the very end, and to lead him from one apparent clew to another. The interest is thus heightened and sustained. But we are inclined to think that just exactly the opposite course should be followed in playwriting. Let all mystery, all misunderstandings be between the characters on the stage, but let your audience be in

the secret from the very beginning. We do not mean by this that they should know in advance the outcome of the story, but they must not be in doubt as to the real character of the various people in the drama; for instance, in the case of a crime, they must know who committed that crime, and watch the ferreting out of the criminal by those in doubt—the people on the stage. Otherwise, the audience is apt to be bewildered and the interest flags. Many examples of the truth of this might be cited, but two will suffice. Take "The New Magdalen." If it was not known from the outset which was the real *Grace Roseberry*, the auditors would be puzzled and annoyed. As it is, their interest is absorbed as to how the assumed Grace will sustain her rôle, and if she will succeed in discrediting the woman whose place she has taken. Again, take "The Leavenworth Case." In book form, here was an admirable detective story, one which gripped the attention of the reader from start to finish; but as a play it proved annoying; the auditor, being constantly in doubt, could not follow it, and all sympathy was lost. If, in the dramatization, the audience had, from the start, been let into the secret as to the identity of the guilty party, we think the result would have been different.

When the culmination of your play is in sight, bring it to a finish at the earliest possible moment. Have no explanations then, no congratulations, no tag. In other words, when your hero and heroine are in one another's arms, ring the curtain down at once. Otherwise, the audience, with a knowledge of the outcome, will begin to arise and depart.

Something, perhaps, should be said as to the writing of plays to order—that is, to fit the requirements of a star. What is said here, be it well understood, is said purely from a material standpoint, and not at all from an artistic one. You want to suit your star. Be assured you will find it a most difficult task. It is generally, though not always, the case that the star wants everything. The following is almost an

exact transcript of what a prominent woman star said to a certain author, who had written a play, with her in view for the leading part, and had submitted it to her, for her approval:

"Yes, your play is undoubtedly a good one, and in some respects is suited to me, but it would have to be altered before I would consent to appear in it."

"In what respects, madam?"

"Well, there are certain strong speeches given to other characters in the play, which might allow them to overshadow my part. Could these speeches not be cut, or, perhaps, transferred to me?"

"But the artistic value of the play would be hurt."

"The monetary value would not. I must always be in evidence. If I am not on the stage, let the others talk about me. The public wants to see and hear me. I am the attraction. The public cares little or nothing about anyone else."

Figuratively speaking, she meant that, to please her audiences, she must be on a revolving pedestal in the center of the stage all the time, with the calcium light constantly upon her. There was really, too, a good deal of truth in her opinion, although "pity 'tis, 'tis true."

Now, just a word as to where a dramatist should go for his material. First and foremost, get it from the people about him, from things in his own experience. What we know best, we can write best about. Then go to other dramatists, the French above all others, for construction and climactic power. A study of the French drama cannot fail to be beneficial. In fact, some of our foremost playwrights have not hesitated to borrow freely from the French. Whether this practice is defensible or not, is not a question to be discussed here.

Just a word, now, as to vaudeville sketches and comic opera librettos. A vaudeville sketch should start out at the very beginning and be brisk throughout. Something must be doing all the time, and, as a rule, the patrons of variety houses care nothing for instruction; they do not wish to be made

to think, they desire simply to be amused. Knockabout comedy, apparently, is what pleases them most; although there are signs which point to a better condition of affairs.

Perhaps the most difficult of all dramatic writing is that which has to do with comic opera librettos. So much has to be considered—music, costumes, grouping; in fact, a multitude of details. The lyrics, in themselves, are no slight task. Many a pretty air has been ruined by silly words; and, on the other hand, catchy and bright verses have more than once been known to carry a mediocre tune on the wave of popularity. It is possibly safe to say that a comic opera libretto is built rather than written. The mere skeleton is laid out, and it is clothed with flesh and blood at rehearsals, where constant additions are made and improvements are suggested. For a comic opera librettist, the collaboration of an experienced stage manager is of great value.

"My play written," you ask, "what steps shall I take to get it produced?"

Ay, there's the rub!

Authors have had scores of plays rejected before one has been accepted. But that one a success, and the others, or some of them, will almost inevitably be given a chance.

If possible—and this is generally a difficult matter, obtainable only through personal influence—get the private ear

of manager or star. But make your choice with care. What will suit one manager will not suit another.

A playwright must not be sensitive. Remember, it is impossible to tell before it is produced, the success or failure of any play. Anyone who could do this could command practically his own salary. Managerial criticism is by no means infallible. Many a successful play has been rejected again and again, sometimes with scorn, before it found its appreciative public. Actors are notoriously bad judges of plays; they are too likely to be influenced by personal considerations.

If you cannot directly reach manager or star, then apply to an agent; there are excellent and trustworthy ones, who have means of access to the powers that be. The percentage asked by them for placing a play is not large, and you will be spared all trouble of making terms, collecting royalties, etc. There is also less danger, in this way, of being fleeced by irresponsible and dishonest managers.

In conclusion, be sure to have your manuscript typewritten—it is well to have several copies—and on no account neglect the copyright.

If there is any point we have not touched upon in this article that any of our readers would like information in regard to, we shall be only too glad to answer questions in this department.



ECONOMY may be the road to wealth, but no one ever became wealthy by economy alone.

A SUIT for divorce is simply an autopsy on poor little Cupid's remains.

WEALTH is no more an evidence of refinement than costly churches are of their congregation's piety.

THE worst tyrants are those who have been emancipated from tyranny.

THE man who joins a church to secure the patronage of its members is grand marshal in the parade of hypocrites.

BEAUTY when unadorned is all right in art museums, but no woman was ever made ugly by a handsome gown.

A WOMAN to be perfectly happy must feel that she has had something to do with reforming the man she loves.



THERE are not only fashions this summer for the girl with the millionaire father, but fashions specially designed for the young woman who has to pay her own bills. Of course there is much of extravagance in the new modes, but the girl who can make her own clothes can be attractively gowned with but little money, if she only knows how to go about it. It is wise for her to look over her last year's frocks to begin with, and see if they allow of remodeling. Frequently a panel of embroidery may be put in a last year's linen or piqué gored skirt, which will make it appear like new, while a last season's gathered skirt may be quite transformed by adding two or three new flounces. As for the sleeves, it is something to marvel at the way a new sleeve will transform an old waist. The simplest way to do this is to turn a last season's sleeve upside down. Then again, many of last year's sleeves need only to be cut off to the elbow length and finished with a frill to make them an acceptable addition to this season's bodice.

The girl who is planning her summer wardrobe, and is forced to study economy, should first know whether she is to spend her summer in town or in the country, for suiting the gown to the environment is one of the essentials in smart dressing, to say nothing of economy. She can easily dispense with a chiffon organdie frock if her summer is to be spent in town, while a soft, filmy dress of this sort is very important if she is at a summer hotel or boarding house.

The sheer materials, this year, suitable for summer afternoon and evening gowns, are particularly attractive, and many of the flower-scattered dimities, batistes and organdies can be bought under twenty-five cents a yard, while pretty cotton crêpes are selling at twelve and a half cents a yard, and flowered lawns for eight and ten cents. Fabrics of this sort, and many that are more expensive, are made up over lawn, plain or flowered, instead of silk. A dainty touch may be given the lawn drop skirt by having it trimmed at the bottom with ruffles of the self material edged with narrow frills of valenciennes lace. The new draw-string ribbons make a pretty trimming for the skirt proper, or it, too, may be trimmed with ruffles of the self material. Many of the ruffles this year are made with a heading, in this way avoiding the extra expense of a lace or embroidery band as a finish.

A skirt-and-coat costume is a very necessary addition to the summer girl's wardrobe, whether she stays in town or goes away. Mohair is the best material for this style costume, owing to its good wearing qualities. But if mohair or a light-weight covert cloth is too expensive, a good quality of cotton cheviot in one of the novelty suiting patterns will prove an excellent substitute, made up in tailored style and trimmed with straps of the material and bone buttons.

With a number of waists and a well-cut, good-hanging linen skirt, a variety of changes in one's wardrobe may be achieved.

New Designs in Negligees.

EVEN the young woman who is always on the go cannot fail to find the new resting gowns irresistible. Never have the kimonos and the negligée jackets been prettier than they are right now. There is no end to the fascinating materials of which they are made. The cotton crêpes come in the daintiest of colors, and the Japanese silks show the most effective and artistic of designs. Then there are the lovely flower-scattered dimities, the figured and dotted Swiss, as well as the new imported challies with their effective Pompadour and Dresden borders.

One very smart girl, who is specially fond of resting gowns, made for herself a dainty kimono of white dotted Swiss, bound with lace insertion. This she wore over different delicately colored lawn kimonos. The effect was very lovely, and a not-too-observing person would have thought that she owned a whole collection of different resting gowns.

Very elaborate kimonos are made of Dresden ribbon and lace insertion. This same ribbon and lace idea is an excellent one to follow in making a boudoir jacket. Loose accordion-plaited breakfast sacques are also in demand, and very pretty effects may be obtained by using any of the very sheer

cotton fabrics, such as Egyptian tissue or delicate mull. Extremely light-weight French flannel is a satisfactory material to use for a resting gown. A kimono pattern is the best to select. A very pretty one recently seen was made of pale blue French flannel powdered with a tiny white dot. It was trimmed with a scalloped frill of white flannel in eyelet embroidery effect, each eyelet buttonhole stitched in delicate blue silk.

The graceful kimono, No. 4549, is made of pale blue cotton crêpe scattered with a silky dot a shade darker. The kimono is shaped by means of shoulder,

under-arm and center-back seams. The flowing sleeves are cut in deep points. They are bound, and the neck and the fronts are faced with bands of satin ribbon a few shades deeper than the blue of the crêpe. Flowered Pompadour ribbon in pale pink and blue may be used instead, if preferred, or the bands may be of silk, hand-embroidered. Kimonos of white dotted Swiss edged with a frill of lace are being much worn this year.

Negligée jackets are also much in demand. Worn with a long white petticoat they often take the place of a kimono. Simple designs should be chosen for these room jackets, and the most practical are those which are simply trimmed. A be-frilled negligée jacket is sure to be found more ornamental than useful.



No. 4549—Kimono. This pattern is cut in three sizes, small or 32-inch bust measure, medium or 36-inch, and large or 40-inch. The quantity of material required for the medium size is nine yards, 27 or 32 inches wide, or 4½ yards, 44 inches wide, with 1½ yards of silk for trimming.

Gowns for the Summer Girl.

THE soft, mercerized cotton fabrics, this summer, lend themselves admirably to frocks for the girl with the limited income. Many of these new wash materials are hard to distinguish from silk, as they are very lustrous in finish. Mercerized cotton taffeta, which can be bought for less than twenty-five cents a yard, makes a good substitute for taffeta silk. Cotton eolienne and silk weft gingham are very attractive, inexpensive fabrics. And then there is a long list of others which make up very charmingly into the summer frocks.

A smart-looking costume which may be developed in any of these fabrics or in messaline or Dresden silk, if one requires a richer gown, is shown in illustration No. 5020 and No. 5021. The waist is made in a slight blouse, and worn with a chemisette of tucked or shirred white muslin, which may be outlined with either bands of silk or



No. 5020—Fancy blouse waist. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 bust measures.

No. 5021—Plaited flounce skirt with deep yoke. Pattern cut for 22, 23, 26, 28 and 30 waist measures.



No. 5018—Fancy shirred Eton. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 bust measures.

No. 4954—Walking skirt with flounce. Pattern cut for 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 waist measures.

embroidery insertion. The deep girdle belt, which is one of the fashionable features of the new fashions, is of soft silk, forming a point at the waist. The sleeves are puffed and shirred, and made with a deep cuff. The skirt is a plaited flounce model with a deep yoke, and is extremely graceful. The yoke fits smoothly over the hips, while the kilted portion produces the fashionable fullness below. The deep, pointed yoke can be either tucked or gathered at the belt, and the plaited flounce portion is cut in nine gores.

Costume No. 5018 and No. 4954 is an attractive model for a pongee or a cotton taffeta frock. The fancy shirred Eton is made with a belt shaped to simulate a waistcoat. The Eton is trimmed with bands of Oriental embroidery. The chemisette may be of all-over lace or broderie Anglaise. The waistcoat belt may be of taffeta or satin, or a plain colored linen, if, for example, the frock itself is of checked mercerized cotton taffeta. The sleeves are full at the shoulder, gathered into

puffs and finished with pretty turn-back cuffs at the wrist. The skirt to be worn with this fancy Eton is in walking length, and is made with a deep flounce shirred at the upper edge. The skirt proper is cut in five gores, which are shirred and arranged over the shallow foundation yoke, and then joined to the belt. The flounce is straight at its lower edge, turned under to form a heading, and shirred in successive rows. It is then arranged over the lower edge of the skirt, which serves as a stay.

Either of these skirt patterns could be worn with shirt waists, thus forming shirt-waist suits. The shirt-waist suit consisting of three pieces will also be worn—skirt, shirt waist and bolero or Eton jacket. The jacket is generally made of the same material as the shirt waist and skirt, and trimmed with a silk-and-cotton braid. Sometimes, however, if the shirt-waist costume is, for example, of white piqué, the little jacket is of pale blue, pink, lavender or faint yellow piqué, and the white hat, either a sailor or lingerie model, is trimmed with ribbons matching the jacket in color. Linen spats are also worn in the same shade, and the belt and parasol often repeat the color.

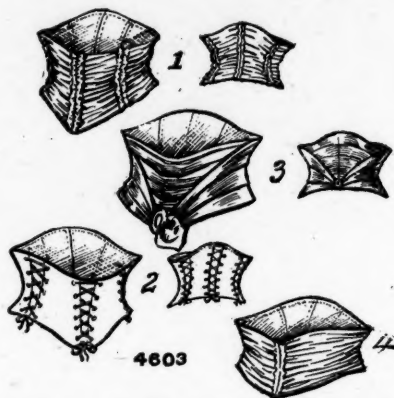
Have Belt and Waist Match.

IT is well to remember in selecting a belt for a shirt waist that one in the same color as the waist is preferable to a belt matching the skirt in color; that is, when the skirt and waist are different. If a white linen shirt waist is worn with a brown mohair skirt, a longer waist effect is produced by having the belt of white-embroidered linen. And, by the way, an embroidered linen belt and stock to match are among the smart dress accessories of the summer.

Brown and champagne still continue to be fashionable colors. A new blue called Saxe blue is much the fashion. This is not unlike the bluet shade, with the tinge of purple left out. All the tints of green are the mode, as well as raspberry red and many varying shades of purple.

Fashionable Girdles.

EACH day brings out something new in the fashionable girdle. Wide belts are now made of a combination of moire silk and leather. They come in many shapes, but those which seem to cling best to the figure and give the waist the smallest appearance, are narrow in front, broadening into a pointed girdle at the back. The belt is generally of silk, bound with leather. Many attractive new belts are of dark silk, decorated with cut-out appliques of white kid. The shaded girdles of soft



No. 4603—Bodice girdles. Pattern cut in three sizes—small or 20-inch waist measure, medium or 24-inch waist measure, and large or 28-inch waist measure.

silk are also being worn more than ever. The girdles here illustrated consist of the foundation shaped and fitted to the figure, which is used for all. No. 1 is shaped and shirred, and then arranged over the foundation, which is boned, in order to retain its shape. The laced girdle is also illustrated, and the girdle which is laid in folds and is shaped to form a point in front.

Belts of narrow white cords, caught together here and there with leather straps and fastened in front with a leather buckle, are good style. Then there are the good wearing belts of soutache braid, bound with leather.



No. 4852—Girl's dress with handkerchief bertha. Pattern cut for 4, 6 and 8-year sizes.



No. 4994—Child's apron. Pattern cut for 4, 6 and 8-year sizes.

Good Style Frocks for Children.

IT is good news for the children that their summer frocks are less picturesque and more practical for romping and a general all-around good time than they have been for many seasons. They have a certain smart style, however, but are not over-elaborate. Instead, they look as if they were made for the children who wear them. Mothers who make their children's clothes will find many designs fashionable; for instance, the shirt-waist suits, suspender dresses, Russian frocks and one-piece bertha dresses are all in style this summer. The materials most practical to use are

those which are warranted to possess good wearing qualities, such as butcher's linen, Scotch madras, chambray, cotton pongee, piqué, galatea, cotton Bedford cord, mohair, gingham and a long list of other fabrics.



No. 4397—Boy's Russian blouse suit. Pattern cut for 2, 4 and 6-year sizes.

A fashionable little one-piece linen dress is shown in illustration No. 4852. It is made with a bertha of the English eyelet embroidery. In white or in a light shade of linen, this little gown is extremely pretty, and yet simple in design.

Dresses in the shirt-waist style like the costume No. 5022 are much favored by young girls. This frock closes at the center back, and is made of mercerized gingham in the new



No. 5022—Girl's dress in shirt-waist style, closing in back. Pattern cut for 8, 10, 12 and 14-year sizes.

Saxe blue shade. The dress is made with waist and skirt, which are joined by means of a straight belt. The waist is laid in a broad box plait in front, and is tucked at the shoulders, the tucks stitched down for a portion of their length only, while the back is laid in tucks from the shoulders to the waist line. The skirt is straight and tucked for a portion of its length, while the sleeves are in shirt-waist style, tucked at the wrists and finished either with or without a cuff. This style gown is very easily laundered.

Aprons are always necessary to complete the small girl's wardrobe. A novel design for an apron is shown in illustration No. 4994. The feature of this pretty apron is the tucks, which not only form bands over the shoulders, but provide the fullness for the skirt portion. The apron may be made of dimity, lawn or organdie, and trimmed with embroidery frills.

A charming little party dress for a young girl is shown in illustration No. 5019. The waist is made with a shallow yoke and a becoming half-low neck. The elbow sleeves have their upper portion shirred. The skirt is made in three pieces, the front with circular side and

back portions that are shirred at their upper edges. In silk mull, dotted Swiss or batiste, trimmed with valenciennes lace insertions and frills, this dress would be very attractive. If preferred, the model would also look well in eolienne or messalinette silk.

The Russian suit for the small boy continues to be very smart in style. For summer wear it is often made up in checked linen or checked cotton taffeta, as shown in illustration No. 4397. The suit is made with knickerbockers and Russian blouse. The blouse is shaped by means of shoulder and under-arm seams, and is closed at the left side. A black patent leather belt is worn with the costume.

The piqué coats for small girls and very little boys are made up most charmingly this summer. The prettiest are trimmed with broderie Anglaise and pearl buttons. These coats are generally in reefer style and are worn with piqué hats to match.

Best hats for little girls are often trimmed with artificial flowers. And a very new idea is to have a little bunch of flowers fastened to the strings, where they tie at the side.



No. 5019—Girl's dress. Pattern cut for 8, 10, 12 and 14-year sizes.



No. 4929—Shirred surplice waist. Pattern cut in 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measures.



No. 5009—Fancy blouse waist. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measures.

Shirt Waists and Blouses.

SO great is the variety of separate waists this summer that every type of girl may have a half dozen or more suited to her own individuality. The surplice waist is fashionable and to certain figures it is most becoming. The waist with the deep yoke is also much worn, and the one which shows a dainty little jacket effect, whether it be a separate bolero of embroidery or



No. 4872—Fancy yoke waist. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measures.

merely trimming to simulate the jacket effect. There is a positive craze for the chemisette waist, and then there is the collection of the more or less conventional shirt waists. But these waists this year have lost almost entirely any man-

nish effect. It is the lingerie waist that is the height of fashion. Soft, essentially feminine, becoming effects are the vogue.

A separate waist which may be worn



No. 5017—Blouse or shirt waist. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measures.

with a variety of skirts is shown in No. 4929. This shirred surplice model is exceptionally graceful. It would be very pretty made of chiffon taffeta or messalinette silk, with the chemisette of all-over lace or broderie Anglaise. Silk-finished mull would also make up prettily, or silk veiling. The waist is made with a fitted lining, which is closed at the center-front. The plain back and fronts which are shirred at the shoul-



No. 4925. Blouse or shirt waist. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 48, 40 and 42-inch bust measures.

ders are arranged over the chemisette, crossing surplice fashion and closing invisibly. The sleeves are full above the elbows, and may either be cut off at that length or finished with a deep, tight-fitting cuff.

A very different style of waist is shown in No. 5009. The long lines given by the box plaits at the front tend to make the figure look slender. The sleeves are among the very latest models. The waist is made over a smoothly fitted foundation, which can be cut away beneath the chemisette and cuffs, when a transparent effect is desired. The closing is made invisibly at the left of the front.

The fact that a deep yoke is very generally becoming makes the pretty waist, No. 4872, a most desirable model. The trimming consists of ruchings of soft silk, or of the same material as the waist, and the sleeves are in the fashionable leg-of-mutton shape. They are made in one piece, each arranged over fitted foundations that are faced to form the cuffs. The yoke is hooked over on to the left shoulder seam, while the waist and lining are closed separately at the front.

A simple, good style shirt-waist model is No. 5017. It may be developed either in linen or silk. Another entirely different style shirt waist is No. 4925. The odd shaped cuffs are one of its attractive features.

Fashionable Dress Accessories.

THE fashionable woman learned long ago the importance of the little things in dress. That's why she pays so much attention to the accessories of her costume. The summer gowns, this year, owe much of their charm and becomingness to the dainty chemisettes and under-sleeves which are worn with them. These chemisettes, with under-sleeves to match, are made of fine linen and lace insertion, and also of fine linen and embroidery, while a number are fashioned entirely of broderie Anglaise, the English eyelet embroidery. Fine lawn tucking, which can be bought by the yard, also makes



No. 5023—Half sleeves and chemisettes. To be faced or cut off in round, square or V shape. Pattern cut in three sizes—small, medium and large, corresponding to 32, 36 and 40.

a very dainty chemisette, combined with lace insertion.

The bolero of all-over lace, embroidery, linen or silk, is one of the most convenient dress accessories that the summer girl can own. There are many times when a little bolero may act as the new smart touch to the waist that one has tired of.



No. 4704—Fancy boleros. Pattern cut in sizes from 32-inch bust measure to 40.

Then there is the high girdle, which occupies such a position of importance in the summer modes. There are varying styles of girdles, to suit the needs of varying figures.

Novel Breakfast Jackets.

THE design No. 4935 makes a charming little jacket, if developed in some becoming color. It would be very lovely in silk flannel with the scallops bound in ribbon, or it would be pretty in washable voile, organdie, batiste or the new flowered Irish dimity.



No. 4935—Breakfast jacket. This pattern is cut for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inch bust measures. The quantity of material required for the medium size is $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards, 27 inches wide; $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 32 inches wide, or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards, 44 inches wide.

The jacket is made with fronts and back fitted by means of shoulder and under-arm seams. A ribbon confines the fullness at the waist where it is tied in a bow with long ends. The two cape collars, which are a special feature of this dainty jacket, are arranged one over the other and finish the neck. The wide sleeves are made in one piece each.

Since the up-to-date girl now includes at least six negligees in her summer wardrobe, these comfortable garments must, of course, be shown in



No. 5004—Eton dressing jacket. This pattern is cut for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measures. The quantity of material required for the medium size is $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards, 27 inches wide; $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 32 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards, 44 inches wide, with $7\frac{1}{2}$ yards of lace for frills and $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of banding to trim as illustrated.

a variety of designs. The woman who likes to make her own house gowns will find a most attractive model in the dressing jacket, No. 5004. It has much the effect of an Eton and is made with a broad collar, coming to a deep point in front. This jacket has a trim effect which will specially appeal to many women. It may be easily made, being fitted by means of shoulder and under-arm seams; the neck and fronts finished with a collar. The sleeves are in the fashionable elbow length, gathered into bands to which shaped frills are attached. A Japanese silk in delicate green, with a white design, would make a cool, dainty-looking jacket, trimmed with frills of white lace and bands of lace insertion, or embroidered batiste might be used in white, trimmed with fine Swiss embroidery and introducing a touch of color by using beading in place of the lace insertion and threading it with green or delicately colored wash ribbons.

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will be an unusually strong number, with a patriotic flavor appropriate to the season. It will be on sale everywhere on the 10th day of June, and no lover of good, stirring fiction can afford to miss it.

ONE of the most important features this month will be a COMPLETE NOVEL, of unusual merit, by CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY. It is called

"By Command of the Commodore"

and gives a very graphic picture of naval life in war-time. It is a wonderfully fine story, and one which we believe will be thoroughly appreciated by our readers.

THE other NOVELETTE and the SERIALS in this number will be as follows:

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"THE CROWNING VICTORY"

By H. G. Wells

THERE will also be a splendid assortment of SHORT STORIES, including

"A BUCOLIC CONFIDENCE GAME"

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"A DIVIDED MISSION"

By Walter E. Grogan

"THE MISSING JOCKEY"

By Charles Steinfort Pearson

Remember, the *July* POPULAR MAGAZINE will be issued on the 10th day of June. Better ask your newsdealer to save you a copy.

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AINSLIE'S *for* JULY

"THE MAGAZINE THAT ENTERTAINS."

Those who have the good fortune to secure a copy of the July number of AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE will find that it has been the means of introducing them into a circle of extremely bright and entertaining people, the sort of people in fact that are coming to be known as typically and essentially AINSLEE men and women.

The time spent in the society of these people will be a period of mental and moral refreshment, a means of diversion and even of exhilaration, simply because their sayings and doings seem so vitally real.

The influence of *Matthew Blacklock* whose fight is being told in

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS'

great serial

"THE DELUGE,"

is, perhaps, the dominating one in the July number; indeed the personality of such a man is likely to be the most conspicuous one in almost any set of characters in which he finds himself. His story has now reached its most critical point.

It is inevitable that individuals should differ respecting any given set of circumstances because there is a necessary difference in point of view and motive. And it is in the intensity of opinion and the tenacity with which it is held that make interesting situations. This is what gives character to

ELIZABETH DUER'S

novelette

"THE OUTGOING OF SIMEON,"

which will be published in the July number. It is a love story, but the men and women in it are of the sort that take it out of the hackneyed conventional type.

In the short stories there will be all sorts and conditions, good and bad, but none of them indifferent. There are some of the sporting class in "THE BLOOD OF BLINK BONNY," by MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS, and "SUPPER WITH NATICA," by ROBERT E. MACALARNEY; society devotees in "THE FLATTERER," by GEORGE HIBBARD; lovers with whom everybody can sympathize in "CONCERNING THE HEART'S DEEP PAGES," by SEWELL FORD, and "BY THE FOUNTAIN," by MARGARET HOUSTON; people at whom and with whom one can laugh in "'PLUG' IVORY AND 'PLUG' AVERY," by HOLMAN F. DAY, and automobile enthusiasts in "GREEN DEVILS AND OLD MAIDS," by EMERSON G. TAYLOR. And there will be more beside.

A feature of the July number will be another essay on another phase of society, contributed by Lady Willshire, a distinguished participant in the social life of London.

What the Editor has to say

THE first thing we want to say to you this month is in regard to the letters you have sent us. There are thousands of them. As for printing some of them—we thought of that, but it was hard to choose among them. The letters showed that you liked this magazine and wanted more of it, so we decided to save the space for articles, short stories and pictures, to hold just these two pages for our personal talk with you, and to thank you all at once for the kindly and even enthusiastic appreciation that your letters indicate. We especially value suggestions looking to the betterment of the magazine.

ONE great aim of SMITH's is to attain breadth of scope and catholicity of contents. The ideal magazine that we can always see before us, as we make up our issues from month to month, is one that contains something for every member of a family—son and daughter, father and mother, old and young. We would like everyone to feel that he or she could find in SMITH's one thing, at least, that was meant especially for him or her.

That is a high ideal, but it is not as hard to approach as it sounds. There are some things that every normally constituted human being feels an interest in. Did you ever know a man, no matter how self-centered or busy, who was not interested in some phase of the progress of his fellow men—political, scientific or moral? Did you ever know a woman, no matter how advanced in thought, who had really no interest in

fashions or dress, or who did not begin to sit up and take notice when she heard you discourse learnedly on the way a husband should treat his wife? Did you ever know anyone—man, woman or child—who would not listen to a good story? You have met people, perhaps, who pretended to no interest in these things, but the affectation was only skin deep.

SPEAKING of the liking that all sorts of people have for a good story reminds us of the short stories in our magazine. Have you noticed the short stories that SMITH's contains? You may be a hardened magazine reader, you may have found that the average short story was a snare and a delusion beginning nowhere and ending in chaos, but we can promise you that the stories in SMITH's will give you a fresh interest in that class of fiction.

We believe that the merit of a short story depends a good deal upon the view the author takes of life. If he sees it vividly, with the eyes of a child, he may be able to hold the thing up to us as fresh and interesting as it actually is. We know that a good short story is one of the hardest things in the world to secure, and we are reaching out for them in all directions.

IN every short story that we print in SMITH's we will strive to give you something new, fresh and vivid. In each one you will find something dis-

WHAT THE EDITOR HAS TO SAY—Continued.

tinctive and personal. In each one you will realize that you have found a story of genuine charm, not a mechanical production built upon a set form and dependent for its interest on hackneyed devices and situations. You will also find in our short stories the same variety that characterizes the whole magazine. After you have read this number, compare in your mind two of the short stories that it contains—"The Fire-Brand" and "Your Father." You will like both of them. You will recognize in each an individual charm, and you will understand what we mean when we say that we are looking for good stories of all descriptions. We believe that there are very few people who will not be taken with both of these stories. And yet, in style, plot and general treatment, you will see that they are as unlike as day and night.

THERE is another thing that we are trying hard to do in SMITH'S. That is to produce a representative American publication that shall have something in it of the spirit of the American people. This is the biggest, newest and most interesting country in the world, and to produce a big, new and interesting magazine we must reflect American manners and customs, thought and feeling.

WHEN you think of an editor's desk, you possibly have in mind a great litter of papers and a mass of utensils, in which a large pot of paste and a gleaming pair of shears hold a prominent place. There are publications in which the shears and paste are in great

demand. The shears are used for cutting into ancient, moldy periodicals and clipping therefrom jokes and epigrams more ancient and moldier than the periodicals from which they are clipped. The paste is used to attach the jokes to pieces of paper, so that the yellow, mildewed clippings may not, through extreme age, disintegrate into original atoms before they reach the hands of the compositor.

YOU are all acquainted with these old friends. Again and again, they turn up in current periodicals and remind you sadly of the time in the dim past when you first read them and laughed at them. When a joke has been sprung upon a man several times it ceases to be a joke and becomes an instrument of mental torture. A thing of mirth does not, unfortunately, contain the same potentialities for perpetual joy that a thing of beauty does.

WE don't use the paste pot or shears in SMITH'S. You will find jokes in it, but instead of being the kind that *have* been clipped from other publications, they are the kind that *will* be clipped from our pages by other publications. There's a big difference in the two classes. The second kind brings readers to a magazine. You will find them in SMITH'S.

BEFORE we say good-by for another month—write to us. If there is anything you like in SMITH'S, tell us about it. If there's anything you *don't* like, tell us about it—and put a special delivery stamp on the envelope.